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BIOGRAPHY

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS F.R.S.

WITH A NOTE BY
RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.
IN TWO VOLS. VOL. ONE

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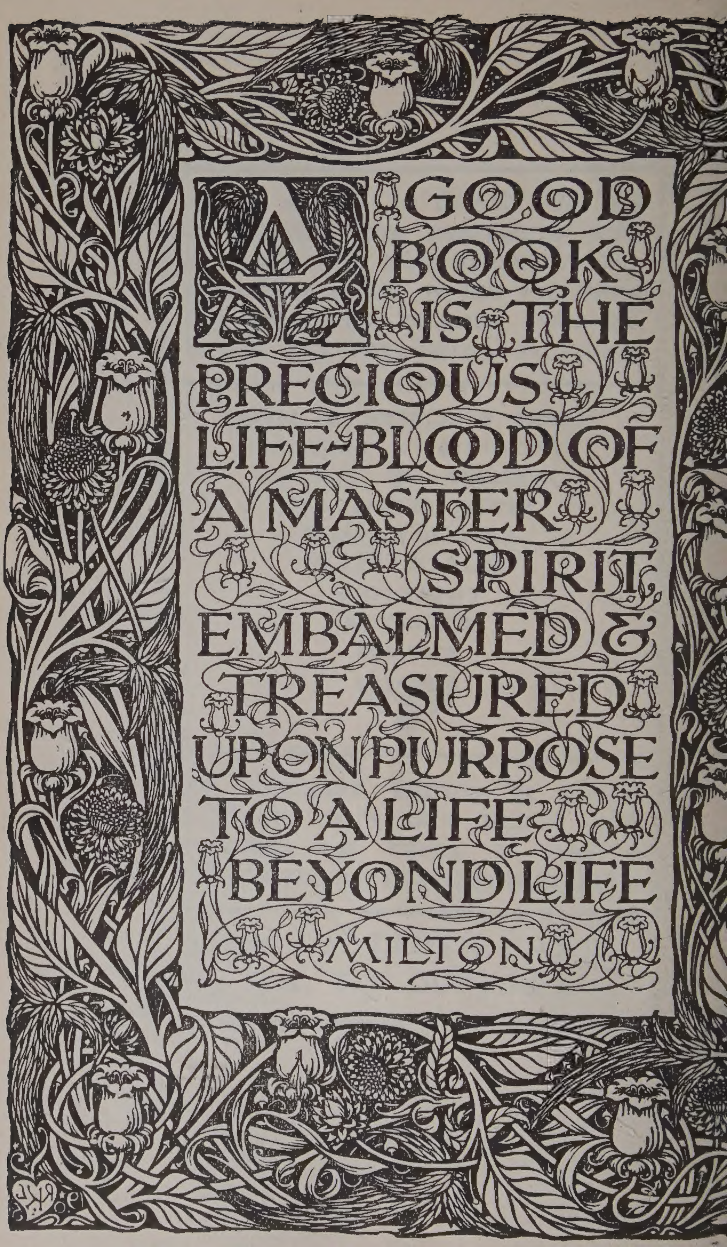

A GOOD BOOK IS THE PRECIOUS LIFE-BLOOD OF A MASTER SPIRIT, EMBALMED & TREASURED UPON PURPOSE TO A LIFE BEYOND LIFE.

MILTON.

DIARY·OF SAMVEL·PEPYS

F.R.S. Secretary to the
Admiralty in the
Reigns of CHARLES·II
& JAMES·II. The
Diary deciphered by
the Rev. J. SMITH A.M.
From the Original
Shorthand M.S. in the
Pepysian Library
With Notes by RICHARD
LORD BRAYBROOKE

VOLVME ONE

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INTRODUCTION

In Pepys's Diary and in Boswell's Life of Johnson English literature may claim to have produced two unique books, the like of which the world has not to show among all its innumerable biographies and autobiographies. Their special distinction consists in this, that here and here only men whose considerable intellectual endowments included a lively perception of the humorous, lose all sense of humour when their own deportment is in question, and continually represent themselves in an absurd light, with an unconsciousness more diverting than the most sparkling wit or the most refined satire. The capital humour of the situation lies in the circumstance that the men who thus give themselves away are by no means fools, and are keen to remark anything absurd in the behaviour of others. Pepys is a man of great practical ability; Boswell, if not a person whom it would have been safe to entrust with important business, at all events manifested a rare ability to discern heroic worth in a contemporary when he attached himself to Johnson. Yet a good half of the entertainment which Pepys and Boswell so richly provide is at their own expense.

The marvel in Pepys's case is not lessened by the fact that he certainly did not intend or expect his Diary to be read. A man of sense, and Pepys was a man of great good sense, would never even in that case have knowingly exhibited himself in a series of ludicrous positions. He is evidently quite unconscious that there is anything laughable in his behaviour, when he accepts a bribe without looking at it "that I might say that I did not know what there was in the bag"; or when, finding the venison which his patron has sent him to be tainted, he forthwith despatches it to his mother. Thousands of men would have done the like, no one but Pepys would have written it down. Molière might have conceived such a character, but if he had associated it with the high ability and real worth of Pepys he would have seemed to have produced a monster. Pepys's simple register of his daily life has achieved what the great comedian's wit and invention would have attempted in vain.

As we go on laughing at Pepys the conviction slowly steals upon us that he is after all a man of mark, and we should retain this conviction even if we knew him merely from his Diary, and were ignorant that he had regenerated the British Navy. Boswell earns our admiration by his consummate art. Pepys cannot do this, but he compels us to acknowledge him as a man of large mind by the vividness of his interest in whatever is going on around him. Nothing is too small or too great to be outside the range of his sympathy. He dilates on everything with gusto. Other diarists relate languidly, or pass over entirely what they find uninteresting. Nothing fails to interest Pepys. Everything in his world moves and lives. The intense vitality which he communicates to the most trivial circumstances would render them interesting even if they had not a humorous side, and without the delightful unconsciousness with which this is brought out by the narrator. Although, however, this unconscious humour is the special salt and savour of the Diary, it would be unjust to overlook its great substantial value both as a picture of contemporary manners and for the light it throws upon affairs of State. Had it been continued, the domestic and humorous elements would probably have fallen more and more into abeyance, but we should have been repaid by invaluable lights upon the characters of public men and the springs of public affairs. We can never decide whether to be more concerned for the discontinuance of Pepys's Diary or thankful for the preservation, contrary to all probable expectation, of the part he wrote.

R. GARNETT.

The following list gives the various editions of Samuel Pepys's Diary and other writings :—

"The Portugal History, or a Relation of the Troubles that happened in the Court of Portugal in the years 1667 and 1668, etc.," 1677. "Memoirs relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England for ten years determined December 1688," 1690.

[Diary :]—"Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, comprising his Diary from 1659 to 1669, deciphered by the Rev. J. Smith from the original shorthand MS. in the Pepysian Library, and a selection from his private correspondence." Ed. by Richard, Lord Braybrooke, 1825; 1828; 1848–49; 1854; deciphered, with original notes, by Mynars Bright, 1875–9; the same, with additions by the Editor, H. B. Wheatley, 1893–99.

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DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

1659–60

BLESSED be God, at the end of the last year, I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold.[1] I lived in Axe Yard,[2] having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.

The condition of the State was thus: viz. the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord[3] Lambert,[4] was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the Army all forced to yield. Lawson[5] lies still in the river, and Monk[6] is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come into the Parliament, nor is it expected that he will, without being forced to it. The new Common Council of the City do speak very high; and had sent to Monk, their sword-bearer, to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full Parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and the expectations of all: twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the House-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed that neither they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office, which at present is somewhat certain. Mr. Downing master of my office.[1]

---

[1] On March 26, 1658, Pepys had been successfully cut for the stone; a malady which seems to have affected several other members of his family.

[2] Pepys's house was on the south side of King Street, Westminster; it is singular that when he removed to a residence in the city, he should have ettled close to another Axe Yard. Fludyer Street stands on the site of Axe Yard, which derived its name from a great messuage or brewhouse on the west side of King Street, called "The Axe," and referred to in a document of the 23d of Henry VIII.

[3] He is styled "Lord" not by right, nor even by courtesy: the title was often given to the republican officers and their dependants.

[4] Sufficiently known by his services as a Major-General in the Parliament forces during the Civil War, and condemned as a traitor after the Restoration; but reprieved and banished to Guernsey, where he lived in confinement thirty years.

[5] Sir John Lawson, the son of a poor man at Hull, rose to the rank of Admiral, and distinguished himself during the Protectorate; and, though a republican in heart, readily closed with the design of restoring the King. He was mortally wounded in the sea-fight in 1665. He must not be confounded with another John Lawson, the Royalist, of Brough Hall, in Yorkshire, who was created a Baronet by Charles II., July 6, 1665.

[6] George Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle.

Jan. 1st. (Lord's day.) This morning, (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's[2] chapel at Exeter House,[3] where he made a very good sermon upon these words:—"That in the fulness of time God sent his Son, made of a woman," &c.; showing, that by "made under the law" is meant the circumcision, which is solemnized this day. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I staid at home the whole afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father's, and in going observed the great posts which the City workmen set up at the Conduit in Fleet Street.

---

[1] Wood has misled us in stating that Sir George Downing, here mentioned, was a son of Dr. Calibut Downing, the rector of Hackney. He was beyond doubt the son of Emmanuel Downing, a London merchant, who went to New England. It is not improbable that Emmanuel was a near kinsman of Calibut; how related has not yet been discovered. Governor Hutchinson, in his History of Massachusetts, gives the true account of Downing's affiliation, which has been further confirmed by Mr. Savage, of Boston, from the public records of New England. Wood calls Downing a sider with all times and changes, skilled in the common cant, and a preacher occasionally. He was sent by Cromwell to Holland, as resident there. About the Restoration, he espoused the King's cause, and was knighted and elected M.P. for Morpeth, in 1661. Afterwards, becoming Secretary to the Treasurer and Commissioner of the Customs, he was in 1663 created a Baronet of East Hatley, in Cambridgeshire, and was again sent Ambassador to Holland. His grandson of the same name, who died in 1749, was the founder of Downing College, Cambridge. The title became extinct in 1764, upon the decease of Sir John Gerrard Downing, the last heir male of the family. The office appears to have been in the Exchequer, and connected with the pay of the army. Sir George Downing's character will be found in Lord Clarendon's Life, vol. iii., p. 4. Pepys's opinion seems to be somewhat of a mixed kind. Ludlow, in his Memoirs, bitterly inveighs against Downing, who had been Okey's chaplain, and had received many obligations at his hands.

[2] Peter Gunning, afterwards master of St. John's College, Cambridge, and successively Bishop of Chichester and Ely: ob. 1684. He had continued to read the Liturgy at the chapel at Exeter House when the Parliament was most predominant, for which Cromwell often rebuked him. Wood's *Athenæ*. See Evelyn's Diary for many notices of him.

[3] Exeter House, here mentioned, on the north side of the Strand, was that built by Lord Burghley, whose son was the first Earl of Exeter, from whom it was named: nearly on the same site stood Exeter Change, which has given place to the present Exeter Hall.

2d. Walked a great while in Westminster Hall, where I heard that Lambert was coming up to London; that my Lord Fairfax[1] was in the head of the Irish brigade, but it was not certain what he would declare for. The House was to-day upon finishing the act for the Council of State, which they did; and for the indemnity to the soldiers; and were to sit again thereupon in the afternoon. Great talk that many places had declared for a free Parliament; and it is believed that they will be forced to fill up the House with the old members. From the Hall I called at home, and so went to Mr. Crewe's;[2] (my wife she was to go to her father's) and Mr. Moore and I and another gentleman went out and drank a cup of ale together in the new market, and there I eat some bread and cheese for my dinner.

3d. To White Hall, where I understood that the Parliament had passed the act of indemnity for the soldiers and officers that would come in, in so many days, and that my Lord Lambert should have benefit of the said act. They had also voted that all vacancies in the House, by the death of any of the old members, should be filled up; but those that are living shall not be called in.

---

[1] Thomas Lord Fairfax, Generalissimo of the Parliamentary forces. After the Restoration, he retired to his country-seat, where he lived in private till his death, in 1671. In a volume (autograph) of Lord Fairfax's Poems, preserved in the British Museum, 11744, f. 42, the following lines occur upon the 30th of January, on which day the King was beheaded. It is believed that they have never been printed.

"O let that day from time be bloted quitt,
  And beleef of't in next age be waved.
In depest silence that act concealed might
  That so the creadet of our nation might be saved;
But if the powre devine hath ordered this,
His will's the law, and our must aquiess."

These wretched verses have obviously no merit, but they arecurious as showing that Fairfax, who had refused to act as one of Charles I.'s judges, continued long afterwards to entertain a proper horror for that unfortunate monarch's fate. It has recently been pointed out to me that the lines were not originally composed by Fairfax, being only a poor translation of the spirited lines of Statius *Sylvarum*, lib. v., cap. ii., l. 88:—

"Excidat illa dies ævo, ne postera credant
Secula, nos certè taceamus; et obruta multâ
Nocte tegi propriæ patiamur crimina gentis."

These verses were first applied by the President de Thou to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572; and in our day, by Mr. Pitt, in his memorable speech in the House of Commons, January 17, 1793, after the murder of Louis XVI.

[2] John Crewe, created Baron Crewe of Stene, in the county of Northampton, at the coronation of Charles II. He married Jemima, daughter and co-heir to Edward Walgrave, Esq., of Lawford, Essex.

4th. Strange the difference of men's talk! Some say that Lambert must of necessity yield up; others, that he is very strong, and that the Fifth-monarchy-men will stick to him, if he declares for a free Parliament. Chillington was sent yesterday to him with the vote of pardon and indemnity from the Parliament. Went and walked in the Hall, where I heard that the Parliament spent this day in fasting and prayer; and in the afternoon came letters from the North, that brought certain news that my Lord Lambert his forces were all forsaking him, and that he was left with only fifty horse, and that he did now declare for the Parliament himself; and that my Lord Fairfax did also rest satisfied, and had laid down his arms, and that what he had done was only to secure the country against my Lord Lambert his raising of money, and free quarter. I met with the clerk and quarter-master of my Lord's[1] troop, and Mr. Jenkins showed me two bills of exchange for money to receive upon my Lord's and my pay.

5th. I dined with Mr. Shepley,[2] at my Lord's lodgings, upon his turkey-pie. And so to my office again; where the Excise money was brought, and some of it told to soldiers till it was dark. Then I went home, after writing to my Lord the news that the Parliament had this night voted that the members that were discharged from sitting in the years 1648 and 49 were duly discharged; and that there should be writs issued presently for the calling of others in their places, and that Monk and Fairfax were commanded up to town, and that the President Bradshaw's[3] lodgings were to be provided for Monk at Whitehall. Then my wife and I, it being a great frost, went to Mrs. Jem's,[4] in expectation to eat a sack-posset, but Mr. Edward not coming, it was put off; and I left my wife playing at cards with her, and went myself to Mr. Fage, to consult concerning my nose, who told me it was nothing but cold. Mr. Fage and I did discourse concerning public business; and he told me it is true the City had not time enough to do much, ut they are resolved to shake off the soldiers; and that, unless iere be a free Parliament chosen, he did believe there are half ie Common Council will not levy any money by order of this arliament.

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[1] Admiral Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, uniformly styled "my Lord" throughout the Diary, his title before his elevation to the peerage being of the same nature as that of Lord Lambert, already explained.

[2] He seems to have been the steward at Hinchingbrooke.

[3] John Bradshaw, Sergeant-at-Law, President of the High Court of Justice; the lodgings were at Whitehall.

[4] This lady, mentioned frequently in the Diary, was Jemima, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Montagu. She had been ill; and during her father's absence abroad, seems to have been left under the superintendence of Pepys, in a London lodging. Mr. Edward was her eldest brother. He is afterwards called Lord Hinchingbrooke.

6th. This morning Mr. Shepley and I did eat our breakfast : Mrs. Harper's, (my brother John[1] being with me) upon a old turkey-pie and a goose. At my office, where we paid oney to the soldiers till one o'clock; and I took my wife to y cosen, Thomas Pepys, and found them just sat down to nner, which was very good; only the venison pasty was ilpable mutton, which was not handsome.

7th. At my office receiving money of the probate of ills.

8th. (Lord's day.) In the morning went to Mr. Gunning's, here a good sermon, wherein he showed the life of Christ, id told as good authority for us to believe that Christ did llow his father's trade, and was a carpenter till thirty years age.

9th. I rose early this morning, and looked over and corrected y brother John's speech, which he is to make the next pposition.[2] I met with W. Simons, Muddiman, and Jack rice, and went with them to Harper's, and staid till two of the ock in the afternoon. I found Muddiman a good scholar, an ch rogue; and owns that though he writes new books for the arliament, yet he did declare that he did it only to get money; id did talk very basely of many of them. Among other things, '. Simons told me how his uncle Scobell[3] was on Saturday st called to the bar, for entering in the journal of the House, r the year 1653, these words: "This day his Excellence the ord General Cromwell dissolved this House;" which words e Parliament voted a forgery, and demanded of him how they ime to be entered. He said that they were his own handriting, and that he did it by rights of his office, and the actice of his predecessor;[4] and that the intent of the practice as to let posterity know how such and such a Parliament was ssolved, whether by the command of the King, or by their own neglect, as the last House of Lords was; and that to this end, he had said and writ that it was dissolved by his Excellence the Lord G.; and that for the word dissolved, he never at the time did hear of any other term; and desired pardon if he would not dare to make a word himself what it was six years after, before they came themselves to call it an interruption; that they were so little satisfied with this answer, that they did chuse a committee to report to the House, whether this crime of Mr. Scobell's did come within the act of indemnity or no. Thence into the Hall, where I heard for certain that Monk was coming to London, and that Bradshaw's[1] lodgings were preparing for him. I heard Sir H. Vane[2] was this day voted out of the House, and to sit no more there; and that he would retire himself to his house at Raby,[3] as also all the rest of the nine officers, that had their commissions formerly taken away from them, were commanded to their furthest houses from London during the pleasure of the Parliament.

---

[1] John Pepys, afterwards in holy orders, died unmarried in 1677, at iich time he held some office at the Trinity House.—Pepys's MS. Letters. muel Pepys, in his book of *Signs Manual*, describes him as "my brother d successor in my office as Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, under King iarles II."

[2] Declamations at St. Paul's school, in which there were opponents and spondents. It is now called *apposition.*

[3] Henry Scobell, clerk to the House of Commons.

[4] Henry Elsinge.

10th. To the Coffee-house [Miles's], where were a great confluence of gentlemen: viz., Mr. Harrington,[4] Poultny,[5] chairman, Gold,[6] Dr. Petty,[7] &c., where admirable discourse till 9 at night. Thence with Doling to Mother Lam's, who told me how this day Scott[8] was made Intelligencer, and that he rest of the members that were objected against last night, ere to be heard this day se'nnight.

---

[1] John Bradshaw. See Jan 5th, *ante.*

[2] Son of a statesman of both his names, and one of the most turbulent enthusiasts produced by the Rebellion, and an inflexible republican. His execution, in 1662, for conspiring the death of Charles I., was much called in question as a measure of great severity. He is the direct ancestor of the present Duke of Cleveland. See Diary, June 14, 1662.

[3] Raby Castle, in Durham, still the chief seat of the Duke of Cleveland.

[4] James Harrington, the political writer, author of "Oceana," and founder of a club called The Rota, in 1659, which met at Miles's coffee-house in Old Palace Yard, and lasted only a few months. In 1661 he was sent to the Tower, on suspicion of treasonable designs. His intellects appear to have failed afterwards, and he died in 1667. See Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, p. 336, edit. 1850: "Henry Nevill and Harrington had every night a meeting at the (then) Turke's Head, in the New Palace Yard, where they take water, the next house to the Staires, at one Miles's to deliver his coffee. About it sat his disciples and the virtuosi."—Aubrey's *Bodleian Letters*, vol. iii. p. 371.

[5] Sir William Poultny, subsequently M.P. for Westminster, and a Commissioner of the Privy Seal under King William. Ob. 1671. Grandfather to William Earl of Bath.

[6] The merchant: see 20 January, 1669, and the note there in which he is identified.

[7] Sir William Petty, an eminent physician, and celebrated for his proficiency in every branch of science. Ob. 1687. He is the direct ancestor of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

[8] Thomas Scott, M.P., made Secretary of State to the Commonwealth January 17th following.

13th. Coming in the morning to my office, I met with Mr. Fage, and took him to the Swan.[1] He told me how he, Haselrigge,[2] and Morley,[3] the last night began at my Lord Mayor's[4] to exclaim against the City of London, saying that hey had forfeited their charter. And how the Chamberlain of he City did take them down, letting them know how much hey were formerly beholden to the City, &c. He also told me hat Monk's letter that came by the sword-bearer was a cunning iece, and that which they did not much trust to; but they ere resolved to make no more applications to the Parliament, nor to pay any money, unless the secluded members be rought in, or a free Parliament chosen. To Mrs. Jem, and ound her up and merry, as it did not prove the small-pox, ut the swine-pox; so I played a game or two at cards ith her.

16th. In the morning I went up to Mr. Crewe's, who did alk to me concerning things of State; and expressed his mind ow just it was that the secluded members should come to sit gain. From thence to my office, where nothing to do; but Mr. Downing came and found me all alone; and did mention o me his going back into Holland, and did ask me whether I ould go or no, but gave me little encouragement, but bid me onsider of it; and asked me whether I did not think that Mr. Hawley could perform the work of my office alone. I confess was at a great loss all the day after to bethink myself how to arry this business. I staid up till the bell-man came by with is bell just under my window as I was writing of this very line, nd cried, "Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy orning."[5]

---

[1] In Fenchurch Street.

[2] Sir Arthur Haselrigge, Bart., of Nosely, co. Leicester, and M.P. for hat county; colonel of a regiment in the Parliament army, and much steemed by Cromwell. In March following, he was committed to the ower, where he died January, 1660–61. He was brother-in-law to Lord rooke, who was killed at Lichfield.

[3] Probably, Colonel Morley, Lieutenant of the Tower, whom Evelyn lames so strongly for not doing what Monk did. See also *Quarterly eview*, vol. xix. p. 32.

[4] Sir Thomas Allen, created a baronet at the Restoration. He was ruined y his expenses as Lord Mayor.

[5] This reminds us of Milton—

> "Or the bellman s drowsy charm,
> To bless the door from nightly harm.
> *Il Penseroso.*

17th. In our way to Kensington we understood how that my Lord Chesterfield[1] had killed another gentleman about half an hour before, and was fled.[2] I went to the Coffee Club [Miles's], and heard very good discourse; it was in answer to Mr. Harrington's answer, who said that the state of the Roman government was not a settled government, and so it was no wonder that the balance of prosperity was in one hand, and the command in another, it being therefore always in a posture of war; but it was carried by ballot that it was a steady government, though it is true by the voices it had been carried before that it was an unsteady government; so to-morrow it is to be proved by the opponents that the balance lay in one hand, and the government in another. Thence I went to Westminster, and met Shaw and Washington,[3] who told me how this day Sydenham[4] was voted out of the House for sitting any more this Parliament, and that Salloway[5] was voted out likewise and sent to the Tower, during the pleasure of the House. At Harper's Jack Price told me, among other things, how much the Protector is altered, though he would seem to bear out his trouble very well, yet he is scarce able to talk sense with a man; and how he will say that, "Who should a man trust, if he may not trust to a brother and an uncle;"[1] and, "how much those men have to answer before God Almighty, for their playing the knave with him as they did." He told me also, that there was £100,000 offered, and would have been taken, for his restitution, had not the Parliament come in as they did again; and that he do believe that the Protector will live to give a testimony of his valour and revenge yet before he dies, and that the Protector will say so himself sometimes.

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[1] Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, ob. 1713, æt. suæ 80. We learn, from the memoir prefixed to his *Printed Correspondence*, that he fought three duels, disarming and wounding his first and second antagonists, and killing the third. The name of the unfortunate gentleman who fell on this occasion was Woolly. Lord Chesterfield, absconding, went to Breda, where he obtained the royal pardon from Charles II. He acted a busy part in the eventful times in which he lived, and was remarkable for his steady adherence to the Stuarts. Lord Chesterfield's letter to Charles II, and the King's answer granting the royal pardon, occur in the Correspondence published by General Sir John Murray, in 1829.

[2] "Jan. 17th, 1659. The Earl of Chesterfield and Dr. Woolly's son, of Hammersmith, had a quarrel about a mare of eighteen pounds price; the quarrel would not be reconciled, insomuch that a challenge passed between them. They fought a duel on the backside of Mr. Colby's house at Kensington, where the Earl and he had several passes. The Earl wounded him in two places, and would fain have then ended, but the stubbornness and pride of heart of Mr. Woolly would not give over, and the next pass [he] was killed on the spot. The Earl fled to Chelsea, and there took water and escaped. The jury found it chance-medley."—Rugge's *Diurnal*, Addit. MSS. British Museum.

[3] The Purser. See 1st July, 1660.

[4] Colonel William Sydenham had been an active officer during the Civil Wars, on the Parliament side; M.P. for Dorsetshire, Governor of Melcombe, and one of the Committee of Safety. He was the elder brother of the celebrated physician of that name.

[5] In the Journals of that date, Major Richard Salwey. Colonel Salway is mentioned as a prisoner in the Tower, 1663–64, in Bayley's history of that fortress.

18th. I interpreted my Lord's letter by his character.[2] All the world is at a loss to think what Monk will do: the City saying that he will be for them, and the Parliament saying he will be for them.

19th. This morning I was sent for to Mr. Downing, and at his bedside he told me, that he had a kindness for me, and that he thought that he had done me one; and that was, that he had got me to be one of the Clerks of the Council; at which I was a little stumbled, and could not tell what to do, whether to thank him or no; but by and by I did; but not very heartily, for I feared that his doing of it was only to ease himself of the salary[3] which he gives me. I read the answer of the Dutch Ambassador[4] to our State, in answer to the reasons of my Lord's coming home, which he gave for his coming, and did labour to contradict my Lord's arguments for his coming home. Mr. Moore and I went to the French Ordinary, where Mr. Downing this day feasted Sir Arthur Haselrigge, and a great many more of the Parliament, and did stay to put him in mind of me. Here he gave me a note to go and invite some other members to dinner to-morrow. So I went to White Hall, and did stay at Marsh's with Simons, Luellin, and all the rest of the Clerks of the Council, who I hear are all turned out, only the two Leighs, and they do all ell me that my name was mentioned last night, but that nothing was done in it.

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[1] Charles Fleetwood, Lord Deputy of Ireland during the Usurpation, ecame Cromwell's son-in-law by his marrying with Ireton's widow, and member of the Council of State. He seemed disposed to have espoused Charles II.'s interests, but had not resolution enough to execute is design. At the Restoration, he was excepted out of the Act of ndemnity, and spent the remainder of his life in obscurity, dying soon fter the Revolution. John Desborough was Cromwell's brother-in-law, nd one of his Major-Generals. Both Fleetwood and Desborough played double game.

[2] *i.e.*, in cipher.

[3] Of £50. See Jan. 30th, 1659-60.

[4] Nieuport.

20th. In the morning I met Lord Widdrington[1] in the street, going to seal the patents for the Judges to-day, and so could not come to dinner. This day, three citizens of London[2] went to meet Monk from the Common Council. Received my £25 due by bill for my trooper's pay. At the Mitre,[3] in Fleet Street, in our way calling on Mr. Fage, who told me how the City have some hopes of Monk. This day Lenthall[4] took his chair again, and the House resolved a declaration to be brought in on Monday, to satisfy the world what they intend to do. At Westminster Hall, where Mrs. Lane[5] and the rest of the maids had their white scarfs, all having been at the burial of a young bookseller in the Hall.[6]

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[1] Sir Thomas Widdrington, Sergeant-at-Law, one of Cromwell's Commissioners of the Treasury, appointed Speaker 1656, and first Commissioner for the Great Seal, January, 1659; he was M.P. for York. See Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors.*

[2] "Jan. 20th. Then there went out of the City, by desire of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, Alderman Fowke and Alderman Vincett, *alias* Vincent, and Mr. Broomfield, to compliment General Monk, who lay at Harborough Town in Leicestershire."

"Jan. 21st. Because the Speaker was sick, and Lord General Monk so near London, and everybody thought that the City would suffer for their affronts to the soldiery, and because they had sent the sword-bearer to the General without the Parliament's consent, and the three Aldermen were gone to give him the welcome to town, these four lines were in almost everybody's mouth :—

"Monk under a hood, not well understood,
The City pull in their horns;
The Speaker is out, and sick of the gout,
And the Parliament sit upon thorns."
Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[3] This coffee-house, so well known by the readers of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, still exists. William Paget was landlord of this house sometime between 1648 and 1672, and issued Tokens. See John Younge Akerman's *Tradesmen's Tokens*, p. 83.

[4] William Lenthall, Speaker of the Long or Rump Parliament, and made Keeper of the Great Seal to the Commonwealth : ob. 1662.

[5] See Jan. 10th, 1660–61.

[6] Several old views of the Hall represent the book-stalls. These stationers and book-sellers, whose shops disfigured Westminster Hall down to a late period, were a privileged class. Probably they were useful to the lawyers, and were therefore protected. In the statutes for appointing licensers and regulating the press, there is a clause exempting them from the pains and penalties of those obnoxious laws. The exception, in the xiv. Car. II., cap. 33, sec. xx., runs thus—"Provided alsoe . . . that neither this Act, nor anything therein contained, shall be construed to prohibit any person or persons to sell books or papers, who have sold books or papers, within Westminster Hall, the Palace of Westminster, or in any shopp or shopps within twenty yards of the Great Gate of Westminster Hall, aforesaid, before the 20th November, 1661, but they and every one of

22d. (Lord's day.) To church in the afternoon to Mr. Herring,[1] where a lazy, poor sermon. This day I began to put on buckles to my shoes.

23d. This day the Parliament sat late, and resolved of the leclaration to be printed for the people's satisfaction, promising hem a great many good things. In the garden at White Hall, going through to the Stone Gallery, I fell in a ditch, it being ery dark.

24th. I took my wife to Mr. Pierce's,[2] she in her way being xceedingly troubled with a pair of new pattens, and I vexed o go so slow, it being late. We found Mrs. Carrick very fine, nd one Mr. Lucy, who called one another husband and wife, nd after dinner a great deal of mad stir. There was pulling ff Mrs. bride's and Mr. bridegroom's ribbons,[3] and a great

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hem may sell books and papers as they have or did before the said 20th November, 1661, within the said Hall, Pallace, and twenty yards aforeaid, and not elsewhere, anything in this Act to the contrary in any wise otwithstanding."—*Communicated by* John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A.

[1] John Herring, a Presbyterian minister, who was afterwards ejected om St. Bride's, in Fleet Street. See August 17, 1662.

[2] James Pierce, surgeon to the Duke of York: he was husband of he pretty Mrs. Pierce, and not Pierce the Purser. See 27th August, 660.

[3] The scramble for ribbons, here mentioned by Pepys in connexion ith weddings (see also 26th Jan., 1660–61, and 8th Feb., 1662–3) oubtless formed part of the ceremony of undressing the bridegroom, hich, as the age became more refined, fell into disuse. All the old plays re silent on the custom; the earliest notice of which occurs in the old allad of the wedding of Arthur O'Bradley, printed in the Appendix to obin Hood, 1795, where we read—

> "Then got they *his points and his garters,*
> *And cut them in pieces like martyrs;*
> And then they all did play
> For the honour of Arthur O'Bradley."

ir Winston Churchill also observes (*Divi Britannici*, p. 340) that James was no more troubled at his querulous countrymen robbing him than a idegroom at the losing of his points and garters. Lady Fanshawe, in er *Memoirs*, says, that at the nuptials of Charles II. and the Infanta, the Bishop of London declared them married in the name of the Father, e Son, and the Holy Ghost; and then they caused the ribbons Her ajesty wore to be cut in little pieces; and as far as they would go, every ne had some." The practice still survives in the form of wedding vours.

A similar custom is still of every day's occurrence at Dieppe. Upon the orrow after their marriage, the bride and bridegroom perambulate the reets, followed by a numerous cortege, the guests at the wedding festival, vo and two; each individual wearing two bits of narrow ribbon, about vo inches in length, of different colours, which are pinned cross-ways on the breast. These morsels of ribbons originally formed the garters of e bride and bridegroom, which had been divided amidst boisterous deal of fooling among them that I and my wife did not like. Mr. Lucy and several other gentlemen coming in after dinner, swearing and singing as if they were mad, only he singing very handsomely. There came in also Mr. [James] Southerne, clerk to Mr. Blackburne,[1] and with him Lambert,[2] lieutenant of my Lord's ship, and brought with them the declaration that came out to-day from the Parliament, wherein they declare for law and gospel, and for tythes; but I do not find people apt to believe them. This day the Parliament gave orders that the late Committee of Safety should come before them this day se'nnight, and all their papers, and their model of Government that they had made, to be brought in with them. Mr. Crumlum[3] gave my father directions what to do about getting my brother an exhibition, and spoke very well of him.

25th. Coming home, heard that in Cheapside there had been but a little before a gibbet set up, and the picture of Huson[4] hung upon it in the middle of the street. I called at Paul's Churchyard, where I bought Buxtorf's Hebrew Grammar; and read [at Kirton's] a declaration of the gentlemen of Northampton which came out this afternoon. To Mr. Crewe's about a picture to be sent into the country, of Mr. Thomas Crewe, to my Lord.

26th. Called for some papers at Whitehall for Mr. Downing, one of which was an Order of the Council for £1800 per annum, to be paid monthly; and the other two, Orders to the Commissioners of Customs, to let his goods pass free. Home from my office to my Lord's lodgings, where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner—viz. a dish of marrow-bones; a leg

mirth among the assembled company, the moment the happy pair had been formally installed in the bridal bed.—Ex. inf. Mr. William Hughes, Belvedere, Jersey.

[1] Robert Blackbourne, then Secretary to the Admiralty, with a salary of £250.

[2] See 4th Oct., 1660; 6th June, 1661; and 14th Sept., 1665.

[3] Samuel Crómleholme, or Crumlum, Master of St. Paul's School.

[4] John Hewson, who, from a low origin, became a Colonel in the Parliament Army, and sat in judgment on the King: he escaped hanging, by flight, and died in 1662, at Amsterdam. A curious note of Hewson occurs in Rugge's *Diurnal*, 5th December, 1659, which states that "he was a cobbler by trade, but a very stout man, and a very good commander; but in regard to his former employment, they [the City apprentices] threw at him old shoes and slippers, and turnip-tops, and brick-bats, stones, and tiles. . . . At this time [January 1659-60,] there came forth, almost every day, jeering books: one was called *Colonel Hewson's Confession*, or a Parley with Pluto, about his going into London, and taking down the gates of Temple Bar." He had but one eye, which did not escape the notice of his enemies.

of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese. My company was my father, my uncle Fenner, his two sons, Mr. Pierce, and all their wives, and my brother Tom. The news this day is a letter that speaks absolutely Monk's concurrence with this Parliament, and nothing else, which yet I hardly believe. I wrote two characters for Mr. Downing, and carried them to him.

28th. I went to Mr. Downing, who told me that he was resolved to be gone for Holland this morning. So I to my office again, and dispatch my business there, and came with Mr. Hawley to Mr. Downing's lodging, and took Mr. Squib from White Hall in a coach thither with me, and there we waited in his chamber a great while, till he came in; and, in the mean time, sent all his things to the barge that lays at Charing Cross stairs. Then came he in, and took a very civil leave of me, beyond my expectations, for I was afraid that he would have told me something of removing me from my office; but he did not, but that he would do me any service that lay in his power. So I went down, and sent a porter to my house for my best fur cap, but he coming too late with it, I did not present it to him; and so I returned and went to Heaven,[1] where Luellin and I dined.

29th. (Lord's day.) In the morning I went to Mr. Gunning's, where he made an excellent sermon upon the 2d of the Galatians, about the difference that fell between St. Paul and St. Peter, whereby he did prove, that, contrary to the doctrine of the Roman Church, St. Paul did never own any dependance, or that he was inferior to St. Peter, but that they were equal, only one a particular charge of preaching to the Jews, and the other to the Gentiles. Casting up my accounts, I do find myself to be worth £40 and more, which I did not think, but am afraid that I have forgot something.

30th. This morning, before I was up, I fell a-singing of my song, "Great, good, and just," &c.,[2] and put myself thereby in mind that this was the fatal day, now ten years since, his Majesty died. There seems now to be a general cease of talk, it being taken for granted that Monk do resolve to stand to the Parliament, and nothing else. I took my £12 10*s.* due to me for my last quarter's salary.

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[1] A place of entertainment in Old Palace Yard, on the site of which the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons were erected some years ago. It is called in *Hudibras*, "False Heaven, at the end of the Hall."

[2] This is the beginning of Montrose's verses on the execution of Charles I., which Pepys had probably set to music:—

"Great, good and just, could I but rate
My grief and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
That it should deluge once again.

31st. After dinner, to Westminster Hall, where all we clerks had orders to wait upon the Committee at the Star Chamber that is to try Colonel Jones,[1] and to give an account what money we had paid him; but the Committee did not sit to-day. I bought the answer to General Monk's letter, which is a very good one, and I keep it by me. Thence to Mrs. Jem, where I found her maid in bed in a fit of the ague, and Mrs. Jem among the people below at work, and by and by she came up hot and merry, as if they had given her wine, at which I was troubled, but said nothing; after a game of cards, I went home. Called in at Harper's with Mr. Pulsford, servant to Mr. Waterhouse,[2] who tells me, that whereas my Lord Fleetwood[3] should have answered to the Parliament to-day, he wrote a letter and desired a little more time, he being a great way out of town. And how that he is quite ashamed of himself, and confesses how he had deserved this, for his baseness to his brother. And that he is like to pay part of the money, paid out of the Exchequer during the Committee of Safety, out of his own purse again, which I am glad of. I could find nothing in Mr. Downing's letter, which Hawley brought me, concerning my office; but I could discern that Hawley had a mind that I would get to be Clerk of the Council, I suppose that he might have the greater salary; but I think it not safe yet to change this for a public employment.

February 1st. Took Gammer East, and James the porter, a soldier, to my Lord's lodgings, who told me how they were drawn into the field to-day, and that they were ordered to march away to-morrow, to make room for General Monk; but they did shout their Colonel Fitch[4] and the rest of the officers

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But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus' hands, than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds."

[1] Colonel John Jones, impeached, with General Ludlow and Miles Corbett, for treasonable practices in Ireland.

[2] Probably, Edward Waterhouse, an heraldic and miscellaneous writer, styled by Lloyd "as the learned, industrious, and ingenious E. W. of Sion College." His portrait was engraved by Loggan: he died in 1670.

[3] See 17th January, 1659-60, and note.

[4] Thomas Fitch, Colonel of a regiment of Foot in 1658, M.P. for Inverness; he was also Lieutenant of the Tower.

out of the field, and swore they would not go without their money, and if they would not give it them, they would go where they might have it, and that was the City. So the Colonel went to the Parliament, and commanded what money could be got, to be got against to-morrow for them, and all the rest of the soldiers in town, who in all places made a mutiny this day, and do agree together.

2d. To my office, where I found all the officers of the regiments in town waiting to receive money, that their soldiers might go out of town, and what was in the Exchequer they had. Harper, Luellin, and I went to the Temple, to Mr. Calthrop's chamber, and from thence had his man by water to London Bridge, to Mr. Calthrop, a grocer, and received £60 for my Lord. In our way, we talked with our waterman, White, who told us how the watermen had lately been abused by some that had a desire to get in to be watermen to the State, and had lately presented an address of nine or ten thousand hands to stand by this Parliament, when it was only told them that it was a petition against hackney-coaches; and that to-day they had put out another, to undeceive the world and to clear themselves. After I had received the money, we went homewards; but over-against Somerset House, hearing the noise of guns, we landed and found the Strand full of soldiers. So I took my money and went to Mrs. Johnson, my Lord's semptress, and giving her my money to lay up, Doling and I went up stairs to a window, and looked out and saw the Foot face the Horse and beat them back, and stood bawling and calling in the street for a free Parliament and money. By and by a drum was heard to beat a march coming towards them, and they got all ready again and faced them, and they proved to be of the same mind with them; and so they made a great deal of joy to see one another. After all this I went home on foot to lay up my money, and change my stockings and shoes. I this day left off my great skirt suit, and put on my white suit, with silver lace coat,[1] and went over to Harper's, where I met with W. Simons, Doling, Luellin, and three merchants, one of which had occasion to use a porter, so they sent for one, and James the soldier came, who told us how they had been all day and night upon their guard at St. James's, and that through the whole town they did resolve to stand to what they had begun, and that to-morrow he did believe they would go into the City, and be received there. After this we went to a sport called, selling of a horse for a dish of eggs and herrings, and sat talking there till almost twelve at night.

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[1] Pepys's father was a tailor, whence perhaps the importance he attaches throughout the Diary to dress; it is evidently more than vanity.

3d. Drank my morning draft at Harper's and was told there that the soldiers were all quiet upon promise of pay. Thence to St. James's Park, back to Whitehall, where in a guard-chamber I saw about thirty or forty 'prentices of the City, who were taken at twelve o'clock last night, and brought prisoners hither. Thence to my office, where I paid a little more money to some of the soldiers under Lieut.-Col. Miller (who held out the Tower against the Parliament, after it was taken away from Fitch[1] by the Committee of Safety, and yet he continued in his office). About noon, Mrs. Turner[2] came to speak with me and Joyce, and I took them and showed them the manner of the Houses sitting, the doorkeeper very civilly opening the door for us. We went walking all over White Hall, whither General Monk was newly come, and we saw all his forces march by in very good plight, and stout officers. After dinner, I went to hear news, but only found that the Parliament House was most of them with Monk at White Hall, and that in passing through the town he had many calls to him for a free Parliament, but little other welcome. I saw in the Palace Yard how unwilling some of the old soldiers were yet to go out of town without their money, and swore if they had it not in three days, as they were promised, they would do them more mischief in the country than if they had staid here; and that is very likely, the country being all discontented. The town and guards are already full of Monk's soldiers. It growing dark, to take a turn in the Park, where Theoph. (she was sent for to us to dinner) outran my wife and another poor woman, that laid a pot of ale with me that she would outrun her.

4th. All the news to-day is, that the Parliament this morning voted the House to be made up four hundred forthwith. Discourse at an alehouse about Marriott, the great eater, so I was ashamed to eat what I could have done. I met Spicer in Lincoln's Inn Court, buying of a hanging-jack to roast birds upon. My wife killed her turkeys that came out of Zealand with my Lord, and could not get her maid Jane to kill any thing at any time.

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[1] See Feb. 1st, *ante*.

[2] Jane, daughter of John Pepys, of South Creak, Norfolk, married to John Turner, Sergeant-at-law; their only child, Theophila, frequently mentioned as The. or Theoph., became the wife of Sir Arthur Harris, Bart., of Stowford, Devon, and died *s. p.*

5th. (Lord's day.) At church I saw Dick Cumberland[1] newly ome out of the country from his living. In the Court of Wards saw the three Lords Commissioners sitting upon some action here Mr. Scobell was concerned, and my Lord Fountaine[2] ook him up very roughly about some things that he said.[3]

6th. To Westminster, where we found the soldiers all set in e Palace Yard, to make way for General Monk to come to e House. I stood upon the steps, and saw Monk go by, he aking observance to the judges as he went along.[4]

7th. Went to Paul's School, where he that made the speech or the seventh form in praise of the Founder[5] did show a book hich Mr. Crumlum[6] had lately got, which he believed to be f the Founder's own writing. My brother John came off as ell as any of the rest in the speeches. To the Hall, where in e Palace I saw Monk's soldiers abuse Billing and all the uakers, that were at a meeting-place there, and indeed the oldiers did use them very roughly, and were to blame. This ay, Mr. Crewe told me that my Lord St. John[7] is for a free arliament, and that he is very great with Monk, who hath ow the absolute command and power to do any thing that he ath a mind to do.

9th. Before I was out of my bed, I heard the soldiers very usy in the morning, getting their horses ready when they lay t Hilton's, but I knew not then their meaning in so doing. In e Hall I understand how Monk is this morning gone into ondon with his army; and Mr. Fage told me that he do elieve that Monk is gone to secure some of the Common-ouncil of the City, who were very high yesterday there, and did vote that they would not pay any taxes till the House was filled up. I went to my office, where I wrote to my Lord after I had been at the Upper Bench, where Sir Robert Pye this morning came to desire his discharge from the Tower; but it could not be granted.[1] I called at Mr. Harper's, who told me how Monk had this day clapt up many of the Common-council, and that the Parliament had voted that he should pull down their gates and portcullisses, their posts and their chains, which he do intend to do, and do lie in the City all night.

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[1] Educated at St. Paul's School, and afterwards Fellow of Magdalene ollege, Cambridge: in 1658, he got possession of the rectory of rampton, in Northamptonshire, to which he was not legally instituted till 661. He obtained the rectory of All Saints, Stamford, in 1668, and in 91 was consecrated Bishop of Peterborough. He died at his palace 9th ctober, 1719.

[2] Sir Thomas Widdrington and Sergeants Thomas Tyrell and John ountain had just been appointed Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal.

[3] See Jan. 9th, *ante*.

[4] "Feb. 6th. General Monk being in his lodgings at Whitehall, had tice that the House had a desire to see him. He came into the Court of ards, and being there, the Sergeant-at-Arms went to meet him with the ace, and his lordship attended the Sergeant, who went before him with e mace on his shoulder, being accompanied with Mr. Scott and Mr. obinson."—Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[5] John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, whose life has been written by Knight.

[6] See Jan. 24th, *ante*.

[7] Oliver St. John, of Lamport, Northamptonshire, Solicitor-General in 40, and afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of the Upper Bench.

To Westminster Hall, where I heard an action very finely pleaded between my Lord Dorset[2] and some other noble persons, his lady and other ladies of quality being there, and it was about £330 per annum that was to be paid to a poor Spittal, which was given by some of his predecessors; and given on his side.[3]

10th. Mr. Fage told me what Monk had done in the City, how he had pulled down the most part of the gates and chains that they could break down, and that he was now gone back to White Hall. The City look mighty blank, and cannot tell what in the world to do; the Parliament having this day ordered that the Common-council sit no more, but that new ones be chosen, according to what qualifications they shall give them.

11th. I heard the news of a letter from Monk, who was now gone into the City again, and did resolve to stand for the sudden filling up of the House, and it was very strange how the countenance of men in the Hall was all changed with joy in half an hour's time. So I went up to the lobby, where I saw the Speaker reading of the letter; and after it was read, Sir A. Haselrigge came out very angry, and Billing, standing at the door, took him by the arm, and cried, "Thou man, will thy beast carry thee no longer? thou must fall!" We took coach for the City to Guildhall, where the Hall was full of people expecting Monk and Lord Mayor[1] to come thither, and all very joyful. Met Monk coming out of the chamber where he had been with the Mayor and Aldermen, but such a shout I never heard in all my life, crying out, "God bless your Excellence!" Here I met with Mr. Lock,[2] and took him to an ale-house: when we were come together, he told us the substance of the letter that went from Monk to the Parliament; wherein, after complaints that he and his officers were put upon such offices against the City as they could not do with any content or honour, it states, that there are many members now in the House that were of the late tyrannical Committee of Safety. That Lambert and Vane[3] are now in town, contrary to the vote of Parliament. That many in the House do press for new oaths to be put upon men; whereas we have more cause to be sorry for the many oaths that we have already taken and broken. That the late petition of the fanatique people presented by Barebones,[4] for the imposing of an oath upon all sorts of people, was received by the House with thanks. That therefore he[5] did desire that all writs for filling up of the House be issued by Friday next, and that in the mean time he would retire into the City, and only leave them guards for the security of the House and Council. The occasion of this was the order that he had last night, to go into the City and disarm them, and take away their charter; whereby he and his officers said, that the House had a mind to put them upon things that should make them odious; and so it would be in their power to do what they would with them. We were told that the Parliament had sent Scott[6] and Robinson to Monk this afternoon, but he would not hear them; and that the Mayor and Aldermen had offered their own houses for himself and his officers; and that his soldiers would lack for nothing. And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along the streets cried, "God bless them!" and extraordinary good words. Hence we went to a merchant's house hard by, where I saw Sir Nich. Crisp,[1] and so we went to the Star Tavern, (Monk being then at Benson's.) In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge[2] I could at one time tell thirty-one fires. In King Street seven or eight; and all along, burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps. There being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand[3] rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side.

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[1] Sir Robert Pye, the elder, was auditor of the Exchequer, and a staunch Royalist. He garrisoned his house at Farringdon, which was besieged by his son, of the same names, a decided republican, son-in-law to Hampden, and colonel of Horse under Fairfax. The son, here spoken of, was subsequently committed to the Tower for presenting a petition to the House of Commons from the county of Berks, which he represented in Parliament, complaining of the want of a settled form of government. He had, however, the courage to move for an Habeas Corpus, but Judge Newdigate decided that the courts of law had not the power to discharge him. Upon Monk's coming to London, the secluded members passed a vote to liberate Pye, and at the Restoration he was appointed equerry to the King. He died in 1701.

[2] Richard Sackville, fifth Earl of Dorset, ob. 1677.

[3] This was the Sackville College for the poor, at East Grinstead, founded by Robert Sackville, second Earl of Dorset, who died in 1608. There is a good account of Sackville College in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1848.

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[1] Allen, afterwards Sir Thomas, married to Elizabeth Birch.

[2] Matthew Locke, the celebrated composer.

[3] See Jan. 9th, 1659–60.

[4] Praise God Barebones, an active member of the Parliament called by his name. About this period, he had appeared at the head of a band of anatics, and alarmed Monk, who well knew his influence. He was a eather-seller in Fleet Street.

[5] Monk.

[6] Thomas Scott, recently made Secretary of State, had signed the King's eath-warrant, for which he was executed at Charing Cross, 16th October, 660. He and Luke Robinson were both members of Parliament, and of he Council of State, and selected as firm adherents to the Rump, to watch Monk's proceedings: and never was a mission more signally unsuccessful. Scott, before his execution, desired to have it written, on his tombstone, "Thomas Scott, who adjudged to death the late King."

12th. (Lord's day.) In the morning, it being Lord's day, to White Hall, where Dr. Holmes[4] preached; but I staid not to hear, but walking in the court, I heard that Sir Arthur Haselrigge was newly gone into the City to Monk, and that Monk's wife[5] removed from White Hall last night. After dinner, I

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[1] An eminent merchant, and one of the Farmers of the Customs. He had advanced large sums to assist Charles I., who created him a Baronet. He died February, 1667, aged 67, and was buried in the church of St. Mildred, Bread Street. For an account of him and his magnificent house at Hammersmith, on the site of which Brandenburg House was built, see Lyson's *Environs*, and other local histories.

[2] Described in Maitland's History of London as a handsome bridge crossing the Strand, near the east end of Catherine Street, under which a small stream glided from the fields into the Thames, near Somerset House.

[3] Where stands the church of St. Mary-le-Strand.

[4] Nathaniel Holmes, D.D., of Exeter College, Oxford. He was the intruding incumbent of St. Mary Stayning, London, and ejected by the Act of Uniformity, and died in 1676. He was a very learned but voluminous and fanciful writer. A list of his works is given in Wood's *Athenæ*, (ed. Bliss) vol. iii., 1160. See also Kennett's *Register*, p. 827.

[5] Anne Clarges, daughter of a blacksmith, and bred a milliner; mistress and afterwards wife of General Monk, over whom she exercised the greatest influence.

ard that Monk had been at Paul's in the morning, and the
ople had shouted much at his coming out of the church.
the afternoon he was at a church in Broad Street, where-
out he do lodge. Walking with Mr. Kirton's[1] apprentice
ring evening church, and looking for a tavern to drink at,
t not finding any open, we durst not knock. To my father's,
ere Charles Glascocke was overjoyed to see how things are
w; who told me the boys had last night broke Barebones'
ndows.

13th. This day Monk was invited to White Hall to dinner
my Lords; not seeming willing, he would not come. I
nt to Mr. Fage from my father's, who had been this after-
on with Monk, who did promise to live and die with the
ty, and for the honour of the City; and indeed the City is
ry open-handed to the soldiers, that they are most of them
unk all day, and had money given them.

14th. My wife, hearing Mr. Moore's voice in my dressing
amber, got herself ready, and came down and challenged
m for her Valentine. To Westminster Hall, there being
any new remonstrances and declarations from many counties
Monk and the City, and one coming from the North from
Thomas Fairfax.[2] I heard that the Parliament had now
anged the oath so much talked of to a promise; and that,
ong other qualifications for the members that are to be
osen, one is that no man, nor the son of any man, that hath
en in arms during the life of the father, shall be capable of
ing chosen to sit in Parliament. This day, by an order of
House, Sir H. Vane[3] was sent out of town to his house in
ncolnshire.

15th. No news to-day, but all quiet to see what the Parlia-
ent will do about the issuing of the writs to-morrow for the
ing up of the House, according to Monk's desire.

17th. To Westminster Hall, where I heard that some of the
embers of the House were gone to meet some of the secluded
embers and General Monk in the City. Hence to White
all, thinking to hear more news, where I met with Mr. Hunt,

Joseph Kirton was a bookseller in St. Paul's churchyard, at the sign
"The King's Arms." His death, in October, 1667, is recorded in
ith's *Obituary*, printed for the Camden Society.

Thomas Lord Fairfax, mentioned before. He had succeeded to the
otch Barony of Fairfax, of Cameron, on the death of his father, in 1647;
n after his accession to the title, he is frequently styled "Sir Thomas,"
he pamphlets and papers of the day.

Sir H. Vane had married Frances, daughter of Sir Christopher Wray,
Ashby, Lincolnshire, Bart.

who told me how Monk had sent for all his goods that he had here, into the City; and yet again he told me, that some of the members of the House had this day laid in firing into their lodgings at Whitehall for a good while, so that we are at a great stand to think what will become of things, whether Monk will stand to the Parliament or no. Drank with Mr. Wotton, who told a great many stories of comedies that he had formerly seen acted, and the names of the principal actors, and gave me a very good account of it.

18th. This day two soldiers were hanged in the Strand for their late mutiny at Somerset House.[1]

19th. (Lord's day.) To Mr. Gunning's, and heard an excellent sermon. Here I met with Mr. Moore, and went home with him to dinner, where he told me the discourse that happened between the secluded members and the members of the House, before Monk, last Friday. How the secluded said, that they did not intend by coming in to express revenge upon these men, but only to meet and dissolve themselves, and only to issue writs for a free Parliament. He told me how Haselrigge[2] was afraid to have the candle carried before him, for fear that the people, seeing him, would do him hurt; and that he is afraid to appear in the City. That there is great likelihood that the secluded members will come in, and so Mr. Crewe and my Lord are likely to be great men, at which I was very glad. After dinner, there was many secluded members come in to Mr. Crewe, which, it being the Lord's day, did make Mr. Moore believe that there was something extraordinary in the business. Mr. Mossum[3] made a very good sermon, but only too eloquent for a pulpit.

20th. I went forth to Westminster Hall, where I met with Chetwind, Simons, and Gregory.[4] They told me how the Speaker Lenthall do refuse to sign the writs for choice of new members in the place of the excluded; and by that means the writs could not go out to-day. In the evening, Simons and I

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[1] "They were brought to the place of execution, which was at Charing Cross, and over against Somerset House in the Strand, where were two gibbets erected. These men were the grand actors in the mutinies at Gravesend, at Somerset House, and in St. James's Fields."—Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[2] See Jan. 13th, 1659–60, and note.

[3] This was in all probability Robert *Mossom*, author of several sermons preached at London, and printed about the time of the Restoration, who was in 1666 made Bishop of Derry. In the title page of his *Apology in behalf of the Sequestered Clergy*, printed in 1660, he calls himself "Preacher of God's word at St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf, London." See also Somers's *Tracts*, vol. vii. p. 237, edit. 1748.

[4] Mr. Gregory was, in 1672, Clerk of the Cheque at Chatham.

› the Coffee Club [Miles's], where I heard Mr. Harrington, nd my Lord of Dorset and another Lord, talking of getting nother place at the Cockpit, and they did believe it would ome to something. The Club broke up very poorly, and I do ot think they will meet any more.

21st. In the morning I saw many soldiers going towards Vestminster Hall, to admit the secluded members again. So to Westminster Hall, and in Chancery I saw about twenty of em who had been at White Hall with General Monk, who ame thither this morning, and made a speech[1] to them, and ecommended to them a Commonwealth, and against Charles tuart. They came to the House, and went in one after nother, and at last the Speaker came. But it is very strange at this could be carried so private, that the other members f the House heard nothing of all this, till they found them in e House, insomuch that the soldiers that stood there to let the secluded members, they took for such as they had rdered to stand there to hinder their coming in. Mr. Prin[2] ame with an old basket-hilt sword on, and had a great many outs upon his going into the Hall. They sat till noon, and t their coming out Mr. Crewe saw me, and bid me come to is house and dine with him, which I did; and he very joyful old me that the House had made General Monk General of ll the Forces in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and that pon Monk's desire, for the service that Lawson had lately one in pulling down the Committee of Safety, he had the ommand of the Sea for the time being. He advised me to end for my Lord forthwith, and told me that there is no uestion that, if he will, he may now be employed again; and at the House do intend to do nothing more than to issue rits, and to settle a foundation for a free Parliament. After inner, I back to Westminster Hall with him in his coach. Iere I met with Mr. Lock[3] and Pursell,[4] Master of Musique, nd went with them to the Coffee House, into a room next e water, by ourselves, where we spent an hour or two till

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[1] This remarkable speech is given at length by Rugge, who adds that oout four-score of the secluded members attended the first meeting of the ouse. It is highly probable that Monk had ascertained that they were ady to support him, before he committed himself to the Parliament.

[2] William Prynne, the lawyer, well known by his voluminous publications, d the persecution which he endured. He was M.P. for Bath, 1660, and ed 1669.

[3] See Feb. 10th, 1659–60.

[4] Henry Purcell, father of the celebrated composer of the same name, he was born in 1658.

Captain Taylor come and told us, that the House had voted the gates of the City to be made up again, and the members of the City[1] that are in prison to be set at liberty; and that Sir G. Booth's[2] case be brought into the House to-morrow. Here we had variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Lock had lately made on these words: "Domine salvum fac Regem." Here out of the windows it was a most pleasant sight to see the City from one end to the other with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the City, and the bells rang every where. Mr. Fuller, of Christ's, told me very freely the temper of Mr. Widdrington,[3] how he did oppose all the fellows in the College, and feared it would be little to my brother's advantage to be his pupil.

22d. Walking in the Hall, I saw Major-General Brown,[4] who had a long time been banished by the Rump, but now with his beard overgrown, he comes abroad and sat in the House. To White Hall, where I met with Will. Simons and Mr. Mabbot at Marsh's, who told me how the House had this day voted that the gates of the City should be set up at the cost of the State; and that Major-General Brown's being proclaimed a traitor be made void, and several other things of that nature. I observed this day how abominably Barebones' windows are broke again last night. Mr. Pierce told me he would go with me to Cambridge, where Colonel Ayres' regiment, to which he is surgeon, lieth.

23d. Thursday, my birthday, now twenty-seven years. To Westminster Hall, where, after the House rose, I met with Mr. Crewe, who told me that my Lord was chosen by 73 voices to be one of the Council of State. Mr. Pierpoint[5] had the most 101, and himself the next, 100.

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[1] Richard Brown, William Wilde, John Robinson and William Vincent.

[2] Sir George Booth, Bart., of Dunham Massey, then a prisoner in the Tower, from which he was released the next day. In 1661 he was created Baron Delamer for his services to the King.

[3] Dr. Ralph Widdrington having been ejected from his Fellowship by the Master and Fellows of Christ's College, Cambridge, October 28, 1661, sued out a mandamus to be restored to it; and the matter being referred to commissioners—"the Bishop of London, the Lord Chancellor, and some of the Judges"—he obtained restitution.—Kennett's *Register*, p. 552.

[4] Richard Brown, a Major-General of the Parliament forces, Governor of Abingdon, and Member for London in the Long Parliament, who had been imprisoned by the Rump faction. He is afterwards mentioned (Jan. 13th, 1665) as Sir Richard Brown; not John Evelyn's father-in-law of the same names.

[5] William Pierrepont, M.P. of Thoresby, second son to Robert, first Earl of Kingston, aged 71, ob. 1679.

24th. I rose very early, and taking horse at Scotland Yard, at Ir. Garthwayt's stable, I rode to Mr. Pierce's: we both mounted, nd so set forth about seven of the clock: at Puckridge we aited, the way exceeding bad from Ware thither. Then up gain and as far as Foulmer, within six miles of Cambridge, y mare being almost tired; here we lay at the Chequer. I y with Mr. Pierce, who we left here the next morning, upon is going to Hinchingbroke,[1] to speak with my Lord, before is going to London, and we two come to Cambridge by eight clock in the morning. I went to Magdalene College to Mr. Iill,[2] with whom I found Mr. Zanchy,[3] Burton,[4] and Hollins, nd took leave on promise to sup with them. To the Three uns, where we drank pretty hard and many healths to the ing, &c.; then we broke up, and I and Mr. Zanchy went to Iagdalene College, where a very handsome supper at Mr. Iill's chambers, I suppose upon a club among them, where could find that there was nothing at all left of the old preciseess in their discourse, specially on Saturday nights; and Mr. anchy told me that there was no such thing now-a-days among em at any time.

25th. My father, brother, and I to Mr. Widdrington, at hrist's College, who received us very civilly, and caused my rother to be admitted.

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[1] Hinchingbrooke House, so often mentioned in the Diary, stood half a ile to the westward of the town of Huntingdon. It was erected late in e reign of Elizabeth, by Sir Henry Cromwell, on the site of a Benedictine nnery, granted at the Dissolution, with all its appurtenances, to his father, ichard Williams, who had assumed the name of Cromwell, and whose andson, Sir Oliver, was the uncle and godfather of the Protector. The ight, who was renowned for his hospitality, had the honour of entertaining ing James at Hinchingbroke, but, getting into pecuniary difficulties, was liged to sell his estates, which were conveyed, 28th July, 1627, to Sir dney Montagu, of Barnwell, father of the first Earl of Sandwich, in nose descendant they are still vested. On the morning of the 22nd January, 30, during the minority of the seventh Earl, Hinchingbrooke was almost tirely destroyed by fire, but the pictures and furniture were mostly saved, d the house has been rebuilt in the Elizabethan style, and the interior eatly improved, under the direction of Edward Blore, Esq., R.A.

[2] Joseph Hill, a native of Yorkshire, chosen in 1649 Fellow of Magdalene llege, and in 1659 University Proctor: he afterwards retired to London, d, according to Calamy, was offered a bishopric by Charles II., which declined, disliking the terms of conformity; and, accepting a call to the nglish Church at Rotterdam in 1678, died there in 1707, aged 83.—*onconformist's Memorial.*

[3] Clement Zanchy, or Sankey, scholar of Magdalene College, Cambridge, 47; Fellow, 1654; described as of the city of London.

[4] Hezekiah Burton, of Lound, Nottinghamshire, Pensioner of Magdalene llege, Cambridge, 1647; Wray Fellow, 1651.

26th. (Sunday.) My brother went to the College Chapel. At St. Botolph's Church we heard Mr. Nicholas, of Queen's College, who I knew in my time to be Tripos[1] with great applause, upon this text, "For thy commandments are broad." To Mr. Widdrington's to dinner, where he used us very courteously. Found Mr. Pierce at our Inn, who told us that he had lost his journey, for my Lord was gone from Hinchingbroke to London on Thursday last, at which I was a little put to a stand. I went to Magdalene College, to get the certificate of the College for my brother's entrance there, that he might save his year.

27th. Up by four o'clock: Mr. Blayton and I took horse and straight to Saffron Walden, where, at the White Hart, we set up our horses, and took the master of the house to show us Audley End House,[2] who took us on foot through the park, and so to the house, where the housekeeper showed us all the house, in which the stateliness of the ceilings, chimney-pieces, and form of the whole was exceedingly worth seeing. He took us into the cellar, where we drank most admirable drink, a health to the King. Here I played on my flageolette, there being an excellent echo. He showed us excellent pictures; two especially, those of the four Evangelists and Henry VIII. In our going, my landlord carried us through a very old hospital or almshouse, where forty poor people were maintained; a very old foundation; and over the chimney-piece was an inscription in brass: "Orate pro animâ Thomæ Bird,"[3] &c.[4] They brought me a draft of their drink in a brown bowl, tipt with silver, which I drank off, and at the bottom was a picture of the Virgin with the child, in her arms, done in silver. So we took leave, the road pretty good, but the weather rainy to Epping.

28th. Up in the morning, and had some red herrings to our breakfast, while my boot-heel was a-mending, by the same token the boy left the hole as big as it was before. Then to

[1] The Tripos was the person who made the disputation on Ash Wednesday, otherwise called the Bachelor of the Stool. He was generally selected for his skill and readiness in disputation, and allowed great license of language, an indulgence often abused; and hence statutes were passed "de auferendis morionum ineptiis et scurrilibus jocis in disputationibus."

[2] Then the residence of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk. It was built by Thomas, the first earl, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and called after his maternal ancestor, Lord Chancellor Audley, to whom the monastery of Walden, the site of which is occupied by the present house, had been granted at the Dissolution.

[3] Bryd in the original.

[4] The inscription and the bowl are still to be seen in the almshouse.

orse for London, through the forest, where we found the way ood, but only in one path, which we kept as if we had rode nrough a kennel all the way. We found the shops all shut, nd the militia of the red regiment in arms at the old Ex-hange, among whom I found and spoke to Nich. Osborne, who old me that it was a thanksgiving-day through the City for ne return of the Parliament. At Paul's I light, Mr. Blayton olding my horse, where I found Dr. Reynolds[1] in the pulpit, nd General Monk there, who was to have a great enter-inment at Grocers' Hall. I found my Lord at dinner, glad see me.

29th. To my office. Mr. Moore told me how my Lord is hosen General at Sea by the Council, and that it is thought hat Monk will be joined with him therein. This day my Lord ame to the House, the first time since he come to town; but had been at the Council before. My cousin Morton gave e a brave cup of metheglin, the first I ever drank.

March 1st. Out of the box where my Lord's pamphlets lay, I hose as many as I had a mind to have for my own use, and ft the rest. I went to Mr. Crewe's, whither Mr. Thomas was ewly come to town, being sent with Sir H. Yelverton,[2] my old hoolfellow at Paul's School, to bring the thanks of the county General Monk for the return of the Parliament.

2d. I went early to my Lord at Mr. Crewe's, where I spoke him. Here were a great many come to see him, as Secretary hurloe,[3] who is now by the Parliament chosen again Secretary State. To Westminster Hall, where I saw Sir G. Booth at berty. This day I hear the City militia is put into good osture, and it is thought that Monk will not be able to do any eat matter against them now, if he had a mind. I under-and that my Lord Lambert did yesterday send a letter to the ouncil, and that to-night he is to come and appear to the ouncil in person. Sir Arthur Haselrigge do not yet appear the House. Great is the talk of a single person, and that it would now be Charles, George, or Richard again;[1] for the last of which, my Lord St. John[2] is said to speak high. Great also is the dispute now in the House, in whose name the writs shall run for the next Parliament; and it is said that Mr. Prin, in open House, said, "In King Charles's."

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[1] Edward Reynolds, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, and afterwards shop of Norwich. He died 1676: his works are well known.

[2] Son of Sir Christopher Yelverton, the first Baronet, grandson of Sir enry Yelverton, Judge C. P., author of the Reports. He married Susan, roness Grey de Ruthyn, which title descended to his issue. His son was erwards advanced to the dignity of Viscount Longueville, and his grand-n to the Earldom of Sussex. The Yelverton Collection of MSS. belongs Lord Calthorpe, whose ancestor married a daughter of the first Viscount ngueville.

[3] John Thurloe, who had been Secretary of State to the two Protectors, t was never employed after the Restoration, though the King solicited services. Ob. 1668.

3d. To Westminster Hall, where I found that my Lord was last night voted one of the Generals at Sea, and Monk the other. I met my Lord in the Hall, who bid me come to him at noon. After dinner, I to Warwick House,[3] in Holborne, to my Lord, where he dined with my Lord of Manchester,[4] Sir Dudley North,[5] my Lord Fiennes,[6] and my Lord Barkly.[7] I staid in the great hall, talking with some gentlemen there, till they all come out. Then I, by coach with my Lord, to Mr. Crewe's, in our way talking of public things. He told me he feared there was new design hatching, as if Monk had a mind to get into the saddle. Returning, met with Mr. Gifford, who told me, as I hear from many, that things are in a very doubtful posture, some of the Parliament being willing to keep the power in their hands. After I had left him, I met with Tom Harper; he talked huge high that my Lord Protector would come in place again, which indeed is much discoursed of again, though I do not see it possible.

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[1] Charles Stuart; George Monk; Richard Cromwell.

[2] Oliver St. John; see Feb. 7, 1659–60, and note.

[3] Near Gray's Inn, where Warwick Court now stands.

[4] The Parliamentary General, afterwards particularly instrumental in the King's Restoration, became Chamberlain of the Household, K.G., a Privy Counsellor, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. He died in 1671, having been five times married.

[5] Sir Dudley North, K.B., became the fourth Lord North, on the death of his father in 1666. Ob. 1677.

[6] John, third son of William, first Viscount Say and Sele, and one o Oliver's Lords.

[7] George, thirteenth Lord Berkeley of Berkeley, created Earl of Berkeley 1679. There were at this time two Lord Berkeleys, each possessing a town-house called after his name, which misled Pennant and othe biographers following in his track. George, thirteenth Lord Berkeley o Berkeley, advanced to an Earldom in 1679, the Peer here spoken of, livec at Berkeley House, in the parish of St. John's, Clerkenwell, which hac been in his family for three generations, and he had a country-seat a Durdans, near Epsom, mentioned by Evelyn and Pepys. His death tool place in 1698. The other nobleman, originally known as Sir John Berkeley and in the service of Charles I., created in 1658 Baron Berkeley of Stratton subsequently filled many high Offices in the State, and was in 1670 Lor Lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1674 went Ambassador to France, and die in 1678. He built a splendid mansion in Piccadilly, called also Berkele House, upon the site of which Devonshire House now stands. To preven confusion, the words [of Stratton] will be added wherever his name occur in these pages.

5th. To Westminster by water, only seeing Mr. Pinkny[1] at his own house, where he showed me how he had always kept the Lion and Unicorne, in the back of his chimney, bright, in expectation of the King's coming again. At home I found Mr. Hunt, who told me how the Parliament had voted that the Covenant be printed and hung in churches again. Great hopes of the King's coming again.

6th. Shrove Tuesday. I called Mr. Shepley, and we both went up to my Lord's lodgings at Mr. Crewe's, where he bids us to go home again, and get a fire against an hour after; which we did, at White Hall, whither he came, and after talking with him about our going to sea, he called me by myself into the garden, where he asked me how things were with me. He bid me look out now at this turn some good place, and he would use all his own, and all the interest of his friends that he had in England, to do me good; and asked me whether I could, without too much inconvenience, go to sea as his secretary, and bid me think of it. He also began to talk of things of State, and told me that he should want one in that capacity at sea, that he might trust in, and therefore he would have me to go. He told me also, that he did believe the King would come in, and did discourse with me about it, and about the affection of the people and City, at which I was full glad. Mr. Hawley brought me a seaman that had promised £10 to him if he get him a purser's place, which I think to endeavour to do. My uncle Tom inquires about the Knights of Windsor, of which he desires to be one. To see Mrs. Jem, at whose chamber door I found a couple of ladies, but she not being there, we hunted her out, and found that she and another had hid themselves behind a door. Well, they all went down into the dining-room, where it was full of tag, rag, and bobtail, dancing, singing, and drinking, of which I was ashamed, and after I had staid a dance or two, I went away. Wrote by the post, by my Lord's command, for I. Goods to come up presently; for my Lord intends to go forth with Goods to the Swiftsure till the Nazeby be ready. This day I hear that the Lords do intend to sit, a great store of them are now in town, and, I see, in the Hall today. Overton[2] at Hull do stand out, but can, it is thought, do nothing; and Lawson, it is said, is gone with some ships thither, but all that is nothing. My Lord told me, that there was great endeavours to bring in the Protector again; but he told me, too, that he did believe it would not last long if he were brought in; no, nor the King neither, (though he seems to think that he will come in) unless he carry himself very soberly and well. Every body now drink the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it. Monk this day is feasted at Mercers' Hall, and is invited one after another to the twelve Halls in London. Many think that he is honest yet, and some or more think him to be a fool that would raise himself, but think that he will undo himself by endeavouring it.

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[1] Probably Leonard Pinkney, who was Clerk of the Kitchen at the ensuing Coronation Feast.

[2] The Parliamentary General.

7th. Ash Wednesday. Washington told me, upon my question whether he knew of any place now ready that I might have by power over friends, that this day Mr. G. Montagu[1] was to be made Custos Rotulorum for Westminster, and that I might get to be named by him Clerk of the Peace; but my Lord he believes Mr. Montagu had already promised it, and that it was give him only that he might gratify one person with the place I look for. Going homeward, my Lord overtook me in his coach, and called me in, and so I went with him to St. James's, and G. Montagu being gone to White Hall, we walked over the Park thither, all the way he discoursing of the times, and of the change of things since the last year, and wondering how he could bear with so great a disappointment as he did. He did give me the best advice that he could what was best for me, whether to stay or go with him, and offered all the ways that could be, how he might do me good, with the greatest liberty and love that could be. This day, according to order, Sir Arthur[2] appeared at the House; what was done I know not, but there was all the Rumpers almost come to the House to-day. My Lord did seem to wonder much why Lambert was so willing to be put into the Tower, and thinks he has some design in it; but I think that he is so poor that he cannot use his liberty for debts, if he were at liberty; and so it is as good and better for him to be there, than any where else. My father left my uncle with his leg very dangerous, and do believe he cannot continue long. My uncle did acquaint him, that he did intend to make me his heir, and give my brother Tom something, [and to leave] something to raise portions for Joh. and Pall.[3] I pray God he may be as good as his word! This news and my Lord's great kindness makes me very cheerful within.

8th. To Westminster Hall, where there was a general damp over men's minds and faces upon some of the Officers of the Army being about making a remonstrance upon Charles Stuart or any single person ; but at noon it was told, that the General had put a stop to it, so all was well again. Here I met with Jasper, who was to bring me to my Lord at the lobby ; whither ending a note to my Lord, he comes out to me and gives me directions to look after getting some money for him from the Admiralty, seeing that things are so unsafe, that he would not ay out a farthing for the State, till he had received some money of theirs. This afternoon, some of the Officers of the Army, and some of the Parliament, had a conference at White Hall, o make all right again, but I know not what is done. At the Dog[1] tavern, Captain Philip Holland, with whom I advised how o make some advantage of my Lord's going to sea, told me to ave five or six servants entered on board as dead men, and I o give them what wages I pleased, and so their pay to be mine ; e also urged me to take the Secretary's place that my Lord did proffer me. Then in comes Mr. Wade and Mr. Sterry, ecretary to the plenipotentiary in Denmark, who brought he news of the death of the King of Sweden[2] at Gottenburgh he 3d of last month, and he told me what a great change he ound when he came here, the secluded members being restored.

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[1] George Montagu, fifth son of Henry, first Earl of Manchester, afterwards M.P. for Dover, and father of the first Earl of Halifax. He was youngest brother of Lord Manchester, mentioned in p. 28. See also Jan. 22, 1661–62, and note.

[2] Haselrigge.

[3] John and Paulina Pepys, our author's brother and sister.

9th. To my Lord at his lodging, and came to Westminster ith him in the coach ; and Mr. Dudley and he in the Painted Chamber walked a good while ; and I telling him that I was illing and ready to go with him to sea, he agreed that I should, nd advised me what to write to Mr. Downing about it. This ay it was resolved that the writs do go out in the name of the Keepers of the Liberty, and I hear that it is resolved privately hat a treaty be offered with the King ; and that Monk did check is soldiers highly for what they did yesterday.

10th. To my father in his cutting[3] house, and told him my esolution to go to sea with my Lord, and we resolved of letting y wife be at Mr. Bowyer's.[4]

12th. Rode to Huntsmore[5] to Mr. Bowyer's, where I found im, and all well, and willing to have my wife come and board ith them while I was at sea. Here I lay, and took a spoonful f honey and a nutmeg, scraped for my cold, by Mr. Bowyer's irection.

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[1] A house still existing in Holywell Street in the Strand bears this name, t from mention elsewhere, the Dog Tavern here recorded must have been Westminster.

[2] Charles Gustavus.

[3] He was a tailor.

[4] Mr. Bowyer had probably remarried Mrs. Pepys's mother.

[5] See 8th May following.

13th. At my Lord's lodgings, who told me that I was to be secretary, and Crewe deputy treasurer to the Fleet, at which I was troubled, but I could not help it. This day the Parliament voted all that had been done by the former Rump against the House of Lords be void, and to-night that the writs go out without any qualification. Things seem very doubtful what will be the end of all; for the Parliament seems to be strong for the King, while the soldiers do all talk against.

14th. To my Lord's, where infinity of applications to him and to me. To my great trouble, my Lord gives me all the papers that was given to him, to put in order and to give him an account of them. Here I got half a piece of a person of Mr. Wright's recommending to my Lord, to be Chaplain of the Speaker frigate. I went hence to St. James's, to speak with Mr. Clerke,[1] Monk's secretary, about getting some soldiers removed out of Huntingdon to Oundle, which my Lord told me he did to do a courtesy to the town, that he might have the greater interest in them, in the choice of the next Parliament; not that he intends to be chosen himself, but that he might have Mr. G. Montagu and my Lord Mandeville,[2] chose there in spite of the Bernards.[3] This done I saw General Monk, and methought he seemed a dull heavy man. I did promise to give my wife all that I have in the world, but my books, in case I should die at sea. After supper, I went to Westminster Hall, and the Parliament sat till ten at night, thinking and being expected to dissolve themselves to-day, but they did not. Great talk to-night that the discontented officers did think this night to make a stir, but prevented.

15th. Early packing up my things to be sent by cart with the rest of my Lord's. At Will's I met Tom Alcock, one that went to school with me at Huntingdon, but I had not seen him these sixteen years.

16th. To Westminster Hall, where I heard how the Parliament had this day dissolved themselves, and did pass very cheerfully hrough the Hall, and the Speaker without his mace. The whole Hall was joyful thereat, as well as themselves, and now they begin to talk loud of the King. To-night I am told, that yesterday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, one came with a ladder to the Great[1] Exchange, and wiped with a brush the inscription that was on King Charles, and that there was a great bonfire made in the Exchange, and people called out, "God bless King Charles the Second!"[2]

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[1] Clement Clerke, of Lawnde Abbey, co. Leicester, created a Baronet in 1661.

[2] Eldest son of the Earl of Manchester.

[3] Robert Bernard, created a Baronet in 1662, served in Parliament for Huntingdon, before and after the Restoration, and died in 1666. His son and successor, Sir Robert Bernard, the second baronet at the time of his death, in 1669, was one of the Knights of the Shire for the county of Huntingdon. The inscription upon his monument in Brampton Church is given in the *Topographer and Genealogist*, vol. i., p. 113. Sir Nicholas Pedley, who was also burgess for Huntingdon, married a daughter of Sir Robert Bernard.

17th. This day, before I went out with my wife, I did seal my will to her, whereby I did give her all that I have in the world, but my books, which I give to my brother John, excepting only French books, which my wife is to have.

18th. (Lord's day.) I gave Captain Williamson his commission to be Captain of the Harp, and he gave me a piece of gold, and 20*s.* in silver. To Mr. Mossum's, where he made a very gallant sermon upon "Pray for the life of the King, and the King's son."

19th. Early to my Lord, where infinity of business to do, which makes my head full; and indeed, for these two or three days, I have not been without a great many cares. After that, to the Admiralty, where a good while with Mr. Blackburne, who told me that it was much to be feared that the King would come in, for all good men and good things were now discouraged. Thence to Wilkinson's, where Mr. Shepley and I dined; and while we were at dinner, my Lord Monk's life-guard come by with the Sergeant-at-Arms before them, with two Proclamations, that all Cavaliers do depart the town: but the other that all officers that were lately disbanded should do the same. The last of which Mr. R. Creed,[3] I remember, said, that he looked upon it as if they had said, that all God's people should depart the town. All the discourse now-a-day is, that the King will come again; and for all I see, it is the wishes of all; and all do believe that it will be so. My mind is still much troubled for my poor wife, but I hope that this undertaking will be worth my pains. This day, my Lord dined at my Lord Mayor's [Allen], and Jasper was made drunk, which my Lord was very angry at.

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[1] So called during the Commonwealth, in lieu of Royal.

[2] "Then the writing in golden letters, that was engraven under the statue of Charles I., in the Royal Exchange (*Exit tyrannus, Regum ultimus, anno libertatis Angliæ, anno Domini* 1648, *Januarie* xxx) was washed by a painter, who in the day-time raised a ladder, and with a pot and brush washed the writing quite out, threw down his pot and brush, and said it should never do him any more service, in regard that it had the honour to put out rebels' handwriting. He came down, took away his ladder, not a misword said to him, and by whose order it was done was not then known. The merchants were glad and joyful, many people were gathered together, and against the Exchange made a bonfire."—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[3] Major Richard Creed, who commanded a troop under Lambert when that general surrendered to Ingoldsby: see 24 April, following. He was imprisoned with the rest of the officers, but his name does not recur in the *Diary*, nor is it known whether he was related to John Creed, so frequently mentioned hereafter.

20th. I took a short melancholy leave of my father and mother, without having them to drink, or say anything of business one to another. At Westminster, by reason of rain and an easterly wind, the water was so high that there was boats rowed in King Street, and all our yards was drowned, that one could not go to my house,[1] so as no man has seen the like almost, and most houses full of water.[2]

21st. To my Lord's, but the wind very high against us; here I did very much business, and then to my Lord Widdrington's from my Lord, with his desire that he might have the disposal of the writs of the Cinque Ports. My Lord was very civil to me, and called for wine, and writ a long letter in answer.

22d. To Westminster, and received my warrant of Mr. Blackburne, to be Secretary to the two Generals of the Fleet. Strange how these people do now promise me anything; one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine, or a gun, and one offered me a silver hatband to do him a courtesy. I pray God to keep me from being proud, or too much lifted up hereby.

23d. Carried my Lord's will in a black box to Mr. W. Montagu,[3] for him to keep for him. My Lord, Captain Isham,[4] Mr. Thomas, John Crewe, W. Howe, and I to the Tower, where the barges staid for us; my Lord and the Captain in one, and W. Howe and I, &c., in the other, to the Long Reach, where the Swiftsure lay at anchor; (in our way, we saw the great breach which the late high water had made, to the loss of many £1000 to the people about Limehouse.) Soon as my Lord on board, the guns went off bravely from the ships. And a little while after comes the Vice-Admiral Lawson, and seemed very respectful to my Lord, and so did the rest of the Commanders of the frigates that were thereabouts. We were late writing of orders for the getting of ships ready, &c.; and also making of others to all the seaports between Hastings and Yarmouth, to stop all dangerous persons that are going or coming between Flanders and there. The cabin allotted to me was the best that any had that belonged to my Lord.

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[1] In Axe Yard, King Street, Westminster. See note to p. 1 of this volume.

[2] "In this month the wind was very high, and caused great tides, so that great hurt was done to the inhabitants of Westminster, King Street being quite drowned. The Maidenhead boat was cast away, and twelve persons with her. Also, about Dover the water brake in upon the mainland; and in Kent was very much damage done; so that report said, there was £20,000 worth of harm done."—Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[3] William, second son of the first Lord Montagu of Boughton, and first cousin to Sir Edward Montagu. He was afterwards Lord Chief Baron. Ob. 1707, æt. 89.

[4] Sir Sidney Montagu, the father of "my Lord," had married for his second wife one of the Isham family, of Lamport.

24th. At work hard all the day writing letters to the Council, &c. Mr. Creed[1] came on board, and dined very boldly with my Lord. The boy Eliezer flung down a can of beer upon my papers, which made me give him a box of the ear, it having cost me a great deal of work.

25th. (Lord's day.) About two o'clock in the morning, letters came from London by our coxon, so they waked me, but I bid him stay till morning, which he did, and then I rose and carried them into my Lord, who read them a-bed. Among the rest, there was the writ and mandate for him to dispose to the Cinque Ports for choice of Parliament men. There was also one for me from Mr. Blackburne, who with his own hand superscribes it to S. P., Esq.,[2] of which God knows I was not a little proud. I wrote a letter to the Clerk of Dover Castle, to come to my Lord about issuing of those writs. Mr. Ibbott[3] prayed, and preached a good sermon. At dinner, I took place of all but the Captain. After that, sermon again, at which I slept, God forgive me!

26th. This day it is two years since it pleased God that I was cut for the stone at Mrs. Turner's in Salisbury Court; and did resolve while I live to keep it a festival, as I did the last year at my house, and for ever to have Mrs. Turner and her company with me. But now it pleased God that I am prevented to do it openly; only within my soul I can and do rejoice, and bless God, being at this time, blessed be his holy name, in as good health as ever I was in my life. This morning I rose early, and went about making of an establishment of the whole Fleet, and a list of all the ships, with the number of men and guns. About an hour after that, we had a meeting of the principal commanders and seamen, to proportion out thenumber of these things. All the afternoon very many orders were made, till I was very weary. At night, the Captain [Cuttance] came, and sat drinking [with us] till eleven, a kindness he do not often do the greatest officer in the ship.

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[1] John Creed, who, having been a puritan, had been averse to the King's coming in.

[2] Pepys was not a little proud of being addressed as S. P., Esquire. In fifty years afterwards (as we find from Steele's pleasant paper in the *Tatler*, No. 19), we were become *populous armigerorum*: every pretender admitted into the fraternity. Who is now excluded? This entry, and Pepys's pride, in 1666, in having a spare bed, are among those minute details which render the *Diary* so valuable as a history of manners.

[3] Edmund Ibbott, S.T.B., in 1662 made rector of Deal. Ob. 1677.

27th. This morning, the wind came about, and we fell into the Hope; and in our passing by the vice-admiral, he and the rest of the frigates did give us many guns, and we him, and the report of them broke all the windows in my cabin. I sat the first time with my Lord at table since my coming to sea. All the afternoon exceeding busy in writing of letters and orders. In the afternoon, Sir Harry Wright[1] come on board us, about his business of being chosen a Parliament-man. My Lord brought him to see my cabin, where I was hard a-writing. At night supped with my Lord too, with the Captain.

28th. This morning and the whole day busy. At night, there was a gentleman very well bred, his name was Banes, going for Flushing, who spoke French and Latin very well, brought by direction from Captain Clerke hither, as a prisoner, because he called out of the vessel that he went in, "Where is your King, we have done our business, Vive le Roi!" He confessed himself a Cavalier in his heart, and that he and his whole family had fought for the King; but that he was then drunk, having been taking his leave at Gravesend the night before, and so could not remember what it was that he said; but in his words and carriage showed much of a gentleman. My Lord had a great kindness for him, but did not think it safe to release him, though he had a supper in the master's cabin. But a while after, he sent a letter down to my Lord, which my Lord did like very well, and did advise with me that the gentleman was to be released. So I went up and sat and talked with him in Latin and French; and about eleven at night he took boat again, and so God bless him. This day we had news of the election at Huntingdon for Bernard[2] and Pedly, at which my Lord was much troubled for his friends' missing of it.

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[1] M.P. for Harwich; created a Baronet by Cromwell, 1658, and by Charles II., 1660. He married Anne, daughter of Lord Crewe, and sister to Sir E. Montagu's wife, and resided at Dagenham, Essex.

[2] John Bernard and Nicholas Pedley, re-elected in the next Parliament. The latter had been a Commissioner of the Wine Office. Sir E. Montagu had set up his eldest son and G. Montagu as candidates. See *ante*, March 14th, and note.

29th. We lie still a little below Gravesend. At night Mr. Shepley returned from London, and told us of several elections for the next Parliament. That the King's effigies was new making to be set up in the Exchange again. This evening was a great whispering that some of the Vice-Admiral's captains were dissatisfied, and did intend to fight themselves, to oppose the General. But it was soon hushed, and the Vice-Admiral did wholly deny any such thing, and protested to stand by the General.

30th. I was saluted in the morning with two letters, from some that I had done a favour to, which brought me in each a piece of gold. This day, while my Lord and we were at dinner, the Nazeby came in sight towards us, and at last came to anchor close by us. My Lord and many others went on board her, where everything was out of order, and a new chimney made for my Lord in his bed-chamber, which he was much pleased with. My Lord, in his discourse, discovered a great deal of love to this ship.[1]

April 1st. (Lord's day.) This morning, I gave Mr. Hill, that was on board with the Vice-Admiral, a bottle of wine, and was exceedingly satisfied with the power I have to make my friends welcome. Mr. Ibbott preached very well. After dinner, my Lord did give me a private list of all the ships that were to be set out this summer, wherein I do discover that he hath made it his care to put by as much of the Anabaptists as he can. By reason of my Lord and my being busy to send away the packet by Mr. Cooke of the Nazeby, it was four o'clock before we could begin sermon again. This day, Captain Guy come on board from Dunkirk, who tells me that the King will come in, and that the soldiers at Dunkirk do drink the King's health in the streets. I made a commission for Captain Wilgness, of the Bear, to-night, which got me 30*s*.

2d. Up very early, and to get all my things and my boy's packed up. Great concourse of commanders here this morning, to take leave of my Lord upon his going into the Nazeby. My cabin little, but very convenient, with two windows and a good bed. This morning comes Mr. Edward Pickering,[2] like a coxcomb as he always was: he tells me that the King will come in, but that Monk did resolve to have the doing of it himself, or else to hinder it.

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[1] Sir E. Montagu's flag had been on board the Naseby when he went to the Sound.

[2] Younger brother of Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart., born in 1618, and bred to the law; and in 1681 was a resident in Lincoln's Inn. He married Dorothy, one of the daughters of Sir John Weld, of Arnolds, in Edmonton, Middlesex, and died in 1698, s.p.s.: his widow survived till December, 1707. Roger North ("Life of Lord Keeper Guilford," 1742, page 58) has drawn a very unfavourable picture of Edward Pickering, calling him a subtle fellow, a money-hunter, a great trifler, and avaricious, but withal a

3d. There come many merchants to get convoy to the Baltique, which a course was taken for. They dined with my Lord, and one of them, by name Alderman Wood, talked much to my Lord of the hopes that he had now to be settled, (under the King, he meant); but my Lord took no notice of it. This day come the Lieutenant of the Swiftsure, who was sent by my Lord to Hastings, one of the Cinque Ports, to have got Mr. Edward Montagu to have been one of their burgesses, but could not, for they were all promised before. My heart exceeding heavy for not hearing of my dear wife.

4th. This morning come Colonel Thomson with the wooden leg, and General Pen, and dined with my Lord and Mr. Blackburne, who told me that it was certain now that the King must of necessity come in, and that one of the Council told him there is something doing in order to a treaty already among them. And it was strange to hear how Mr. Blackburne did already begin to commend him for a sober man, and how quiet he would be under his government, &c. The Commissioners come to-day, only to consult about a further reducement of the Fleet, and to pay them as fast as they can. At night, my Lord resolved to send the Captain of our ship to Waymouth, and promote his being chosen there, which he did put himself into readiness to do the next morning.

5th. We set sail at noon, and come in the evening to Lee roads and anchored. To the castles[1] about Deal, where our fleet lay, and anchored; great was the shoot of guns from the castles, and ships, and our answers.

6th. Under sail as far as the Spitts.

7th. The wind grew high, and we, being among the sands, lay at anchor; I began to be dizzy and squeamish.

8th. (Lord's day.) The lieutenant and I looked through his

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great pretender to puritanism, frequenting the Rolls' Chapel, and most busily writing the sermon in his hat, *that he might not be seen.* We learn from the same authority that Sir John Cutts, of Childerley, having left his aunt, Mrs. Edward Pickering, an estate worth £300 per annum, for ninety-nine years, *if she should so long live*, her husband, who was the executor, erased from the will the words of reference to her life, with intention to possess himself of the property for the term absolutely, which fraud being suspected, the question was tried in a court of law, and the jury without hesitation found Pickering the author of the erasure, before the publication of the will.

[1] The castles were Walmer, Sandgate, Sandwich, Deal and Dover.

glass at two good merchantmen, and at the women on board them, being pretty handsome.

9th. In sight of the North and South Forelands. This afternoon I first saw France and Calais, with which I was much pleased, though it was at a distance.

10th. Most of the commanders in the fleet came on board, and the Vice-Admiral to us, who sat and talked, and seemed a very good-natured man.

11th. Lord Goring[1] returned from France, and landed at Dover. A gentleman came from my Lord of Manchester to my Lord for a pass for Mr. Boyle,[2] which was made him. All the news from London is that things go on further towards a King. That the Skinners' Company the other day, at their entertaining of General Monk,[3] had took down the Parliament Arms in their Hall, and set up the King's. My Lord and I had a great deal of discourse about the several Captains of the Fleet and his interest among them, and had his mind clear to bring in the King. He confessed to me that he was not sure of his own Captain [Cuttance], to be true to him, and that he did not like Captain [John] Stokes. Came two letters from my dear wife.

12th. Weather bad. Twenty strangers aboard.

14th. This day I was informed that my Lord Lambert is got out of the Tower,[4] and that there is £100 proffered to whoever shall bring him forth to the Council of State. My Lord is chosen at Waymouth this morning; my Lord had his freedom brought him by Captain Tiddiman of the port of Dover, by which he is capable of being elected for them. This day I heard that the army had in general declared to stand by what the next Parliament shall do.

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[1] Charles, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Norwich. He had been banished eleven years before by the Parliament for heading an army, and keeping the town of Colchester for the use of the King. At his first coming he went to the Council of State, and had leave to remain in London, provided he did not disturb the peace of the nation.—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[2] The celebrated Robert Boyle, youngest son of Richard, first Earl of Cork.

[3] His Excellency had now dined at nine of the chief Halls; at every Hall there was after dinner a kind of stage-play, and many pretty conceits, and dancing and singing, and many shapes and ghosts, and the like, and all to please Lord Monk.—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[4] The manner of the escape of John Lambert, out of the Tower, on the 11th inst., as related by Rugge:—That about eight of the clock at night he escaped by a rope tied fast to his window, by which he slid down, and in each hand he had a handkerchief; and six men were ready to receive him, who had a barge to hasten him away. She who made the bed, being privy to his escape, that night, to blind the warder when he came to lock the chamber-door, went to bed, and possessed Colonel Lambert's place, and put on his night-cap. So, when the warder came to lock the door, according to his usual manner, he found the curtains drawn, and conceiving it to be Colonel John Lambert, he said, "Good-night, my Lord." To which a seeming voice replied, and prevented all further jealousies. The next morning, on coming to unlock the door, and espying her face, he cried

15th. (Lord's day.) To sermon, and then to dinner, where my Lord told us that the University of Cambridge had a mind to choose him for their burgess, which he pleased himself with, to think that they do look upon him as a thriving man, and said so openly at table. At dinner-time, Mr. Cooke came back from London with a packet which caused my Lord to be full of thoughts all day, and at night he bid me privately to get two commissions ready, one for Captain Robert Blake to be captain of the Worcester, in the room of Captain Dekings, an Anabaptist, and one that had witnessed a great deal of discontent with the present proceedings. The other for Captain Coppin to come out of that into the Newbury in the room of Blake, whereby I perceive that General Monk do resolve to make a thorough change, to make way for the King. From London I hear that, since Lambert got out of the Tower, the Fanatiques had held up their heads high, but I hope all that will come to nothing.

17th. All the morning getting ready commissions for the Vice-Admiral[1] and the Rear-Admiral,[2] wherein my Lord was very careful to express the utmost of his own power, commanding them to obey what orders they should receive from the Parliament, &c., or both or either of the Generals.[3] My Lord told me clearly his thoughts that the King would carry it, and that he did think himself very happy that he was now at sea, as well for his own sake, as that he thought he might

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out, "In the name of God, Joan, what makes you here? Where is my Lord Lambert?" She said, "He is gone; but I cannot tell whither." Whereupon he caused her to rise, and carried her before the officer in the Tower, and [she] was committed to custody. Some said that a lady knit for him a garter of silk, by which he was conveyed down, and that she received £100 for her pains.

[1] Sir John Lawson.

[2] Sir Richard Stayner, knighted and made a Vice-Admiral by Cromwell, 1657, and after the Restoration sent to command at Tangier till the Governor arrived.

[3] Sir Edward Montagu afterwards recommended the Duke of York as High Admiral to give regular and lawful commissions to the Commanders of the Fleet, instead of those which they had received from Sir Edward himself, or from the Rump Parliament.—Kennett's *Register*, p. 163.

do his country some service in keeping things quiet. My Lord did give the Vice-Admiral his commission.

18th. Mr. Cooke returned from London, bringing me this news, that the Cavaliers are something unwise to talk so high on the other side as they do. That the Lords do meet every day at my Lord of Manchester's, and resolve to sit the first day of the Parliament. That it is evident now that the General and the Council do resolve to make way for the King's coming. And it is clear that either the Fanatiques must now be undone, or the gentry and citizens throughout England, and clergy must fall, in spite of their militia and army, which is not at all possible, I think. Mr. Edward Montagu come on board, making no stay at all. Sir R. Stayner, Mr. Shepley, and as many of my Lord's people as could be spared, went to Dover, to get things ready for the Election to-morrow.

19th. At dinner, news brought us that my Lord was chosen at Dover.

20th. This evening come Mr. Boyle on board, for whom I writ an order for a ship to transport him to Flushing. He supped with my Lord, my Lord using him as a person of honour. Mr. Shepley told me that he heard for certain at Dover that Mr. Edward Montagu[1] did go beyond sea when he was here first the other day, and I am apt to believe that he went to speak with the King. This day, one told me how that at the election at Cambridge for knights of the shire, Wendby and Thornton, by declaring to stand for the Parliament and a King and the settlement of the Church, did carry it against all expectation against Sir Dudley North and Sir Thomas Willis.[2]

21st. This day dined Sir John Boys[3] and some other gentlemen, formerly great Cavaliers, and among the rest one Mr. Norwood,[4] for whom my Lord give a convoy to carry him to the Brill, but he is certainly going to the King; for my Lord commanded me that I should not enter his name in my book. My Lord do show them and that sort of people great civility. All their discourse and others are of the King's coming, and we begin to speak of it very freely; and heard how in many churches in London, and upon many signs there, and upon merchants' ships in the river, they had set up the King's arms. This night there came one with a letter from Mr. Edward Montagu to my Lord, with command to deliver it to his own hands. I do believe that he do carry some close business on for the King. This day I had a large letter from Mr. Moore, giving me an account of the present dispute at London that is like to be at the beginning of the Parliament, about the House of Lords, who do resolve to sit with the Commons, as not thinking themselves dissolved yet, which, whether it be granted or no, or whether they will sit or no, it will bring a great many inconveniences. His letter I keep, it being a very well writ one.

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[1] Eldest son of Edward, second Lord Montagu, of Boughton, killed at Bergen, 1665.

[2] He had represented Cambridgeshire in the preceding Parliament.

[3] Of Sandwich, gentleman of the Privy-Chamber.

[4] A Major Norwood had been Governor of Dunkirk; and a person of the same name occurs, as one of the Esquires of the body at the Coronation of Charles II. Probably he was Richard Norwood of Dane's Court, in the Isle of Thanet. See Dec. 1, 1662.

22d. (Easter Sunday.) Several Londoners, strangers, friends of the Captains, dined here, who, among other things, told us, how the King's Arms are every day set up in houses and churches, particularly in Allhallows' Church in Thames Street, John Simpson's church, which, being privately done, was a great eyesore to his people when they came to church and saw it. Also, they told us for certain, that the King's statue is making by the Mercers' Company, (who are bound to do it[1]) to set up in the Exchange.

23d. I had 40*s.* given me by Captain Cowes of the Paragon. In the evening, for the first time, extraordinary good sport among the seamen, after my Lord had done playing at ninepins. That being done, he fell to singing a song upon the Rump, to the tune of "The Blacksmith."

24th. To dine with the Vice-Admiral[2] on board the London, which hath a state-room much bigger than the Nazeby, but not so rich. After that, with the Captain on board our own ship, where we were saluted with the news of Lambert's being taken, which news was brought to London on Sunday last. He was taken in Northamptonshire by Colonel Ingoldsby,[3] at the head of a party, by which means their whole design is broke, and things now very open and safe; and every man begins to be merry and full of hopes.

25th. Dined to-day with Captain Robert Clerke on board the Speaker, (a very brave ship[1]) where was the Vice-Admiral, Rear-Admiral, and many other commanders. After dinner, home, not a little contented to see how I am treated, and with what respect made a fellow to the best commander in the Fleet.

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[1] As trustees for Sir Thomas Gresham.

[2] Sir John Lawson; see April 17, *ante.*

[3] Colonel Richard Ingoldsby, Governor of Oxford under his kinsman Cromwell. He signed the warrant for the execution of Charles I.; but was pardoned for the service here mentioned, and made K.B. at the Coronation of Charles II. He afterwards retired to his seat at Lethenborough, Bucks, and dying 16th Sept., 1685, was buried in the church of Hartwell, near Aylesbury.

26th. This day come Mr. Donne[2] back from London, who brought letters with him that signify the meeting of the Parliament yesterday. And in the afternoon, by other letters, I hear, that about twelve of the Lords met and had chosen my Lord of Manchester Speaker of the House of Lords (the young Lords that never sat yet do forbear to sit for the present); and Sir Harbottle Grimston,[3] Speaker for the House of Commons, which, after a little debate, was granted. Dr. Reynolds preached before the Commons before they sat. My Lord told me how Sir H. Yelverton[4] (formerly my schoolfellow) was chosen in the first place for Northamptonshire, and Mr. Crewe in the second; and told me how he did believe that the Cavaliers have now the upper hand clear of the Presbyterians.

27th. This morning, Pim [the tailor] spent in my cabin, putting a great many ribbons to a suit. After dinner, came on board Sir Thomas Hatton[5] and Sir R. Maleverer,[6] going for Flushing; but all the world know that they go where the rest of the many gentlemen go that every day flock to the King at Breda. They supped here, and my Lord treated them, as he do the rest that go thither, with a great deal of civility. While we were at supper, a packet came, wherein much news from several friends. The chief is, that that I had from Mr. Moore, viz., that he fears the Cavaliers in the House will be so high, that the others will be forced to leave the House and fall in with General Monk, and so offer things to the King so high on the Presbyterian account that he may refuse, and so they will endeavour some more mischief; but when I told my Lord it, he shook his head, and told me that the Presbyterians are deceived, for the General is certainly for the King's interest, and so they will not be able to prevail that way with him. After supper, the two knights went on board the Grantham, that is to convey them to Flushing. I am informed that the Exchequer is now so low, that there is not £20 there, to give the messenger that brought the news of Lambert's being taken; which story is very strange that he should lose his reputation of being a man of courage now at one blow, for that he was not able to fight one stroke, but desired of Colonel Ingoldsby several times to let him escape. Late reading my letters, my mind being much troubled to think that, after all our hopes, we should have any cause to fear any more disappointments therein.

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[1] Of fifty-two guns; afterwards named the Mary; see May 23, 1660.

[2] Probably, Thomas Danes, at that time one of the Admiralty messengers.

[3] Ancestor of the Earls of Verulam. He was made Master of the Rolls November following, and died 1683.

[4] Of Easton Mauduit, Bart., grandson to the Attorney-General of both his names. Ob. 1679. See p. 27, *ante*.

[5] Of Long Stanton, co. Cambridge, Bart.

[6] Of Allerton Maleverer, Yorkshire, Bart.

29th. (Sunday.) After sermon in the morning, Mr. Cooke came from London with a packet, bringing news how all the young lords that were not in arms against the Parliament do now sit. That a letter is come from the King to the House, which is locked up by the Council till next Thursday, that it may be read in the open House when they meet again, they having adjourned till then to keep a fast to-morrow. And so the contents are not yet known. £13,000 of the £20,000 given to General Monk is paid out of the Exchequer, he giving £12 among the teller's clerks of Exchequer. My Lord called me into the great cabin below, where he told me that the Presbyterians are quite mastered by the Cavaliers, and that he fears Mr. Crewe did go a little too far the other day in keeping out the young lords from sitting. That he do expect that the King should be brought over suddenly, without staying to make any terms at all, saying that the Presbyterians did intend to have brought him in with such conditions as if he had been in chains. But he shook his shoulders when he told me how Monk had betrayed them, for it was Monk that did put them upon standing to put out the lords and other members that come not within the qualifications, which he did not like, but however Monk had done his business, though it be with some kind of baseness. After dinner, I walked a great while upon the deck with the chirurgeon and purser, and other officers of the ship, and they all pray for the King's coming, which I pray God send.

30th. Mr. Shepley and I got my Lord's leave to go on shore, it being very pleasant in the fields, but a very pitiful town Deal is.

May 1st. It being a very pleasant day, I wished myself in Hyde Park. At supper, hearing a great noise, we all rose, and found it was to save the coxon of the Cheriton, who, dropping overboard, was drowned. To-day, I hear they were very merry at Deal, setting up the King's flags upon one of their may-poles, and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets, and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the Castle threatened, but durst not oppose.

2d. Mr. Donne from London, with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest May-day that hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of Oblivion to all, unless they shall please to except any, as to the confirming of the sales of the King's and Church lands, if they see good. The House, upon reading the letter, ordered £50,000 to be forthwith provided to send to His Majesty for his present supply; and a committee chosen to return an answer of thanks to His Majesty for his gracious letter; and that the letter be kept among the records of the Parliament; and in all this not so much as one No. So that Luke Robinson[1] himself stood up, and made a recantation for what he had done, and promises to be a loyal subject to his Prince for the time to come. The City of London have put out a Declaration, wherein they do disclaim their owning any other government but that of a King, Lords, and Commons. Thanks were given by the House to Sir John Greenville,[2] one of the bedchamber to the King, who brought the letter, and they continued bare all the time it was reading. Upon notice from the Lords to the Commons, of their desire that the Commons would join with them in their vote for King, Lords, and Commons; the Commons did concur, and voted that all books whatever that are out against the Government of Kings, Lords, and Commons, should be brought into the House and burned. Great joy all yesterday at London, and at night more bonfires than ever, and ringing of bells, and drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much. But every body seems to be very joyful in the business, insomuch that our sea-commanders now begin to say so too, which a week ago they would not do.[3] And our seamen, as many as had money or credit for drink, did do nothing else this evening. This day come Mr. North[1] (Sir Dudley North's son) on board to spend a little time here, which my Lord was a little troubled at, but he seems to be a fine gentleman, and at night did play his part exceeding well at first sight.

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[1] Of Pickering, Lyth, in Yorkshire, M.P. for Scarborough; discharged from sitting in the House of Commons, July 21, following.

[2] Created Earl of Bath 1661, son of Sir Bevil Grenville, killed at the battle of Lansdowne, and said to have been the only person entrusted by Charles II. and Monk in bringing about the Restoration.

[3] The picture of King Charles II. was often set up in houses without the least molestation, whereas a while ago, it was almost a hanging matter so to do; but now the Rump Parliament was so hated and jeered at, that the butchers' boys would say, "Will you buy any Parliament rumps and kidneys?" And it was a very ordinary thing to see little children make a fire in the streets, and burn rumps.—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

3d. This morning my Lord showed me the King's declaration and his letter to the two Generals to be communicated to the fleet. The contents of the latter are his offer of grace to all that will come in within forty days, only excepting them that the Parliament shall hereafter except. That the sales of lands during these troubles, and all other things, shall be left to the Parliament, by which he will stand. The letter dated at Breda, April $\frac{4}{14}$, 1660, in the twelfth year of his reign. Upon the receipt of it this morning by an express, Mr. Phillips, one of the messengers of the Council from General Monk, my Lord summoned a council of war, and in the mean time did dictate to me how he would have the vote ordered which he would have pass this council. Which done, the Commanders all came on board, and the council sat in the coach[2] (the first council of war that had been in my time), where I read the letter and declaration; and while they were discoursing upon it, I seemed to draw up a vote, which, being offered, they passed. Not one man seemed to say No to it, though I am confident many in their hearts were against it. After this was done, I went up to the quarter-deck with my Lord and the Commanders, and there read both the papers and the vote; which done, and demanding their opinion, the seamen did all of them cry out, "God bless King Charles!" with the greatest joy imaginable. That being done, Sir R. Stayner, who had invited us yesterday, took all the Commanders and myself on board him to dinner, which not being ready, I went with Captain Hayward to the Plimouth and Essex,[3] and did what I had to do, and returned, where very merry at dinner. After dinner, to the rest of the ships quite through the fleet, which was a very brave sight to visit all the ships, and to be received with the respect and honour that I was on board them all; and much more to see the great joy that I brought to all men; not one through the whole fleet showing the least dislike of the business. In the evening, as I was going on board the Vice-Admiral, the General began to fire his guns, which he did all that he had in the ship, and so did all the rest of the Commanders, which was very gallant, and to hear the bullets go hissing over our heads as we were in the boat. This done, and finished my Proclamation, I returned to the Nazeby, where my Lord was much pleased to hear how all the fleet took it in a transport of joy, showed me a private letter of the King's to him, and another from the Duke of York, in such familiar style as their common friend, with all kindness imaginable. And I found by the letters, and so my Lord told me too, that there had been many letters passed between them for a great while, and I perceive unknown to Monk. And among the rest that had carried these letters Sir John Boys [1] is one, and Mr. Norwood, which had a ship to carry him over the other day, when my Lord would not have me put down his name in the book. The King speaks of his being courted to come to the Hague, but do desire my Lord's advice where to come to take ship; and the Duke offers to learn the seaman's trade of him, in such familiar words as if Jack Cole and I had writ them. This was very strange to me, that my Lord should carry all things so wisely and prudently as he do, and I was over-joyful to see him in so good condition, and he did not a little please himself to tell me how he had provided for himself so great a hold on the King. After this to supper, and then to writing of letters till twelve at night, and so up again at three in the morning. My Lord seemed to put great confidence in me, and would take my advice in many things. I perceive his being willing to do all the honour in the world to Monk, and to let him have all the honour of doing the business, though he will many times express his thoughts of him to be but a thick-sculled fool. So that I do believe there is some agreement more than ordinary between the King and my Lord to let Monk carry on the business, for it is he that can do the business, or at least that can hinder it, if he be not flattered and observed. This my Lord will hint himself sometimes. My Lord, I perceive by the King's letter, had writ to him about his father, Crewe,[2] and the King did speak well of him; but my Lord tells me, that he is afraid that he hath too much concerned himself with the Presbyterians against the House of Lords, which will do him a great discourtesy.

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[1] Charles, eldest son of Dudley, afterwards fourth Lord North.

[2] Coach, on board a man-of-war, "The Council Chamber."

[3] John Hayward was captain of the Plymouth. Thomas Binns commanded the Essex.

4th. I wrote this morning many letters, and to all the copies of the vote of the council of war I put my name, that if it should come in print my name may be to it. I sent a copy of the vote to Doling, inclosed in this letter:—

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[1] See April 21st, *ante*.

[2] When only seventeen years old, he had married Jemima, daughter of John Crewe, created afterwards Baron Crewe of Stene.

"Sir,

"He that can fancy a fleet (like ours) in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud 'Vive le Roys!' echoed from one ship's company to another, he, and he only, can apprehend the joy this inclosed vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it, and is

"Your humble servant."

About nine o'clock I got all my letters done, and sent them by the messenger that come yesterday. This morning come Captain Isham on board with a gentleman going to the King, by whom very cunningly, my Lord tells me, he intends to send an account of this day's and yesterday's actions here, notwithstanding he had writ to the Parliament to have leave of them to send the King the answer of the fleet. Since my writing of the last paragraph, my Lord called me to him, to read his letter to the King, to see whether I could find any slips in it or no. And as much of the letter[1] as I can remember is thus:—

"May it please your Most Excellent Majesty," and so begins.

That he yesterday received from General Monk his Majesty's letter and direction; and that General Monk had desired him to write to the Parliament to have leave to send the vote of the seamen before he did send it to him, which he had done by writing to both Speakers; but for his private satisfaction he had sent it thus privately, (and so the copy of the proceedings yesterday was sent him) and that this come by a gentleman that come this day on board, intending to wait upon his Majesty, that he is my Lord's countryman, and one whose friends have suffered much on his Majesty's behalf. That my Lords Pembroke[2] and Salisbury[3] are put out of the House of Lords. That my Lord is very joyful that other countries do pay him the civility and respect due to him; and that he do much rejoice to see that the King do receive none of their assistance (or some such words) from them, he having strength enough in the love and loyalty of his own subjects to support him. That his Majesty had chosen the best place, Scheveling, for his embarking, and that there is nothing in the world of which he is more ambitious than to have the honour of attending his Majesty, which he hoped would be speedy. That he had commanded the vessel to attend at Helvetsluce till this gentleman returns, that so if his Majesty do not think it fit to command the fleet himself, yet that he may be there to receive his commands and bring them to his Lordship. He ends his letter, that he is confounded with the thoughts of the high expressions of love to him in the King's letter, and concludes,

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[1] See the letter printed in Lister's *Life of Lord Clarendon*, vol. iii., p. 404. It is dated 4th May.

[2] Philip, fifth Earl of Pembroke, and second Earl of Montgomery, ob. 1669. Clarendon says, "This young Earl's affections were entire for his Majesty."

[3] William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury, ob. 1668. After Cromwell had put down the House of Peers, he was chosen a Member of the House of Commons, and sat with them.

"Your most loyall, dutifull, faithfull, and obedient subject and servant, "E. M."

After supper at the table in the coach, my Lord talking concerning the uncertainty of the places of the Exchequer to them that had them now; he did at last think of an office which do belong to him in case the King do restore every man to his places that ever had been patent, which is to be one of the clerks of the signet, which will be a fine employment for one of his sons.

In the afternoon come a minister on board, one Mr. Sharpe, who is going to the King; who tells me that Commissioners are chosen both of the Lords and Commons to go to the King; and that Dr. Clarges[1] is going to him from the Army, and that he will be here to-morrow. My letters at night tell me, that the House did deliver their letter to Sir John Greenville, in answer to the King's sending, and that they give him £500 for his pains, to buy him a jewel, and that besides the £50,000 ordered to be borrowed of the City for the present use of the King, the twelve companies of the City do give every one of them to his Majesty, as a present, £1000.

5th. All the morning very busy writing letters to London, and a packet to Mr. Downing, to acquaint him with what had been done lately in the fleet. And this I did by my Lord's command, who, I thank him, did of himself think of doing it, to do me a kindness, for he writ a letter himself to him, thanking him for his kindness to me. This evening come Dr. Clarges to Deal, going to the King; where the townspeople strewed the streets with herbs against his coming, for joy of his going. Never was there so general a content as there is now. I cannot but remember that our parson did, in his prayer to-night, pray for the long life and happiness of our King and dread Soveraigne, that may last as long as the sun and moon endureth.

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[1] Thomas Clarges, physician to the Army, created a Baronet 1674, ob. 1695. He had been previously knighted; his sister Anne married General Monk.

6th. (Lord's day.) Dr. Clarges and a dozen gentlemen to see my Lord, and after sermon dined with him: last night, my Lord told me he was a man of small *entendimiento*. It fell very well to-day, a stranger preached here for Mr. Ibbot, one Mr. Stanley, who prayed for King Charles, by the Grace of God, &c., which gave great contentment to the gentlemen that were on board here, and they said they would talk of it, when they come to Breda, as not having it done yet in London so publickly. After they were gone from on board, my Lord writ a letter to the King, and give it to me to carry privately to Sir William Compton,[1] on board the Assistance, which I did, and after a health to his Majesty on board there, I left them under sail for Breda. I find that, all my debts paid and my preparations to sea, I have £40 clear in my purse, and so to bed.

7th. My Lord went this morning about the flag-ships in a boat, to see what alterations there must be, as to the arms and flags. He did give me orders also to write for silk flags and scarlet waistcloathes.[2] For a rich barge; for a noise of trumpets, and a set of fiddlers. Very great deal of company come to-day, among others Mr. Bellasses,[3] Sir Thomas Leuthropp,[4] Sir Henry Chichley, Colonel Philip Honiwood,[5] and Captain Titus,[6] the last of whom my Lord showed all our cabins, and I suppose he is to take notice what room there will be for the King's entertainment. Wrote a letter to the French ambassador, in French, about the release of a ship we had taken.

8th. After dinner come several persons of honour, as my Lord St. John and others, for convoy to Flushing, and great giving of them salutes. My Lord and we at nine-pins: I lost 9*s*. Mr. Cooke brings me news of my wife. He went to Huntsmore[1] to see her, and brought her and my father Bowyer to London, where he left her at my father's, very well, and speaks very well of her love to me. My letters to-day tell me how it was intended that the King should be proclaimed to-day in London, with a great deal of pomp. I had also news who they are that are chosen of the Lords and Commons to attend the King; and also the whole story of what we did the other day in the fleet, at reading of the King's declaration, and my name at the bottom of it.

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[1] Third son of Spencer, Earl of Northampton, a Privy Councillor and Master of the Ordnance, ob. 1663, aged 39. When only eighteen years of age, he had charged with his gallant father at the battle of Edgehill. His mother was first cousin to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and to John Ashburnham; and his great uncle, Sir Thomas Compton, had been the third husband of the Duke's mother, Mary, Countess of Buckingham.

[2] The sailors' clothes contained in bags, hung about the cage-work of a ship's hull to protect the men in action.

[3] Henry, eldest son of Lord Bellasis, made K.B. at Charles II.'s coronation.

[4] Sir Thomas Leventhorpe, Bart., married Mary, daughter of Sir Capell Bedell, Bart.: ob. 1671.

[5] See note to 13th January, 1661–62.

[6] Colonel Silas Titus, gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles II., the reputed author of *Killing no Murder*.

9th. Up very early, writing a letter to the King, as from the two Generals of the fleet, in answer to his letter to them, wherein my Lord do give most humble thanks for his gracious letter and declaration; and promises all duty and obedience to him. This letter was carried this morning to Sir Peter Killigrew,[2] who come hither this morning early to bring an order from the Lord's House to my Lord, giving him power to write an answer to the King. This morning my Lord St. John and other persons of honour were here to see my Lord, and so away to Flushing. As we were sitting down to dinner, in comes Noble with a letter from the House of Lords to my Lord, to desire him to provide ships to transport the Commissioners to the King, which are expected here this week. He brought us certain news that the King was proclaimed yesterday with great pomp, and brought down one of the Proclamations, with great joy to us all; for which God be praised. This morning come Mr. Saunderson,[3] that writ the story of the King, hither, who is going over to the King. He calls me cozen, and seems a very knowing man.

10th. Come on board Mr. Pinkney and his son, going to the King with a petition finely writ by Mr. Where, for to be the King's embroiderer; for whom and Mr. Saunderson I got a ship. Lord Winchilsea[4] and a great deal of company dined here. Mr. Edward Montagu, my Lord's son,[5] come on board, with Mr. Pickering. The child was sick. At night, while my lord was at supper, in comes my Lord Lauderdale[1] and Sir John Greenville, who supped here, and so went away. After they were gone, my Lord called me into his cabin, and told me how he was commanded to set sail presently for the King,[2] and was very glad thereof. I got him afterwards to sign things in bed.

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[1] A hamlet belonging to Iver, in which parish *Robert Bowyer* founded a free school, about 1750.—Lysons's *History of Buckinghamshire*, p. 587.

[2] Of Arwenack, Cornwall, M.P. for Camelford, 1660.

[3] Afterwards Sir William Sanderson, gentleman of the chamber, author of the History of Mary Queen of Scots, James I., and Charles I. His wife, Dame Bridget, was mother of the maids.

[4] Heneage Finch, second Earl of Winchilsea, constituted by General Monk, Governor of Dover Castle, July, 1660; made Lord Lieutenant of Kent, and afterwards ambassador to Turkey. Ob. 1689.

[5] The eldest, afterwards second Earl of Sandwich.

11th. This morning we began to pull down all the States' arms in the fleet, having first sent to Dover for painters and others to come to set up the King's. There dined here my Lord Crafford[3] and my Lord Cavendish,[4] and other Scotchmen, whom I afterwards ordered to be received on board the Plymouth, and to go along with us. After dinner, we set sail from the Downs. In the afternoon overtook us three or four gentlemen; two of the Berties,[5] and one Mr. Dormer Hay,[6] a Scotch gentleman, whom I found afterwards to be a very fine man; who, telling my Lord that they heard the Commissioners were come out of London to-day, my Lord dropt anchor over against Dover Castle, (which give us about thirty guns in passing) and upon a high debate with the Vice and Rear-Admiral whether it were safe to go, and not stay for the Commissioners, he did resolve to send Sir R. Stayner to Dover, to enquire of my Lord Winchilsea whether or no they are come out of London, and then to resolve to-morrow morning of going or not; which was done. It blew very hard all night; come the boats from Deal, with great store of provision.

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[1] John Maitland, second earl, and afterwards created Marquis of March, Duke of Lauderdale, and Earl of Guilford, (in England) and K.G. He became sole Secretary of State for Scotland in 1661, and was a Gentleman of His Majesty's Bedchamber, and died in 1682, *s. p.*

[2] Ordered that General Montagu do observe the command of His Majesty for the disposing of the fleet, in order to His Majesty's returning home to England to his kingly government: and that all proceedings in law be in His Majesty's name.—Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[3] John Crawfurd, fourteenth Earl of Crawfurd, restored in 1661 to the office of High Treasurer of Scotland, which he had held eight years under Charles I.

[4] William Lord Cavendish, afterwards fourth Earl and first Duke of Devonshire.

[5] Robert and Edward Bertie, two of the surviving sons of Robert, first Earl of Lindsay, killed at Edgehill. Their mother was Elizabeth, only child of Edward, first Lord Montagu of Boughton: they were, therefore, nearly connected with Sir E. Montagu, and with Pepys, in some degree.

[6] This may be rather Thomas Dalmahoy, who had married the Duchess Dowager of Hamilton: see (*infra*) Speaker Onslow's note to Burnet. The husband of the loyal Duchess would be naturally one of the first to welcome the King; and Onslow says he was in the interest of the Duke of York:—"Lord Middleton retired, after his disgrace, to the Friary, near Guildford, to one Dalmahoy there, a genteel, generous man, who was of Scotland: had been Gentleman of the Horse to William Duke of Hamilton (killed at the battle of Worcester); married that Duke's widow; and by her had this house, &c. This man, Dalmahoy, being much in the interest of the Duke of York, and a man to be relied upon, and long a candidate for the town of Guildford, at the election of the Parliament after the Long one, in 1678, and being opposed, I think, by the famous Algernon Sidney, the Duke of York came from Windsor to Dalmahoy's house, to countenance his election, and appeared for him in the open court, when the election was taken."—Note to Burnet's *Own Times*, vol. i., p. 350.

12th. My Lord give me many orders to make, for direction for the ships that are left in the Downs, giving them the greatest charge in the world to bring no passengers with them, when they come after us to Scheveling Bay, excepting Mr. Edward Montagu, Mr. Thomas Crewe, and Sir H. Wright. Sir R. Stayner told my Lord, that my Lord Winchilsea understands by letters, that the Commissioners are only to come to Dover to attend the coming over of the King. So my Lord did give order for weighing anchor, which we did, and sailed all day. In the afternoon at cards with Mr. North and the Doctor.[1] By us, in the Lark frigate, Sir R. Freeman and some others, going from the King to England, come to see my Lord, and so onward on their voyage.

13th. (Lord's day.) To the quarter-deck, at which the tailors and painters were at work, cutting out some pieces of yellow cloth in the fashion of a crown and C. R., and put it upon a fine sheet, and that into the flag instead of the States' arms, which after dinner was finished and set up. This morn Sir J. Boys and Captain Isham met us in the Nonsuch, the first of whom, after a word or two with my Lord, went forward, the other staid. I heard by them how Mr. Downing had never made any address to the King, and for that was hated exceedingly by the Court, and that he was in a Dutch ship which sailed by us, then going to England with disgrace. Also how Mr. Morland[2] was knighted by the King this week, and that the King did give the reason of it openly, that it was for his giving him intelligence all the time he was clerk to Secretary

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[1] Clerke.

[2] Samuel Morland, successively scholar and fellow of Magdalene College, and Pepys's tutor there, became afterwards one of Thurloe's Under Secretaries, and was employed in several embassies, particularly to the Vaudois, by Cromwell, whose interests he betrayed, by secretly communicating with Charles II. In consideration of these services, he was created a baronet of Sulhamstead Banister, Berks, after the Restoration. He was an ingenious mechanic, supposed by some persons (but without the claim being satisfactorily established) to have invented the Steam Engine, and was buried at Hammersmith 6th January, 1695–6. His MSS. are at Cambridge, in the Public Library; and his brief but interesting Autobiography has been printed by Mr. Halliwell.

Thurloe. In the afternoon a council of war, only to acquaint them that the Harp must be taken out of all their flags, it being very offensive to the King.[1] Mr. Cook brought me a letter from my wife, and a later letter from my brother John, with both of which I was exceedingly pleased. No sermon all day, we being under sail, only at night prayers, wherein Mr. Ibbot prayed for all such as were related to us in a spiritual and fleshly way. Late at night we writ letters to the King of the news of our coming, and Mr. Edward Pickering carried them. Captain Isham went on shore, nobody showing of him any respect; so the old man very fairly took leave of my Lord, and my Lord very coldly bid him "God be with you," which was very strange, but that I hear that he keeps a great deal of prating and talking on shore, on board, at the King's Courts, what command he had with my Lord, &c.

14th. In the morning the Hague was clearly to be seen by us. My Lord went up in his night-gown into the cuddy, to see how to dispose thereof for himself and us that belong to him, to give order for our removal to-day. Some nasty Dutchmen came on board to proffer their boats to carry things from us on shore, &c., to get money by us. Before noon some gentlemen came on board from the shore to kiss my Lord's hands. And by and by Mr. North and Dr. Clerke went to kiss the Queen of Bohemia's hands, from my Lord, with twelve attendants from on board to wait on them, among which I sent my boy,[2] who, like myself, is with child to see any strange thing. After noon they came back again, after having kissed the Queen of Bohemia's[3] hand, and were sent again by my Lord to do the same to the Prince of Orange.[4] So I got the Captain to ask leave for me to go, which my Lord did give, and I, taking my boy and Judge Advocate with me, went in company with them. The weather bad; we were sadly washed when we come near the shore, it being very hard to land there. The shore is so, all the country between that and the Hague, all sand. The rest of the company got a coach by themselves; Mr. Creed and I went in the fore part of a coach, wherein were two very pretty ladies, very fashionable, and with black patches, who very merrily sang all the way, and that very well, and were very free to kiss two blades that were with them. The Hague is a most neat place in all respects. The houses so neat in all places and things as is possible. Here we walked up and down a great while, the town being now very full of Englishmen, for that the Londoners were come on shore to-day. But going to see the Prince,[1] he was gone forth with his governor, and so we walked up and down the town and court to see the place; and by the help of a stranger, an Englishman, we saw a great many places, and were made to understand many things, as the intention of may-poles, which we saw there standing at every great man's door, of different greatness according to the quality of the person. About ten at night the Prince comes home, and we found an easy admission. His attendance very inconsiderable as for a Prince; but yet handsome, and his tutor a fine man, and himself a very pretty boy. This done, we went to a place we had taken to sup in, where a sallet and two or three bones of mutton were provided for a matter of ten of us, which was very strange. The Judge and I lay in one press bed, there being two more in the same room; my boy sleeping on a bench by me.

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[1] No doubt, because Charles II. objected to the arms used during the Protectorate.

[2] Young Edward Montagu, afterwards styled "the child."

[3] Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and widow of Frederic Elector Palatine, and titular King of Bohemia.

[4] Afterwards William III.; then very young.

15th. We lay till past three o'clock, then up and down the town, to see it by daylight; where we saw the soldiers of the Prince's guard, all very fine, and the burghers of the town with their muskets as bright as silver. A schoolmaster, that spoke good English and French, showed us the whole town, and indeed I cannot speak enough of the gallantry of the town. Everybody of fashion speaks French or Latin, or both. The women many of them very pretty and in good habits, fashionable, and black spots. We bought a couple of baskets for Mrs. Pierce and my wife. The Judge and I to the Grande Salle, where the States sit in council. The hall is a great place, where the flags that they take from their enemies are all hung up; and things to be sold, as in Westminster Hall, and not much unlike it, but that not so big. To a bookseller's, and bought for the love of the binding three books: the French Psalms in four parts, Bacon's Organon, and Farnab. Rhetor. By coach to Scheveling again, the wind being very high. We saw two boats overset, and the gallants forced to be pulled on shore by the heels, while their trunks, portmanteaus, hats, and feathers, were swimming in the sea. Among others, the ministers that come with the Commissioners (Mr. Case[2] among the rest) sadly dripped. Being in haste, I lost my Copenhagen knife. A gentleman going to kiss my Lord's hand, from the Queen of Bohemia, and I hired a Dutch boat for four rix-dollars to carry us on board. We were fain to wait a great while before we could get off from the shore, the sea being very foul. The Dutchman would fain have made all pay that come into our boat besides our company, there being many of our ship's company got in, but some of them had no money, having spent all on shore. Coming on board, we found all the Commissioners of the House of Lords at dinner with my Lord, who after dinner went away for shore. Mr. Morland, now Sir Samuel, was here on board, but I do not find that my Lord or any body did give him any respect, he being looked upon by him and all men as a knave. Among others, he betrayed Sir Richard Willis that married Dr. F. Jones's daughter, who had paid him £1000 at one time by the Protector's and Secretary Thurloe's order, for intelligence that he sent concerning the King.[1] In the afternoon my Lord called me on purpose to show me his fine cloathes which are now come hither, and indeed are very rich as gold and silver can make them, only his sword he and I do not like. In the afternoon my Lord and I walked together in the coach two hours, talking together upon all sorts of discourse: as religion, wherein he is, I perceive, wholly sceptical, saying, that indeed the Protestants as to the Church of Rome are wholly fanatiques: he likes uniformity and form of prayer: about State-business, among other things he told me that his conversion to the King's cause (for I was saying that I wondered from what time the King could look upon him to become his friend) commenced from his being in the Sound, when he found what usage he was likely to have from a Commonwealth. My Lord, the Captain, and I, supped in my Lord's chamber, where I did perceive that he did begin to show me much more respect than ever he did yet. After supper, my Lord sent for me, intending to have me play at cards with him, but I not knowing cribbage, we fell into discourse of many things, and the ship rolled so much that I was not able to stand, and so he bid me go to bed.

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[1] Of Orange.

[2] Thomas Case, a member of the assembly of divines, one of the ministers sent to congratulate the King.

16th. Come in some with visits, among the rest one from Admiral Opdam,[2] who spoke Latin well, but not French nor English, whom my Lord made me to entertain: he brought my

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[1] Compare 14th August, 1660.

[2] The admiral celebrated in Lord Dorset's ballad, "To all you ladies now at land."

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;

Lord a tierce of wine and a barrel of butter, as a present. Commissioner Pett[1] was now come to take care to get all things ready for the King on board. My Lord in his best suit, this the first day, in expectation to wait upon the King. But Mr. Edward Pickering coming from the King, brought word that the King would not put my Lord to the trouble of coming to him; but that he would come to the shore to look upon the fleet to-day, which we expected, and had our guns ready to fire, and our scarlet waist-cloathes out and silk pendants, but he did not come. This evening came Mr. John Pickering[2] on board, like an ass, with his feathers and new suit that he had made at the Hague. My Lord very angry for his staying on shore,

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The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
  And quit their fort at Goree:
For what can resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?

[1] Peter Pett, then one of the Commissioners of the Navy, and afterwards knighted by the Duke of Ormond, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His ancestors had been eminent shipbuilders at Deptford for several generations, and had served their respective sovereigns with credit and success. At this time, there were three others of the same name and family in the civil service of the navy.

	SALARIES.		
	£	s.	d.
Phineas Pett, Clerk of the Cheque at Chatham	120	0	0
Phineas Pett, Jun., Assistant to the Master Shipwright at Chatham	70	0	0
Christopher Pett, Master Shipwright at Woolwich	103	8	4

So Fuller might well observe that the mystery of shipwrights for some descents hath been preserved successively in families, "of which the Pettes of Chatham are of singular regard."—*Worthies of England*. There is an interesting autobiographical memoir of Phineas Pett, master shipwright to James I., in the Archæologia, vol. xii.

"Beyond the Victualling Office, on the same side of the High Street, at Rochester, is an old mansion, now occupied by a Mr. Morson, an attorney, which formerly belonged to the Petts, the celebrated ship-builders. The chimney-piece in the principal room is of wood, curiously carved, the upper part being divided into compartments by caryatydes. The central compartment contains the family arms, viz: *Or*, on a fesse *gu.*, between three pellets, a lion passant gardant of the field. On the back of the grate is a cast of Neptune, standing erect in his car, with Tritons blowing conches, &c., and the date 1650."—*Hist. of Rochester*, p. 337, ed. 1817.

[2] Eldest son of Sir Gilbert Pickering, whom he succeeded in his titles and estates in 1668. His father had been an active Commonwealth man, and was one of the knights of the shire for the county of Northampton, in 1656; he was also of Cromwell's council, chamberlain of the court, and high steward of Westminster. Sir Gilbert Pickering's petition being read, he was ordered to be excepted as to the penalties to be inflicted not reaching to life, by an Act provided for that purpose.—*Commons' Journals;* see 19th June, 1660.

bidding me a little before to send for him, telling me that he was afraid that, for his father's sake, he might have some mischief done him, unless he used the General's name. This afternoon Mr. Edward Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them.[1] And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal[2] and Duke of York to look upon it, as it lay in the portmanteau, before it was taken out.[3] My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England.

17th. Dr. Clerke came to tell me that he heard this morning, by some Dutch that are come on board already to see the ships, that there was a Portuguese taken yesterday at the Hague, that had a design to kill the King. But this I heard afterwards was only the mistake upon one being observed to walk with his sword naked, he having lost his scabbard. Before dinner, Mr. Edward Pickering and I, W. Howe, Pim, and my boy,[4] to Scheveling, where we took coach, and so to the Hague, where walking, intending to find one that might show us the King incognito, I met with Captain Whittington, (that had formerly brought a letter to my Lord from the Mayor of London) and he did promise me to do it, but first we went and dined at a French house, but paid 10*s.* for our part of the club. At dinner in came Dr. Cade, a merry mad parson of the King's. And they two got the child and me (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the King, who kissed the child very affectionately. Then we kissed his, and the Duke of York's, and the Princess Royal's hands. The King seemed to be a very sober man; and a very splendid Court he hath in the number of persons of quality that are about him, English, very rich in habit. From the King to the Lord Chancellor, who did lie bed-rid of the gout: he spoke very merrily to the child and me. After that, going to see the Queen of Bohemia, I met Dr. Fuller, whom I sent to a tavern with Mr. Edward Pickering, while I, and the rest went to see the Queen, who used us very respectfully: her hand we all kissed. She seems a very debonair, but a plain lady. In a coach of a friend's of Dr. Cade, we went to see a house of the Princess Dowager's, in a park about a mile from the Hague, where there is one of the most beautiful rooms for pictures in the whole world. She had here one picture upon the top, with these words, dedicating it to the memory of her husband:—"Incomparabili marito, inconsolabilis vidua."[1]

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[1] Andrew Marvell, speaking of the poor condition, for clothes and money, in which the King was at this time, observes:—

"At length, by wonderful impulse of fate,
The people called him back to help the State;
And what is more, they send him money, too,
And clothe him all from head to foot anew."

[2] Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., and widow of the Prince of Orange, who died 1646–7. She was carried off by the small-pox, December, 1660, leaving a son, afterwards King William III.

[3] A picture, in which this scene is well treated, by Mr. W. Carpenter, was lately exhibited at the Royal Academy.

[4] Edward Montagu.

18th. Very early up, and, hearing that the Duke of York, our Lord High Admiral, would go on board to-day, Mr. Pickering and I took waggon for Scheveling, leaving the child in Mr. Pierce's hands, with directions to keep within doors all day. But the wind being so very high that no boats could get off from shore, we returned to the Hague (having breakfasted with a gentleman of the Duke's and Commissioner Pett, sent on purpose to give notice to my Lord of his coming); where I hear that the child is gone to Delfe to see the town; so we took a scout,[2] very much pleased with the manner and conversation of the passengers, where most speak French; went after them, and met them by the way. We got a smith's boy of the town to go along with us, and he showed us the church where Van Trump lies entombed with a very fine monument. His epitaph is concluded thus:—"Tandem Bello Anglico tantum non victor, certè invictus, vivere et vincere desiit." There is a sea-fight cut in marble, with the smoke, the best expressed that ever I saw in my life. From thence to the great church, that stands in a fine great market-place, over against the Stadthouse, and there I saw a stately tomb of the old Prince of Orange, of marble and brass; wherein, among other rarities, there are the angels with their trumpets expressed as it were crying. Here were very fine organs in both the churches. It is a most sweet town, with bridges, and a river in every street. In every house of entertainment there hangs in every room a poor man's box, it being their custom to confirm all bargains by putting something into the box, and that binds as fast as anything. We also saw the Guest-house, where it was pleasant to see what neat preparation there is for the poor. We saw one poor man a dying there. We light by chance of an English house to drink in, where discourse of the town and the thing that hangs up in the Stadt-house like a bushel, which is a sort of punishment for offenders to carry through the streets over his head, which is a great weight. Back by water, where a pretty, sober, Dutch lass sat reading all the way, and I could not fasten any discourse upon her. We met with Commissioner Pett going down to the water-side with Major Harly,[1] who is going upon a dispatch into England.

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[1] And yet, like the Ephesian matron, she was said to be married clandestinely.

[2] A kind of swift sailing-boat.

19th. Up early and went to Scheveling, where I found no getting on board, though the Duke of York sent every day to see whether he could do it or no. By waggon to Lausdune, where the 365 children were born. We saw the hill where they say the house stood wherein the children were born. The basins wherein the male and female children were baptized do stand over a large table that hangs upon a wall, with the whole story of the thing in Dutch and Latin beginning, "Margarita Herman Comitissa," &c. The thing was done about 200 years ago.[2]

20th. (Lord's day.) Commissioner Pett at last came to our lodging, and caused the boats to go off; so some in one boat and some in another, we all bid adieu to the shore. But through the badness of the weather we were in great danger, and a great while before we could get to the ship. This hath not been known four days together such weather this time of year, a great while. Indeed, our fleet was thought to be in great danger, but we found all well.

21st. The weather foul all this day also. After dinner, about writing one thing or other all day, and setting my papers in order, hearing, by letters that came hither in my absence, that the Parliament had ordered all persons to be secured, in order to a trial, that did sit as judges in the late King's death, and all the officers attending the Court. Sir John Lenthall[3] moving in the House that all that had borne arms against the King should be exempted from pardon, he was called to the bar of the House, and after a severe reproof, he was degraded his knighthood. At Court I find that all things grow high. The old clergy talk as being sure of their lands again, and laugh at the Presbytery; and it is believed that the sales of the King's and Bishops' lands will never be confirmed by Parliament, there being nothing now in any man's power to hinder them and the King from doing what they had a mind, but every body willing to submit to any thing. We expect every day to have the King and Duke on board as soon as it is fair. My Lord does nothing now, but offers all things to the pleasure of the Duke as Lord High Admiral: so that I am at a loss what to do.

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[1] Afterwards Colonel Edward Harley, M.P. for Hereford, and Governor of Dunkirk; ancestor of the Earls of Oxford of that race, recently become extinct in the male line. He was afterwards made a Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of Charles II.

[2] This story has been frequently printed.

[3] Sir John Lenthall, who survived till 1681, was the only son of Speaker Lenthall, and Cromwell's Governor of Windsor Castle. He had been knighted by the Protector in 1657; but is styled "Mr. Lenthall" in the *Commons' Journal of the House*, 12th May, 1660, where the proceedings alluded to by Pepys are fully detailed. Mrs. Hutchinson also gives an account of them in her *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, p. 367, 4to edition. On the 22nd of May following, Lenthall lost his seat for Abingdon, the double return for that borough having been decided in favour of Sir John

22d. Up, and trimmed by a barber that has not trimmed me yet, my Spaniard being on shore. News brought that the two Dukes are coming on board, which, by and by, they did, in a Dutch boat, the Duke of York in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester in grey and red. My Lord went in a boat to meet them; the Captain, myself, and others, standing at the entering port. So soon as they were entered, we shot the guns off round the fleet. After that, they went to view the ship all over, and were most exceedingly pleased with it. They seem to be very fine gentlemen. After that done, upon the quarter-deck table, under the awning, the Duke of York and my Lord, Mr. Coventry,[1] and I, spent an hour at allotting to every ship their service, in their return to England; which being done, they went to dinner, where the table was very full; the two

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Stonehouse; probably the then recent offence which Lenthall had given to the House of Commons had more influence in the adverse issue of the petition than the actual merits of the case. Sir John Lenthall, of whom Pepys speaks, Aug. 10, 1665, was the brother of the Speaker. See that passage.

[1] Sir William Coventry, to whom Pepys became so warmly attached afterwards, was the youngest son of Thomas first Lord Coventry, the Lord Keeper. He entered at Queen's College, Oxford, in 1642; and on his return from his travels was made Secretary to the Duke of York, and elected M.P. for Yarmouth. In 1662, he was appointed a Commissioner of the Navy; in 1665, knighted and sworn a privy councillor; and, in 1667, constituted a Commissioner of the Treasury; but, having been forbid the court, on account of his challenging the Duke of Buckingham, he retired into the country, nor could he subsequently be prevailed upon to accept of any official employment. Burnet calls Sir William Coventry the best speaker in the House of Commons, and a man of great notions and eminent virtues; and Pepys never omits an opportunity of paying a tribute to his public and private worth. Ob. 1686, aged 60. Sir William Coventry's Correspondence with Pepys, in 1664, is in the Bodleian Library, Rawlinson MS., A 174.

Dukes at the upper end, my Lord Opdam next on one side, and my Lord on the other. Two guns given to every man while he was drinking the King's health, and so likewise to the Duke's health. I took down Monsieur d'Esquier to the great cabin below, and dined with him in state along with only one or two friends of his. All dinner, the harper belonging to Captain Sparling played to the Dukes. After dinner, the Dukes and my Lord to sea, the Vice and Rear-Admirals and I in a boat after them. After that done, they made to the shore in the Dutch boat that brought them, and I got into the boat with them; but the shore was full of people to expect their coming. When we came near the shore, my Lord left them, and come into his own boat, and General Pen and I with him; my Lord being very well pleased with this day's work. By the time we came on board again, news is sent us that the King is on shore; so my Lord fired all his guns round twice, and all the fleet after him, which, in the end, fell into disorder, which seemed very handsome. The gun over against my cabin I fired myself to the King, which was the first time that he had been saluted by his own ships since this change; but, holding my head too much over the gun, I had almost spoiled my right eye. Nothing in the world but giving of guns almost all this day. In the evening we began to remove cabins; I to the carpenter's cabin, and Dr. Clerke with me, who came on board this afternoon, having been twice ducked in the sea to-day, and Mr. North and John Pickering the like. Many of the King's servants come on board to-night; and so many Dutch of all sorts come to see the ship till it was quite dark, that we could not pass by one another, which was a great trouble to us all. This afternoon, Mr. Downing (who was knighted yesterday by the King) was here on board, and had a ship for his passage into England with his lady and servants. By the same token, he called me to him when I was going to write the order, to tell me that I must write him Sir G. Downing. My Lord lay in the roundhouse to-night. This evening, I was late writing a French letter by my Lord's order to Monsieur Wragh, Embassadeur de Denmarke à la Haye, which my Lord signed in bed.

23d. In the morning come infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crewe, and others, go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where Sir R. Stayner, bringing His Majesty into the boat, I hear that His Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two

Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princesse Royalle, and Prince of Orange, come on board, where I, in their coming in, kissed the King's, Queen's, and Princesse's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day, nothing but Lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royalle company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner, the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz., the Nazeby into Charles;[1] the Richard, James; the Speaker, Mary; the Dunbar (which was not in company with us), the Henry; Winsly, Happy Return; Wakefield, Richmond; Lambert, the Henrietta; Cheriton, the Speedwell; Bradford, the Successe. That done, the Queen, Princesse Royalle, and Prince of Orange, took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the London, and the Duke of Gloucester, the Swiftsure, which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down, (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one, that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place, he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place, at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy, (which was all the ship's company) and so get to Fécamp, in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away, to see whether he had not stole something or other. In the evening, I went up to my Lord, to write letters for England, which we sent away with word of our coming, by Mr. Edward Pickering. The King supped alone in the coach; after that I got a dish, and we four supped in my cabin, as at noon. About bedtime, my Lord Bartlett[1] (who I had offered my service to before) sent for me to get him a bed, who with much ado I did get to bed to my Lord Middlesex,[2] in the great cabin below, but I was cruelly troubled before I could dispose of him, and quit myself of him. So to my cabin again, where the company still was, and were talking more of the King's difficulties; as how he was fain to eat a piece of bread and cheese out of a poor body's pocket; how, at a Catholic house, he was fain to lie in the priest's hole a good while in the house for his privacy. After that, our company broke up. We have all the Lords Commissioners on board us, and many others. Under sail all night, and most glorious weather.

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[1] "The Naseby now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in Charles his name."
DRYDEN'S *Astræa Redux.*

24th. Up, and made myself as fine as I could, with the linning stockings on and wide canons[3] that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble company, and great mirth all the day. There dined with me in my cabin (that is, the carpenter's) Dr. Earle,[4] and Mr. Hollis, the King's chaplains; Dr. Scarborough,[5] Dr. Quarterman,[6] and Dr. Clerke, physicians; Mr. Darcy[7] and Mr.

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[1] A mistake for Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley, who had been deputed, with Lord Middlesex and four other Peers, by the House of Lords, to present an address of congratulation to the King.

[2] Lionel Cranfield, third Earl of Middlesex. Ob. 1674, *s. p.*

[3] *Sic orig.*

[4] John Earle, Dean of Westminster, successively Bishop of Worcester and Salisbury. Ob. 1665.

[5] Charles Scarborough, M.D., principal physician to Charles II., (by whom he was knighted in 1669) James II., and William III., a learned and incomparable anatomist.

[6] William Quarterman, M.D., of Pembroke College, Oxford.

[7] Marmaduke, fifth son of Conyers Lord Darcy, one of the companions of Charles's exile, whom the King was wont to call *Duke Darcy;* and he is so styled in Charles's narrative of his escape, as given to Pepys. On the pavement in the south aisle of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is the

Fox,[1] (both very fine gentlemen) the King's servants; where we had brave discourse. Walking upon the decks, where persons of honour all the afternoon, among others, Thomas Killigrew,[2] (a merry droll, but a gentleman of great esteem with the King) who told us many merry stories: one, how he wrote a letter three or four days ago to the Princess Royal, about a Queen Dowager of Judæa and Palestine, that was at the Hague *incognita*, that made love to the King, which was Mr. Cary (a courtier's) wife, that had been a nun, who are all married to Jesus. At supper, the three Doctors of Physique again at my cabin; where I put Dr. Scarborough in mind of what I heard him say, that children do, in every day's experience, look several ways with both their eyes, till custom teaches them otherwise; and that we do now see but with one eye, our eyes looking in parallel lines. After this discourse, I was called to write a pass for my Lord Mandeville, to take up horses to London, which I wrote in the King's name,[3] and carried it to him to sign, which was the first and only one that ever he signed in the ship Charles. To bed, coming in sight of land a little before night.

25th. By the morning we were come close to the land, and every body made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went; and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork, and boiled beef. I had Mr. Darcy in my cabin; and Dr. Clerke, who eat with me, told me how the King had given £50 to Mr. Shepley for my Lord's servants, and £500 among the officers and common men of the ship. I spoke to the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favour. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Captain steered,

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following inscription:—"Here lyeth the body of the Honourable Marmaduke Darcy, Esq., brother to the Earl of Holderness, first gentleman usher of the privy-chamber to His Majesty, who died in this castle on Sunday, the 3rd of July, in the seventy-third year of his age, A.D. 1687."—Pote's *History of Windsor*, p. 365.

[1] Afterwards Sir Stephen Fox, Paymaster to the Forces.

[2] Younger son of Sir Robert Killigrew, of Hanworth, Middlesex, page of honour to Charles I., and groom of the bedchamber to Charles II., whose fortunes he had followed. He was Resident at Venice, 1651; a great favourite with the King, on account of his uncommon vein of humour, and author of several plays. Ob. 1682.

[3] This right of purveyance was abolished in Charles's reign.

and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town come and give him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat, and so into his barge, and we back to the ship, seeing a man almost drowned that fell into the sea. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world, that could give offence to any, and with the great honour he thought it would be to him. Being overtook by the brigantine, my Lord and we went out of our barge into it, and so went on board with Sir W. Batten[1] and the Vice and Rear-Admirals. At night, I supped with the Captain, who told me what the King had given us. My Lord returned late, and at his coming did give me order to cause the mark to be gilded, and a Crown and C. R.

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[1] Clarendon describes William Batten as an obscure fellow, and, although unknown to the service, a good seaman, who was in 1642 made Surveyor to the Navy; in which employ he evinced great animosity against the King. The following year, while Vice-Admiral to the Earl of Warwick, he chased a Dutch man-of-war into Burlington Bay, knowing that Queen Henrietta Maria was on board; and then, learning that she had landed and was lodged on the quay, he fired above a hundred shot upon the house, some of which passing through Her Majesty's chamber, she was obliged, though indisposed, to retire for safety into the open fields. This act, brutal as it was, found favour with the Parliament. But Batten became afterwards discontented; and, when a portion of the fleet revolted, he carried the Constant Warwick, one of the best ships in the Parliament navy, over into Holland, with several seamen of note. For this act of treachery he was knighted and made a Rear-Admiral by Prince Charles. We hear no more of Batten till the Restoration, when he became a Commissioner of the Navy, and was soon after M.P. for Rochester. See an account of his second wife, in note to Nov. 24, 1660; and of his illness and death, 5th October, 1667. He had a son, Benjamin, and a daughter, Martha, by his first lady.

to be made at the head of the coach table, where the King to-day with his own hand did mark his height, which accordingly I caused the painter to do, and is now done, as is to be seen.

26th. Mr. North, and Dr. Clerke, and all the great company being gone, I found myself very uncouth all this day for want thereof. My Lord dined with the Vice-Admiral to-day, (who is as officious, poor man! as any spaniel can be; but I believe all to no purpose, for I believe he will not hold his place;) so I dined commander at the coach table to-day, and all the officers of the ship with me, and Mr. White of Dover. After a game or two at nine-pins, to work all the afternoon, making about twenty orders. In the evening, my Lord having been ashore, the first time that he hath been ashore since he come out of the Hope, (having resolved not to go till he had brought his Majesty into England,) returned on board with a great deal of pleasure. The Captain [Roger Cuttance] told me that my Lord had appointed me £30 out of the 1000 ducats which the King had given to the ship.

27th. (Lord's day.) Called up by John Goods to see the Garter and Heralds' coat, which lay in the coach, brought by Sir Edward Walker, King at Arms, this morning, for my Lord. My Lord had summoned all the Commanders on board him, to see the ceremony, which was thus: Sir Edward, putting on his coat, and having laid the George and Garter, and the King's letter to my Lord, upon a crimson cushion, (in the coach, all the Commanders standing by) makes three congees to him, holding the cushion in his arms. Then, laying it down with the things upon it upon a chair, he takes the letter, and delivers it to my Lord, which my Lord breaks open and gives him to read. It was directed to our trusty and well beloved Sir Edward Montagu, Knight, one of our Generals at sea, and our Companion elect of our Noble Order of the Garter. The contents of the letter are to show that the Kings of England have for many years made use of this honour, as a special mark of favour, to persons of good extraction and valour, and that many Emperors, Kings, and Princes of other countries have borne this honour; and that whereas my Lord is of a noble family, and hath now done the King such service by sea, at this time, as he hath done; he do send him this George and Garter to wear as Knight of the Order, with a dispensation for the other ceremonies of the habit of the Order, and other things, till hereafter, when it can be done. So the herald putting the ribbon about his neck, and the Garter on his left leg, he saluted him with joy as Knight of the Garter.[1] And after that was done, he took his leave of my Lord, and so to shore again to the King at Canterbury, where he yesterday gave the like honour to General Monk, who are the only two for many years that have had the Garter given them, before they had honours of Earldom, or the like, excepting only the Duke of Buckingham, who was only Sir George Villiers when he was made Knight of the Garter.[2] The officers being all on board, there was no room for me at table, so I dined in my cabin, where Mr. Drum brought me a lobster and a bottle of oil, instead of vinegar, whereby I spoiled my dinner. Late to a sermon.

28th. Called up at two in the morning, for letters for my Lord from the Duke of York. The Captain did give every one of the men (not the boys) a ducat of the King's money that he gave the ship; and the officers according to their quality. I received in the Captain's cabin, for my share, sixty ducats.

29th. The King's birthday. Abroad to shore with my Lord, (which he offered me of himself, saying that I had a great deal of work to do this month, which was very true). On shore, we took horses, my Lord and Mr. Edward, Mr. Hetly, and I, and three or four servants, and had a great deal of pleasure in riding. Among other things, my Lord showed me a house that cost a great deal of money, and is built in so barren and inconvenient a place, that my Lord calls it the fool's house. At last, we came upon a very high cliff by the seaside, and rode under it; we having laid great wagers, I and Dr. Mathews, that it was not so high as Paul's; my Lord and Mr. Hetly, that it was. But we riding under it, my Lord made a pretty good measure of it with two sticks, and found it to be not above thirty-five yards high, and Paul's is reckoned to be about ninety. From thence toward the barge again; and in our way found the people at Deal going to make a bonfire for joy of the day, it being the King's birthday, and had some guns which they did give fire to at my Lord's coming by, for which I did give twenty shillings among them to drink. While we were on the top of the cliff, we saw and heard our guns in the fleet go off for the same joy; and it being a pretty fair day, we could see above twenty miles into France.

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[1] His Majesty put the George on his Excellency, and the two Dukes put on the Garter. The Princes thus honoured the Lord-General for the restoration of that lawful family.—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[2] A.D. 1616.

Being returned on board, my Lord called for Mr. Shepley's book of Paul's, by which we were confirmed in our wager. This day, it is thought, the King do enter the City of London.[1]

30th. I did eat a dish of mackarel, newly catched for my breakfast. All this morning making up my accounts, in which I counted that I had made myself now worth about £80, at which my heart was glad, and blessed God.

31st. Captain Sparling,[2] of the Assistance, brought me a pair of silk stockings of a light blue, which I was much pleased with. This day the month ends. I in very good health, and all the world in a merry mood, because of the King's coming. I begin to teach Mr. Edward,[3] who has a very good foundation laid for his Latin, by Mr. Fuller.

June 1st. Of the money that the Duke of York did give my Lord's servants, 22 ducatoons came to my share. I did give Mr. Shepley the fine pair of buckskin gloves that I bought for myself five years ago. Many Dover men come and dine with my Lord. My Lord at nine-pins in the afternoon. Mr. Shepley tells me how my Lord hath put me down for 70 guilders among the money given to my Lord's servants, which my heart did much rejoice at. Sir R. Stayner told us how some of his men did grumble that no more of the Duke's money do come to their share, and so would not receive any, whereupon he called up those that had taken it, and give them three shares apiece more, which made good sport among the seamen. At night, Mr. Cooke comes from London with letters, leaving all things there very gallant and joyful; and brought us word that the Parliament had ordered the 29th of May, the King's birthday, to be for ever kept as a day of thanksgiving for our redemption from tyranny, and the King's return to his government, he entering London that day. My poor wife has not been well: she would fain see me and be at her house again, but we must be content. She writes how there was a talk that I should be knighted by the King, which they (the Joyces) laugh at; but I think myself happier in my wife and estate than they are. The Captain come on board quite fuddled; the Vice-Admiral, Rear-Admiral, and he, had been drinking all day. My Lord being now to sit in the House of Peers, he endeavours to get Mr. Edward Montagu for Weymouth, and Mr. George for Dover.

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[1] "Divers maidens, in behalf of themselves and others, presented a petition to the Lord Mayor of London, wherein they pray his Lordship to grant them leave and liberty to meet His Majesty on the day of his passing through the city; and if their petition be granted, that they will all be clad in white waistcoats and crimson petticoats, and other ornaments of triumph and rejoicing."—Rugge's *Diurnal*, May 1660.

[2] Thomas Sparling.

[3] Little Edward Montagu.

2d. Being with my Lord in the morning about business in his cabin, I took occasion to give thanks for his love to me in the share that he had given me of his Majesty's money, and the Duke's. He told me he hoped to do me a more lasting kindness, if all things stand as they are now between him and the King; but, says he, "We must have a little patience, and we will rise together; in the meantime, I will do yet all the good jobs I can." Which was great content for me to hear from my Lord. All the morning with the Captain, computing how much the thirty ships that come with the King from Scheveling their pay comes to for a month (because the King promised to give them all a month's pay), and it comes to £6,538, and the Charles particularly, £777. I wish we had the money.

3d. (Lord's day.) Captain [Philip] Holland is come to get an order for the setting out of his ship, and to renew his commission. He tells me how every man goes to the Lord Mayor to set down their names, as such as do accept of his Majesty's pardon, and showed me a certificate under the Lord Mayor's hand, that he had done so.

At sermon in the morning: after dinner into my cabin, to cast my accounts up, and find myself to be worth near £100, for which I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being, I believe, not clearly worth £25 when I come to sea, besides my house and goods.

4th. This morning my Lord went on shore with the Vice-Admiral a-fishing. The Assistance being to go to Middleburgh, for the King's goods, I sent my Dutch money, 70 ducatoons and 29 gold ducats, to be changed for English money, which is the first venture that ever I made, and so I am afraid of it. The King's proclamation against drinking, swearing, and debauchery, was read to our ships' companies in the fleet, and indeed it gives great satisfaction to all.

5th. My Lord called for the lieutenant's cittern, and with two candlesticks, with money in them, for symbols,[1] we made barber's music,[2] with which my Lord was well pleased.

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[1] Cymbals.

[2] In the *Notices of Popular Histories*, printed for the Percy Society, there is a curious woodcut, representing the interior of a barber's shop, in which, according to the old custom, the person waiting to be shaved is playing on the "ghittern" till his turn arrives. Decker also mentions a "barber's cittern" for every serving man to play upon. This is no doubt "the barber's music" with which Lord Sandwich entertained himself.

6th. In the morning I had letters come, that told me, among other things, that my Lord's place of Clerk of the Signet was fallen to him, which he did most lovingly tell me that I should execute, in case he could not get a better employment for me at the end of the year, because he thought that the Duke of York would command all; but he hoped that the Duke would not remove me but to my advantage.

My letters tell me, that Mr. Calamy[1] had preached before the King in a surplice, (this I heard afterwards to be false); that my Lord, General Monk, and three more lords, are made Commissioners for the Treasury; that my Lord had some great place conferred on him, and they say Master of the Wardrobe; that the two Dukes do haunt the Park much, and they were at a play, Madam Epicene,[2] the other day; that Sir Anthony Cooper,[3] Mr. Hollis,[4] and Mr. Annesly,[5] late Presidents of the Council of State, are made Privy Councillors to the King.

7th. After dinner come Mr. John Wright and Mr. Moore, with the sight of whom my heart was very glad. They brought an order for my Lord's coming up to London, which my Lord resolved to do to-morrow. All the afternoon getting my things in order to set forth to-morrow. At night walked up and down with Mr. Moore, who did give me an account of all things at London. Among others, how the Presbyterians would be angry if they durst, but they will not be able to do any thing. Most of the commanders on board, and supped with my Lord. Laid out all my things against to-morrow, to put myself in a walking garb.

8th. Out early, took horses at Deal. Dined at Canterbury. I saw the minster, and the remains of Becket's tomb. To Sittingborne and Rochester; the ships and brigs come to Gravesend.

9th. Landed at the Temple. To Whitehall with my Lord and Mr. Edward Montagu. Found the King in the Park. There walked. Gallantly great.

10th. (Lord's day.) At my father's found my wife, and to walk with her in Lincoln's Inn walks.

11th. With my Lord to Dorset House,[6] to the Chancellor.

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[1] Edward Calamy, the celebrated Nonconformist divine, born 1616, appointed Chaplain to Charles II. 1660. Ob. 1666.

[2] Epicene, or the Silent Woman, a Comedy, by Ben Jonson.

[3] Afterwards Chancellor, and created Earl of Shaftesbury.

[4] Afterwards Lord Hollis.

[5] Afterwards Earl of Anglesey.

[6] Dorset House, in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, at this time occupied by the Chancellor, once the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, one of

12th. With my Lord to the Duke of Gloucester. The two Dukes dined with the Speaker, and I saw there a fine entertainment, and dined with the pages.

13th. By water with my Lord in a boat to Westminster, and to the Admiralty, now in a new place, and to the Treasurer of the Navy.

14th. To my Lady Pickering, with the plate that she did give my Lord the other day.

15th. My Lord told me how the King has given him the place of the great wardrobe.[1]

16th. To my Lord, and so to White Hall with him about the Clerk of the Privy Seal's place, which he is to have. Then to the Admiralty, where I wrote some letters. Here Colonel Thompson told me, as a great secret, that the Nazeby was on fire when the King was there, but that is not known; when God knows it is quite false. Got a piece of gold from Major Holmes [2] for the horse I brought to town.

17th. (Lord's day.) To Mr. Mossum's; a good sermon. This day the organs did begin to play at White Hall before the King. After dinner to Mr. Mossum's again, and so in the garden, and heard Chippell's father preach, that was page to the Protector. By the window that I stood at, sat Mrs. Butler,[3] the great beauty. Mr. Edward and I into Gray's Inn walks, and saw many beauties.

18th. To my Lord's, where much business. With him to the Parliament House, where he did intend to have made his appearance to-day, but he met Mr. Crewe upon the stairs, and would not go in. He went to Mrs. Brown's, and staid till word was brought him what was done in the House. This day they made an end of the twenty men to be excepted from pardon to their estates. By barge to Stepny with my Lord, where at Trinity House we had great entertainment. With my Lord there went Sir W. Pen,[4] Sir H. Wright, Hetly, Pierce,

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whom (Jewel) alienated it to the Sackville family. The house being afterwards pulled down, a theatre was built on its site, in which the Duke of York's troop performed. The name is still preserved in Dorset Street.

[1] With an official residence, often referred to by Pepys.

[2] Afterwards Sir Robert Holmes. He is styled "Major," although in the navy. Thus Lord Sandwich and Sir W. Pen were called "Generals": see also Jan. 6, 1661–2.

[3] See July 25, 1660.

[4] Sir William Pen was born at Bristol in 1621, of the ancient family of the Penns, of Penn Lodge, Wilts. He was Captain at the age of twenty-one; Rear-Admiral of Ireland at twenty-three; Vice-Admiral of England and General in the first Dutch war, at thirty-two. He was subsequently M.P. for Weymouth, Governor of Kingsale, and Vice-Admiral of Munster.

Creed,[1] Hill, I and other servants. Back again to the Admiralty, and so to my Lord's lodgings, where he told me that he did look after the place of the Clerk of the Acts for me. Murford showed me five pieces to get a business done for him, and I am resolved to do it.

19th. Much business at my Lord's. This morning my Lord went into the House of Commons, and there had the thanks of the House, in the name of the Parliament and Commons of England, for his late service to his King and country. A motion was made for a reward for him, but it was quashed by Mr. Annesly, who, above most men, is engaged to my Lord's and Crewe's favours. Lady Pickering told me the story of her husband's case, and desired my assistance with my Lord, and did give me, wrapped up in paper, £5 in silver. With my Lord to White Hall, and my Lady Pickering. My Lord went at night with the King to Baynard's Castle to supper, and I home. My wife and the girl and dog came home to-day. I found a quantity of chocolate left for me, I know not from whom.

20th. With my Lord (who lay long in bed this day, because he came home late from supper with the King) to the Parliament House, and, after that, with him to General Monk's, where he dined at the Cockpit. Thence to the Admiralty, and despatched away Mr. Cooke to sea; whose business was a letter from my Lord about Mr. G. Montagu to be chosen as a

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After the Dutch fight in 1665, where he distinguished himself as second in command under the Duke of York, he took leave of the sea, but continued to act as a Commissioner for the Navy till 1669, when he retired to Wanstead, on account of his bodily infirmities, and dying there, September 16, 1670, aged forty-nine, was buried in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, where a monument to his memory is still to be seen.

[1] From the way in which Pepys speaks of his friend John Creed, he was probably of humble origin, and nothing is known of his history previously to the Restoration, when he seems to have been a retainer in the service of Sir Edward Montagu. In 1662 he was made Secretary to the Commissioners for Tangier, and in 1668 he married Elizabeth Pickering, the niece of his original patron, by whom he had eleven children. Major Richard Creed, the eldest son, who was killed at the battle of Blenheim, lies buried in Titchmarsh Church, in Northamptonshire, where there is also a monument erected to his father, describing him as "of Oundle," and as having served King Charles II. in divers employments at home and abroad, lived with honour, and died lamented, A.D. 1701. What these employments were cannot now be ascertained. There exists still a cenotaph to the memory of the major in Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Creed, wife of John Creed of Oundle, Esq., was the only daughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart., by Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Edward Montagu, and sister of Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich: see Malone's *Life of Dryden*, p. 337.

Parliament-man in my Lord's room at Dover; and another to the Vice-Admiral to give my Lord a constant account of all things in the fleet, merely that he may thereby keep up his power there; another letter to Captain Cuttance to send the barge, that brought the King on shore, to Hinchingbroke by Lynne.[1]

21st. To my Lord, much business. At the Dog Tavern Captain Curle, late of the Maria, gave me five pieces in gold and a silver can for my wife, for the commission I did give him this day for his ship, dated April 20, 1660. With my Lord to the Council Chamber, where he was sworn; and the charge of his being admitted Privy Counsellor is £26. Thence to the Parliament door, and with my Lord to see the Great Wardrobe, where Mr. Townsend brought us to the governor of some poor children in tawny clothes, who had been maintained there these eleven years, which put my Lord to a stand how to dispose of them; but he may have the house for his own use. The children did sing finely, and my Lord bid me give them five pieces in gold at his going away. To White Hall, where, the King being gone abroad, my Lord and I walked a great while, discoursing of the simplicity of the Protector, in his losing all that his father had left him. My Lord told me, that the last words that he parted with the Protector with (when he went to the Sound), were, that he should rejoice more to see him in his grave at his return home, than that he should give way to such things as were then in hatching, and afterwards did ruin him: and that the Protector said, that whatever G. Montagu, my Lord Broghill,[2] Jones, and the Secretary, would have him to do, he would do it, be it what it would. To my father's, where Sir Thomas Honeywood and his family were come of a sudden, and so we forced to lie altogether in a little chamber, three stories high.

22d. To my Lord, where much business. With him to White Hall, where the Duke of York not being up, we walked a good while in the Shield Gallery. Mr. Hill (who for these two or three days hath constantly attended my Lord) told me of an offer of £500 for a baronet's dignity, which I told my Lord of in the balcony of this gallery, and he said he would think of it. My dear friend Mr. Fuller of Twickenham and I dined alone at the Sun Tavern, where he told me how he had the grant of being Dean of St. Patrick's, in Ireland; and I told him my condition, and both rejoiced one for another. To give order for horses to be got to draw my Lord's great coach to

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[1] Whence it could go by water-carriage. See note to January 31, 1660-61.

[2] Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, created Earl of Orrery, 1660. Ob. 1679.

Mr. Crewe's. Thence to my Lord's, and had the great coach to Brigham's, who give me a case of good julep, and told me how my Lady Monk deals with him and others for their places, asking him £500, though he was formerly the King's coachmaker, and sworn to it. To bed the first time since my coming from sea, in my own house, for which God be praised.

23d. To my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy come to me, and there staid to see the King touch people for the King's evil.[1] But he did not come at all, it rained so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterward he touched them in the Banqueting-house. With my Lord to my Lord Frezendorfe's,[1] where he dined to-day. He told me that he had obtained a promise of the Clerk of the Acts place for me, at which I was glad.

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[1] This ceremony is of great antiquity in England; perhaps it may be traced to Edward the Confessor. Sir John Fortescue, in his defence of the House of Lancaster against that of York, argued that the crown could not descend to a female, because the Queen is not qualified by the form of anointing her, used at the coronation, to cure the disease called the king's evil. Burns asserts, *History of Parish Registers*, p. 144, "that between 1660 and 1682, 92,107 persons were touched for the evil." Every one coming to the court for that purpose, brought a certificate signed by the minister and churchwardens, that he had not at any time been touched by His Majesty. The register of Camberwell and other parishes contain the names of those to whom certificates had been given. In the time of Charles II. the practice was at its height (Evelyn's *Diary*, March 28, 1684). On November 5, 1688, Evelyn also states that he saw King James touch for the evil, Pitan the Jesuit and Warner officiating. This was no doubt the last time he performed the ceremony in England. In the first four years after his restoration, he "touched" nearly 24,000 people. The ceremony was continued during the reigns of his successors; and so late as Lent, 1712, we find Dr. Johnson (Boswell's Life, vol. i, p. 16) amongst the number of persons actually touched by Queen Anne. The practice was supposed to have expired with the Stuarts, but the point being disputed, reference was made to the library of the Duke of Sussex, and four several Oxford editions of the Book of Common Prayer were found, all printed after the accession of the House of Hanover, and all containing, as an integral part of the service, "The Office for the Healing." Subsequently to the execution of Charles I., handkerchiefs dipped in his blood were believed to possess the virtue of healing, of which an instance is related in Churchhill's *Divi Britannici*, p. 9; and very recently a pilgrimage was made from a distant part to Ashburnham in Sussex, in the hope of cure from the "touch" of the sheet in which the King's body was wrapped; and which, with the King's watch, is in the possession of the Earl of Ashburnham, the lineal descendant of John Ashburnham, his friend and faithful servant. The stamp of gold with which the King crossed the sore of the sick person was called an angel, and of the value of ten shillings. It had a hole bored through it, through which a ribbon was drawn, and the angel was hanged about the patient's neck till the cure was perfected.—Genest's *History of the Stage*, vol. i., p. 143, *ubi plura*. The stamp has the impression of St. Michael the Archangel on one side, and a ship in full sail on the other. "My Lord Anglesey had a daughter cured of the King's evil with three others on Tuesday."—MS. Letters of William Greenhill to Lady Bacon, dated December 31, 1629, preserved at Audley End.

24th. (Sunday.) Told Mr. G. Montagu from my letters he was likely to be chosen at Dover.

25th. With my Lord at White Hall all the morning. I spoke with Mr. Coventry about my business, who promised me all the assistance I could expect. Dined with young Mr. Powell, lately come from the Sound, being amused at our great charges here, and Mr. Southerne, now Clerk to Mr. Coventry, at the Leg in King Street. Thence to the Admiralty, where I met Mr. Turner, of the Navy Office, who did look after the place of Clerk of the Acts. He was very civil to me, and I to him, and shall be so. There come a letter from my Lady Monk to my Lord about it this evening, but he refused to come to her, but meeting in White Hall with Sir Thomas Clarges, her brother, my Lord returned answer that he could not desist in my business; and that he believed that General Monk would take it ill if my Lord should name the officers in his army; and therefore he desired to have the naming of one officer in the fleet. With my Lord by coach to Mr. Crewe's, and very merry by the way, discoursing of the late changes and his good fortune. Thence home, and then with my wife to Dorset House, to deliver a list of the names of the justices of peace for Huntingdonshire. I met [there] Mr. Kipps, my old friend, now seal-bearer to the Lord Chancellor.

26th. My Lord dined at his lodgings all alone to-day. I went to Secretary Nicholas, to carry him my Lord's resolutions about his title, which he had chosen, and that is Portsmouth. Mr. Watts, a merchant, offered me £500 if I would desist from the Clerk of the Acts place. I pray God direct me in what I do herein. With Mr. Townsend to Backewell,[2] the goldsmith's, and there we chose £100 worth of plate for my Lord to give Secretary Nicholas.

27th. With my Lord to the Duke, where he spoke to Mr. Coventry to despatch my business of the Acts,[3] in which place everybody gives me joy, as if I were in it, which God send. Dined with my Lord and all the officers of his regiment, who invited my Lord and his friends, as many as he would bring, to dinner at the Swan at Dowgate, a poor house, and ill dressed, but very good fish, and plenty. By coach to the Speaker's, where my Lord supped with the King, but I could not get in.

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[1] John Frederic de Friesendorff, Embassador from Sweden to Charles II., who created him a baronet 1661.

[2] Edward Bakewell, an Alderman of London and opulent banker, ruined by the shutting up of the Exchequer in 1672, when he retired to Holland, where he died.

[3] The letters patent, dated 13th July, 12 Charles II., recite and revoke letters patent of 16th February, 14 Charles I., whereby the office of Clerk of the Ships had been given to Dennis Flemming and *Thomas Barlow*, or the survivor. D. F. was then dead, but T. B. living, and Samuel Pepys

28th. To Sir G. Downing, the first visit I have made him since he come. He is so stingy a fellow I care not to see him; I quite cleared myself of his office, and did give him liberty to take anybody in. After this to my Lord, who lay a-bed till eleven o'clock; it being almost five before he went to-bed, they supped so late last night with the King. This morning I saw poor Bishop Wren[1] going to chapel, it being a thanksgiving-day for the King's return.

29th. Up and to White Hall, where I got my warrant from the Duke to be Clerk of the Acts. Also I got my Lord's warrant[2] from the Secretary for his honour of Earl of Portsmouth and Viscount Montagu of Hinchingbroke. So to my Lord, to give him an account of what I had done. Then to Sir Geffery Palmer,[3] who told me that my Lord must have some good Latinist to make the preamble to his Patent, which must express his late service in the best terms that he can; and he told me in what high flaunting terms Sir J. Greenville had caused his to be done, which he do not like; but that Sir Richard Fanshawe[4] had done General Monk's very well. Then to White Hall, where I was told by Mr. Hutchinson at the Admiralty, that Mr. Barlow, my predecessor, Clerk[5] of the Acts, is yet alive, and coming up to town to look after his place, which made my heart sad a little. At night told my Lord thereof, and he bad me get possession of my Patent; and he would do all that could be done to keep

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was appointed in his room, at a salary of £33 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum, with 3*s.* 4*d.* for each day employed in travelling, and £6 per annum for boat-hire nd all fees due.

[1] Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely. Ob. 1667, aged 82.

[2] See July 10th, 1660, and note.

[3] Attorney-General, and Chief Justice of Chester, 1660; created a baronet, 661. Ob. 1670.

[4] Sir Richard Fanshawe, Knight and Baronet, Secretary to Charles II. in Scotland, and after the Restoration was sent as Ambassador to Spain, but vas superseded by the Earl of Sandwich as Extraordinary Ambassador. Ie was a good linguist, and "gave our language," says Campbell, "some f its earliest and most important translations from modern literature." b. 1666.

[5] In a list of the Admiralty officers just before the King came in, preserved n the British Museum, there occur, Richard Hutchison, Treasurer of the avy, salary, £1,500; Thomas Tourner, General Clerk, for himself and lerk, £100; mentioned in the next page.

him out. This night my Lord and I looked over the list of the Captains, and marked some that my Lord had a mind to put out.

30th. By times to Sir R. Fanshawe, to draw up the preamble to my Lord's Patent. So to my Lord, and with him to White Hall, where I saw a great many fine antique heads of marble, that my Lord Northumberland[1] had given the King. Meeting Mr. De Cretz,[2] we looked over some of the pieces in the gallery, and he told me [by] whose hands they were, with great pleasure. With Sir Edward Walker for my Lord's pedigree. To White Hall with Mr. Moore, where I met with a letter from Mr. Turner, offering me £150 to be joined with me in my patent, and to advise me how to improve the advantage of my place, and to keep off Barlow. This day come Will, [Wayneman] my boy, to me: the maid continuing lame, so that my wife could not be longer without help.

July 1st. (Lord's day.) Infinite of business, my heart and head full. Met with Purser Washington,[3] with whom and a lady, a friend of his, I dined at the Bell Tavern in King Street, but the rogue had no more manners than to invite me, and to let me pay my club. This morning come home my fine camlet cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it. In the afternoon to the Abbey, where a good sermon by a stranger, but no Common Prayer yet.

2d. All the afternoon with my Lord, going up and down the town: at seven at night he went home, and there the principal Officers of the Navy,[4] among the rest myself was reckoned one. We had order to meet to-morrow, to draw up such an order of the Council as would put us into action before our patents were passed. At which my heart was glad. At night supped with my Lord, he and I together, in the great dining-room alone by ourselves, the first time I ever did it in London.

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[1] Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland.

[2] Son of John De Creetz, sergeant-painter to James I. and Charles I.

[3] See Jan. 17th, 1659-60.

[4] A list of the Officers of the Admiralty, 31st May, 1660. (From a paper in the Pepysian Library, in Samuel Pepys's own handwriting.)
His Royal Highness James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral.
Sir George Carteret, Treasurer.
Sir Robert Slingsby, (soon after) Comptroller.
Sir William Batten, Surveyor.
Samuel Pepys, Esq., Clerk of the Acts.
John, Lord Berkeley, [of Stratton] }
Sir William Penn, } Commissioners.
Peter Pett, Esq. }

3d. The Officers and Commissioners of the Navy all met at Sir G. Carteret's[1] chamber, and agreed upon orders for the Council to supersede the old ones, and empower us to act. Dined with Mr. Stephens, the Treasurer of the Navy, and Mr. Turner, to whom I offered £50 out of my own purse for one year, and the benefit of a Clerke's allowance beside, which he thanked me for; but I find he hath some design yet in his head, which I could not think of. In the afternoon my heart was quite pulled down, by being told that Mr. Barlow was to inquire to-day for Mr. Coventry; but at night I met with my Lord, who told me that I need not fear, for he would get me the place against the world. And when I come to W. Howe, he told me that Dr. Petty had been with my Lord, and did tell him that Barlow was a sickly man, and did not intend to execute the place himself, which put me in great comfort again.

4th. Up early, and with Commissioner Pett to view the houses in Seething Lane belonging to the Navy, where I find the worst very good, and had great fears that they will shuffle me out of them, which troubles me. To Mr. Backewell's, the goldsmith, where I took my Lord's £100 in plate for Mr. Secretary Nicholas, and my own piece of plate, being a state dish and cup in chased work for Mr. Coventry, cost me above £19. Carried these and the money by coach to my Lord's at White Hall, and from thence carried Nicholas's plate to his house and left it there, intending to speak with him anon. So to my Lord's, and walking all the afternoon in White Hall Court, in expectation of what shall be done in the Council as to our business. It was strange to see how all the people flocked together bare, to see the King looking out of the Council window. At night my Lord told me how my orders that I drew last night, about giving us power to act, are granted by the Council, at which I was very glad.

5th. This morning, my brother Tom brought me my jackanapes coat with silver buttons. It rained this morning, which makes us fear that the glory of this day will be lost; the King and Parliament being to be entertained by the City to-day with great pomp.[1] Mr. Hater[2] was with me to-day, and I agreed with him to be my clerke. Being at White Hall, I saw the King, the Dukes, and all their attendants go forth in the rain to the City, and it spoiled many a fine suit of clothes. I was forced to walk all the morning in White Hall, not knowing how to get out because of the rain. Met with Mr. Cooling,[3] my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, who took me to dinner among the gentleman waiters, and after dinner into the wine-cellar. He told me how he had a project for all us Secretaries to join together, and get money by bringing all business into our hands. Thence to the Admiralty, where Mr. Blackburne and I (it beginning to hold up) went and walked an hour or two in the Park, he giving of me light in many things in my way in this office that I go about. And in the evening I got my presents of plate carried to Mr. Coventry's. At my Lord's at night comes Dr. Petty to me, to tell me that Barlow was come to town, and other things, which put me into a despair, and I went to bed very sad.

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[1] Sir George Carteret had originally been bred to the sea service, and became Comptroller of the Navy to Charles I., and Governor of Jersey, where he obtained considerable reputation by his gallant defence of that sland against the Parliament forces. At the Restoration, he was made Vice-Chamberlain to the King, Treasurer of the Navy, and a Privy Councillor, and in 1661 was elected M.P. for Portsmouth. He continued in avour with his sovereign till his death, in 1679, æt. suæ 80. He married his cousin Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Philip Carteret, of St. Ouen, and had ssue three sons and five daughters.

6th. In the afternoon my Lord and I, and Mr. Coventry and Sir G. Carteret, went and took possession of the Navy Office, whereby my mind was a little cleared, but my hopes not great. From thence Sir G. Carteret and I to the Treasurer's Office, where he set some things in order. At my Lord's in the dark. William Howe and I did sing extempores.

7th. I took an order for the advance of the salaries of the officers of the Navy, and mine is raised to £350 per annum.

8th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall chapel, where I got in with ease by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs and singing-men in surplices in my life. The Bishop of Chichester[4] preached before the King, and made a great flattering sermon, which I did not like that the Clergy should meddle with matters of State. Dined with Mr. Luellin and Salisbury at a cook's shop. Home, and staid all the afternoon with my wife till after sermon. There till Mr. Fairebrother[1] come to call us out to my father's to supper. He told me how he had perfectly procured me to be made Master in Arts by proxy,[2] which did somewhat please me, though I remember my cousin Roger Pepys[3] was the other day persuading me from it.

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[1] "July 5th. His Majesty, the two Dukes, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, and the Privy Council, dined at the Guildhall. Every Hall appeared with their colours and streamers to attend His Majesty; the Masters in their gold chains. Twelve pageants in the streets between Temple Bar and Guildhall. Forty brace of bucks were that day spent in the City of London."—Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[2] Thomas Hater. He remained with Pepys for some time; and by his assistance was made Petty Purveyor of Petty Missions.

[3] Richard Cooling, or Coling, A.M., of All-Souls College, Secretary to the Earls of Manchester and Arlington, when they filled the office of Lord Chamberlain, and a Clerk of the Privy Council in ordinary. There is a mezzotinto print of him in the Pepysian Library.

[4] Henry King, Dean of Rochester, advanced to the See of Chichester, 1641. Ob. 1669.

9th. To the Navy Office,[4] where in the afternoon we met and sat, and there I begun to sign bills in the Office the first time.

10th. This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life. Home, and called my wife, and took her to Clodins's to a great wedding of Nan Hartlib to Mynheer Roder,[5] which was kept at Goring House[6] with very great state, cost, and noble company. But among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest. And finding my Lord in White Hall garden, I got him to go to the Secretary's, which he did, and desired the despatch of his and my bills to be signed by the King. His bill is to be Earl of Sandwich,[1] Viscount Hinchingbroke, and Baron of St. Neot's. Home, with my mind pretty quiet: not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed.

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[1] William Fairbrother, in 1661 made D.D. at Cambridge *per regias litteras*. He was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Proctor of the University. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Naseby, whilst fighting on the King's side, and sent to London.—Cole's MSS., vol. xv., p. 122.

[2] The Grace which passed the University on this occasion is preserved in Kennett's *Register*, and commenced as follows:—Cum Sam. Pepys, Coll. Magd. Inceptor in Artibus in Regiâ Classe existat e Secretis, exindeq. apud mare adeo occupatissimus ut Comitiis proximè futuris interesse non possit; placet vobis ut dictus S. P. admissionem suam, necnon creationem recipiat ad gradum Magistri in Artibus sub personâ Timothei Wellfit, Inceptoris, &c.—June 26, 1660. See also *Diary*, Aug. 4, 1660.

[3] Roger Pepys, a barrister, M.P. for Cambridge, 1661, and afterwards Recorder of that town.

[4] The Navy Office was erected on the site of Lumley House, formerly belonging to the Fratres Sanctæ Crucis (or Crutched Friars), and all business connected with Naval concerns was transacted there, till its removal to Somerset House. The ground is now occupied by the East India Company's warehouses.

[5] Afterwards knighted, Aug. 5, 1660, as Sir John Roder. See *Diary*, Aug. 7, 1660. Le Neve calls him Roth, and says he was of Utrecht. Nan Hartlib was sister to Samuel Hartlib.

[6] Goring House was burnt in 1674, at which time Lord Arlington resided in it. The magnificence of Goring House is fully described by Evelyn, and its destruction by fire. The title of its owner is preserved in Arlington Street. "This was the town residence of George Lord Goring, Earl of Norwich, and of his son the second peer, who died *s.p.* in 1670. The house occupied the site of Mulberry Gardens, upon which Buckingham Palace now stands. It was let to Lord Arlington, by the second Earl of Norwich, and called after the tenant."—Cunningham's *Hand-Book of London*, p. 206, edit. 1850.

11th. With Sir W. Pen by water to the Navy Office, where we met, and despatched business. And that being done, we went all to dinner to the Dolphin, upon Major Brown's invitation. After that, to the office again, where I was vexed, and so was Commissioner Pett, to see a busy fellow come to look out the best lodgings for my Lord Barkley, [of Stratton,] and the combining between him and Sir W. Pen; and, indeed, was troubled much at it.

12th. Up early, and by coach to White Hall with Commissioner Pett, where, after we had talked with my Lord, I went to the Privy Seal, and got my bill perfected there, and at the Signet: and then to the House of Lords, and met with Mr. Kipps, who directed me to Mr. Beale to get my patent engrossed; but, he not having time to get it done in Chancery hand, I was forced to run all up and down Chancery Lane and the Six Clerks' Office, but could find none that could write the hand that were at leisure. And so in despair went to the Admiralty, where we met the first time there, my Lord Montagu, my Lord Barkley, [of Stratton,] Mr. Coventry, and all the rest of the principal Officers and Commissioners, except only the Comptroller, who is not yet chosen.

13th. Up early, the first day that I put on my black camlett coat with silver buttons. To Mr. Spong, whom I found in his night-gown writing of my patent. It being done, we carried it to Worcester House,[2] to the Chancellor, where Mr. Kipps (a strange providence that he should now be in a condition to do me a kindness) got me the Chancellor's recipe to my bill; and so carried it to Mr. Beale for a docket; but he was very angry, and unwilling to do it, because he said it was ill writ (because I had got it writ by another hand, and not by him); but by much importunity I got Mr. Spong to go to his office and make an end of my patent; and in the mean time Mr. Beale to be preparing my docket, which being done, I did give him two pieces, after which it was strange how civil and tractable he was to me. Met with Mr. Spong, who still would be giving me council of getting my patent out, for fear of another change, and my Lord Montagu's fall. At the Navy Office I got leave to have a door made me into the leads. After that to Worcester House, where, by Mr. Kipps's means, and my pressing in General Montagu's name to the Chancellor, I did, beyond all expectation, get my seal passed; and while it was doing in one room, I was forced to keep Sir G. Carteret (who by chance met me there, ignorant of my business) in talk. To my wife, whom I had left in a coach, and presented her with my patent, at which she was overjoyed; so to the Navy Board, and showed her my house,[1] and both mightily pleased. I to my Lord's, where I despatched an order for a ship to fetch Sir R. Honywood home, for which I got two pieces. Late writing letters; and great doings of musique at the next house, which was Whally's; the King and Dukes there with Madame Palmer,[2] a pretty woman that they had a fancy to, to make her husband a cuckold. Here at the old door that did go into his lodgings, my Lord, I, and W. Howe, did stand listening a great while to the musique.

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[1] The motive for Sir Edward Montagu's so suddenly altering his intended title is not explained; probably, the change was adopted as a compliment to the Town of Sandwich, off which the Fleet was lying, before it sailed to bring Charles from Scheveling. Montagu had also received marked attentions from Sir John Boys and other principal men at Sandwich, and it may be recollected as an additional reason that one or both of the seats for that borough have usually been placed at the disposal of the Admiralty. The title of Portsmouth some years afterwards was given, in 1673, *for her life*, to the celebrated Louise de Querouaille, and, becoming extinct with her, was in 1743 conferred upon John Wallop, Viscount Lymington, the ancestor of the present Earl of Portsmouth.

[2] The Earls of Worcester had a large house in the Strand on the water side on what is now Beaufort Buildings, which Lord Clarendon rented while his own was building. See also Aug. 20, 1660, and Aug. 19, 1661.

14th. Comes in Mr. Pagan Fisher,[3] the poet, and promises me what he had long ago done, a book in praise of the King of

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[1] In Seething Lane. See July 18th, *infra.*

[2] Barbara Villiers, only child of William Viscount Grandison, wife of Roger Palmer, created Earl of Castlemaine, 1661. She became the King's mistress at the Restoration, and was in 1670 made Duchess of Cleveland. She died 1709, aged sixty-nine. One of her sons by Charles II. was created Duke of Grafton. See note to Jan. 17, 1661–62.

[3] Payne Fisher, who styled himself Paganus Piscator, was born in 1616, in Dorsetshire, and removed from Hart Hall, Oxford, of which he had been a commoner, to Magdalene College, Cambridge, in 1634; and there took a degree of B.A., and first discovered a turn for poetry. He was afterwards a Captain in the King's service at Marston Moor fight; but, leaving his command, employed his pen against the cause which he had supported with his sword, and became a favourite of Cromwell's. After the King's return, he obtained a scanty subsistence by flattering men in power, and was frequently imprisoned for debt. He died 1693 in the Fleet Prison. He published several poems, chiefly in Latin; and, in 1682, printed a book of Heraldry, with the arms of such of the gentry as he had waited upon with presentation copies. He was a man of talents, but vain, unsteady, and conceited, and a great time-server.

France, with my arms, and a dedication to me, very handsome. Took Mr. Butler (Monsieur L'Impertinent) to see my house, and did give him a glass of wine at Rawlinson's, and was trimmed in the street.

15th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I mightily pleased with our new house that we hope to have. My patent has cost me a great deal of money; about £40. In the afternoon to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where I heard service and a sermon. Dined with my Lord, whom I find plainly to be a sceptic in all things of religion, but to be a perfect stoic.

17th. This morning (as indeed all the mornings now-a-days) much business at my Lord's. There come to my house before I went out Mr. Barlow,[1] an old consumptive man, and fair conditioned. After much talk, I did grant him what he asked, viz. £50 per annum if my salary be not increased, and £100 per annum in case it be £350, at which he was very well pleased to be paid as I received my money, and not otherwise, so I brought him to my Lord's bedside, and he and I did agree together. Will,[2] Mr. Blackburne's nephew, is so obedient, that I am greatly glad of him.

18th. This morning we met at the office: I dined at my house in Seething Lane.

19th. At the Dog Tavern. We did talk of our old discourse when we did use to talk of the King, in the time of the Rump, privately; after that to the Admiralty Office, in White Hall, where I stayed and writ my late observations for these four days last past. Great talk of the difference between the Episcopal and Presbyterian Clergy, but I believe it will come to nothing.

20th. I sent my wife to my father's, and he is to buy £5 worth of pictures.

21st. To Mr. Barlow at his lodgings at the Golden Eagle, in the new street[3] between Fetter Lane and Shoe Lane. Dined at a club, where we had three voices to sing catches. About business of my Lord's concerning his creation.[4]

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[1] See *ante*, June 27th, and note.

[2] William Hewer, of whose family nothing more is known except that his father died of the plague, 14th Sept., 1665. He became afterwards a Commissioner of the Navy, and Treasurer for Tangier; and was the constant companion of Pepys, who died in his house at Clapham, previously the residence of Sir Dennis Gauden. Mr. Hewer was buried in the old church at Clapham, where a large monument of marble, with his bust in alto-relievo, erected to his memory, was, on the re-building of the church placed outside, and in November, 1852, nearly destroyed.

[3] Still known as New Street, in which is the Queen's Printing Office.

[4] In the peerage.

22d. (Lord's day.) After dinner to White Hall, where I find my Lord at home, and walked in the garden with him, he showing me all respect. I left him, and went to walk in the inward Park, but could not get in; one man was basted by the keeper, for carrying some people over on his back through the water. Home, and at night had a chapter read; and I read prayers out of the Common Prayer Book, the first time that ever I read prayers in this house. So to bed.

23d. Mr. Barlow and I signed and sealed our agreement. After dinner to my Lord, who took me to Secretary Nicholas;[1] and before him and Secretary Morris,[2] my Lord and I upon our knees together took our oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, and the Oath of the Privy Seal, of which I was much glad, though I am not likely to get any thing by it at present; but I do desire it, for fear of a turn-out of our office. Mr. Barlow by appointment came and dined with me, and both of us very pleasant and pleased.

24th. To White Hall, where I did acquaint Mr. Watkins with my being sworn into the Privy Seal, at which he was much troubled, but did offer me a kinsman of his to be my clerk. In the afternoon I spent much time in walking in White Hall Court with Mr. Bickerstaffe,[3] who was very glad of my Lord's being sworn, because of his business with his brother Baron,[3] which is referred to my Lord Chancellor, and to be ended to-morrow. Baron had got a grant beyond sea, to come in before the reversionary of the Privy Seal.

25th. I got my certificate of my Lord's and my being sworn. This morning my Lord took leave of the House of Commons, and had the thanks of the House for his great service to his country.[4] We met Mr. L'Impertinent[5] with his mother and sisters and father coming from the Gatehouse, where they lodge, and I did the first time salute them all, and very pretty Madam Frances[6] is.

26th. Early to White Hall, thinking to have a meeting of my Lord and the principal officers, but my Lord could not, it being the day that he was to go and be admitted in the House of Lords, his patent being done, which he presented upon his knees to the Speaker; and so it was read in the House, and he took his place. T. Doling carried me to St. James's Fair,[1] and there meeting with W. Symons and his wife, and Luellin, and D. Scobell's wife and cousin, we went to Wood's at the Pell Mell (our old house for clubbing), and there we spent till ten at night.

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[1] Sir Edward Nicholas, many years principal Secretary of State to Charles the First and Second; dismissed in 1663 from his office through the intrigues of Lady Castlemaine, and ob. 1669, aged seventy-seven.

[2] Sir William Morris, Secretary of State from 1660 to 1668. Ob. 1676. He was kinsman to General Monk.

[3] They were both clerks of the Privy Seal.

[4] In the Journals this is stated to have taken place July 24th.

[5] Mr. Butler: see *ante*, 14th July.

[6] Mr. Butler's sister: see 17th June, 1660, and 23rd June, 1661.

27th. I find myself worth about £100 after all my expenses. We got a coach, but the horses were tired, and could not carry us farther than St. Dunstan's.

28th. A boy brought me a letter from Poet Fisher, who tells me that he is upon a panegyrique of the King, and desired to borrow a piece of me; and I sent him half a piece. To Westminster, and there met Mr. Henson, who had formerly had the brave clock that went with bullets[2] (which is now taken away from him by the King, it being his goods.)

29th. (Lord's day.) With my Lord to White Hall Chapel, where I heard a cold sermon of the Bishop of Salisbury's, Duppa's,[3] and the ceremonies did not please me, they do so overdo them. My Lord went to dinner at Kensington with my Lord Camden.[4]

30th. This afternoon I got my £50, due to me for my first quarter's salary as Secretary to my Lord, paid to Thomas Hater for me, which he received and brought home to me, of which I felt glad. At the Rhenish wine-house, drinking. The sword-bearer of London (Mr. Man) came to ask for us, with whom we sat late, discoursing about the worth of my office of Clerk of the Acts, which he hath a mind to buy, and I asked four years' purchase.

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[1] In August of the following year, the Fair, called St. James's Fair, was kept the full appointed time, being a fortnight; during which time many lewd and infamous persons were committed by the King's command.—Rugge's *Diurnal*. It was afterwards known as May Fair, and not finally abolished till the reign of George III. See *art.* "St. James's Fair," in *Handbook of London*, p. 255, edit. 1850.

[2] Some clocks are still made with a small ball, or bullet, on an inclined plane, which turns every minute. The King's clocks probably dropped bullets. Gainsborough, the painter, had a brother who was a dissenting minister at Henley-on-Thames, and possessed a strong genius for mechanics. He invented a clock of a very peculiar construction, which, after his death, was deposited in the British Museum. It told the hour by a little bell, and was kept in motion by a leaden bullet, which dropped from a spiral reservoir at the top of the clock, into a little ivory bucket. This was so contrived as to discharge it at the bottom, and by means of a counter-weight was carried up to the top of the clock, where it received another bullet, which was discharged as the former. This seems to have been an attempt at the perpetual motion.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1785, p. 931.

[3] Brian Duppa, successively Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester. Ob. 1662.

[4] Baptist Noel, second Viscount Campden, Lord Lieutenant of Rutlandshire. Ob. 1683.

31st. To White Hall, where my Lord and the principal officers met, and had a great discourse about raising of money for the Navy, which is in very sad condition, and money must be raised for it. Mr. Blackburne, Dr. Clerke, and I, to the Quaker, and dined there. I back to the Admiralty, and there was doing things in order to the calculating of the debts of the Navy and other business, all the afternoon. At night I went to the Privy Seal, where I found Mr. Crofts and Mathews making up all their things to leave the office to-morrow, to those that come to wait the next month.

August 1st. In the afternoon at the office, where we had many things to sign; and I went to the Council Chamber, and there got my Lord to sign the first bill, and the rest all myself; but received no money to-day.

2d. To Westminster by water with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, (our servants in another boat) to the Admiralty; and from thence I went to my Lord's to fetch him thither, where we stayed in the morning about ordering of money for the victuallers, and advising how to get a sum of money to carry on the business of the Navy. From thence W. Hewer and I to the office of Privy Seal, where I stayed all the afternoon, and received about £40 for yesterday and to-day, at which my heart rejoiced for God's blessing to me, to give me this advantage by chance, there being of this £40 about £10 due to me for this day's work. So great is the present profit of this office, above what it was in the King's time; there being the last month about 300 bills, whereas in the late King's time it was much to have 40. I went and cast up the expense that I laid out upon my former house (because there are so many that are desirous of it, and I am, in my mind, loth to let it go out of my hands, for fear of a turn.) I find my layings-out to come to about £20, which with my fine will come to about £22 to him that shall hire my house[1] of me.

3d. By coach with my wife to Dr. Clerke's to dinner. I was very much taken with his lady, a comely, proper woman, though not handsome, but a woman of the best language I ever heard.[2]

4th. To White Hall, where I found my Lord gone with the King by water to dine at the Tower with J. Robinson,[1] Lieutenant. I found my Lady Jemimah[2] at my Lord's, with whom I staid and dined, all alone; after dinner at the Privy Seal Office, signing things and taking money all day. I could not go to the Red Bull playhouse[3] as I had intended. So to a committee of Parliament, (Sir Heneage Finch,[4] chairman) to give them an answer to an order of theirs, "that we could not give them any account of the Accounts of the Navy in the years 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, as they desire."

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[1] In Axe Yard.

[2] Compare 2nd May, 1662; 13th January, 1662–3; and 6th July, 1664.

5th. (Lord's day.) After dinner to St. Margaret's; the first time I ever heard Common Prayer in that church. At Westminster stairs a fray between Mynheer Clinke and a waterman made good sport.

6th. This night Mr. Man offered me £1000 for my office of Clerk of the Acts, which made my mouth water; but yet I dare not take it till I speak with my Lord to have his consent.

7th. Mr. Moore and myself dined at my Lord's with Mr. Shepley. While I was at dinner in come Samuel Hartlibb,[5] and his brother-in-law,[6] now knighted by the King, to request my promise of a ship for them to Holland, which I had promised to get for them. After dinner to the Privy Seal all the afternoon. At night, meeting Samuel Hartlibb, he took me by coach to Kensington, to my Lord of Holland's; I staid in the coach while he went in about his business.

8th. To Mr. Butler's, to see his daughters. We found them very pretty, and Colonel Dillon[7] there, a very merry and witty companion.

9th. With Judge-Advocate Fowler, Mr. Creed, and Mr. Shepley, to the Rhenish wine-house,[8] and Captain Hayward of the Plymouth, who is now ordered to carry my Lord Winchilsea Embassador to Constantinople. We were very merry, and

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[1] Sir John Robinson, created a baronet for his services to Charles II., 1660, and had an augmentation to his arms. He was Lord Mayor of London, 1663. He retained the Lieutenancy of the Tower till 1678. A portrait of him is at Mr. Vernon Smith's, at Farming Woods, in Northamptonshire.

[2] Lady Jemima Montagu.

[3] It stood in St. John's Street, on what is now Red Bull Yard, St. John Street Road. See 23rd March, 1661.

[4] Solicitor-General, 1660; Lord Keeper, 1673; Chancellor, 1675; created Earl of Nottingham, 1681. Ob. 1682

[5] Samuel Hartlib, son of a Polish merchant, and author of several ingenious works on agriculture, for which he had a pension from Cromwell.

[6] Sir John Roder, or Roth. See *ante*, July 10th.

[7] Frances Butler's suitor: see *ante*, 25th July, and *post*, 31st Dec. 1662.

[8] In Channel, now Cannon Row, Westminster, at the end of a passage leading from King Street. It is mentioned again November 24, 1660. There was another Rhenish wine-house in Crooked Lane. See May 23, 1661.

Judge-Advocate did give Captain Hayward his Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy.

10th. With Mr. Moore and Creed to Hyde Park by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the Park, between an Irishman and Crow, that was once my Lord Claypoole's[1] footman. (By the way, I cannot forget that my Lord Claypoole did the other day make inquiry of Mrs. Hunt concerning my house in Axe Yard,[2] and did set her on work to get it of me for him, which methinks is a very great change.) Crow beat the other by above two miles. Unable to think of any thing, because of my constant business, not having read a new book or inquiring after any news. Many people look after my house in Axe Yard, to hire it, so that I am troubled with them. But blessed be God for my good chance of the Privy Seal, where I get every day I believe about £3. This place my Lord did give me by chance, neither he nor I thinking it to be of the worth that he and I find it to be.

12th. (Lord's day.) To my Lord, and with him to White Hall Chapel, where Mr. Calamy preached, and made a good sermon upon these words, "To whom much is given, of him much is required." He was very officious with his three reverences to the King, as others do. After sermon a brave anthem of Captain Cooke's,[2] which he himself sung, and the King was well pleased with it. My Lord dined at my Lord Chamberlain's.[3]

13th. My father tells me that he hath propounded Mr. John Pickering for Sir Thomas Honywood's daughter, which I think he do not deserve for his own merit. I know not what he may do for his estate.

14th. To the Privy Seal, and thence to my Lord's, where Mr. Pim, the tailor, and I agreed upon making me a velvet coat. From thence to the Privy Seal again, where Sir Samuel Morland come with a baronet's grant to pass, which the King had given him to make money of. Here we staid with him a great while; and he told me the whole manner of his serving the King in the time of the Protector; and how Thurloe's bad usage made him to do it; how he discovered Sir R. Willis, and how he had sunk his fortune for the King; and that now the King had given him a pension of £500 per annum out of the Post Office for life, and the benefit of two baronets; all which do make me begin to think that he is not so much a fool as I took him to be.[1] I did make even with Mr. Fairebrother for my degree of Master of Arts,[2] which cost me about £9 16*s.* At night good sport, having the girl and boy to comb my head.

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[1] John Lord Claypole married, in 1645, Elizabeth, second daughter of Oliver Cromwell, to whom he became Master of the Horse, and a Lord of the Bedchamber: he was also placed in his father-in-law's Upper House. During Richard Cromwell's time, he retained all his places at Court; and at the Restoration, never having made an enemy whilst his relations were in power, he was not molested, and lived till 1688. His father had been proceeded against in the Star Chamber, for resisting the payment of Ship Money, and was by Cromwell constituted Clerk of the Hanaper, and created a baronet.

[2] Henry Cooke, who had served in the Royal army, and obtained a captain's commission, was made, at the Restoration, Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal; he was an excellent musician; and died in 1672. He was one of the original performers in *The Siege of Rhodes*. Captains Cooke and Cocke require to be accurately distinguished.

[3] The Earl of Manchester.

15th. To the office, and after dinner by water to White Hall, where I found the King gone this morning by five of the clock to see a Dutch pleasure-boat[3] below bridge, where he dines, and my Lord with him. The King do tire all his people that are about him with early rising since he come.

16th. My Lord took leave, and so for Hinchingbroke. My Lady Jemimah and Mr. Thomas Crewe in the coach with him.

17th. At the Half Moon I saw Mr. Creed show the strangest emotions to shift off his drink I ever saw.

18th. Towards Westminster by water. I landed my wife at Whitefriars, with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth, of 26*s.* a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5; but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpit play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, "The Loyall Subject,"[4] where one Kinaston,[5] a boy, acted the Duke's sister [Olympia], but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life. After the play done, we went to drink, and, by Captain Ferrers' means, Kinaston, and another that acted Archas the General, came and drank with us.

19th. (Lord's day.) This morning Sir William Batten, Pen, and myself, went to church to the churchwardens, to demand a pew, which at present could not be given us; but we are resolved to have one built. So we staid, and heard Mr. Mills,[1] a very good minister. Home to dinner, where my wife had on her new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace; but that being of a light colour, and the lace all silver, it makes no great shew.

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[1] See 15th May, 1660.

[2] See *ante*, July 8th, and note.

[3] Afterwards noticed in Nov. 8th, 1660, and Jan. 13th, 1660-61.

[4] A Tragi-comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[5] Edward Kynaston, engaged by Sir W. Davenant, in 1660, to perform the principal female characters: he afterwards assumed the male ones in the first parts of tragedy, and continued on the stage till the end of King William's reign. He died in 1712. Who played Archas is unknown; but Betterton, as Downes tells us, was early distinguished for playing in *The Loyal Subject.*

20th. This afternoon at the Privy Seal, where reckoning with Mr. Moore, he had got £100 for me together, which I was glad of, guessing that the profit of this month would come to £100. With W. Hewer by coach to Worcester House,[2] where I light, sending him home with the £100 that I received today. Here I staid, and saw my Lord Chancellor come into his Great Hall, where wonderful how much company there was to expect him. Before he would begin any business, he took my papers of the state of the debts of the Fleet, and there viewed them before all the people, and did give me his advice privately how to order things to get as much money as we can of the Parliament.

21st. I met Mr. Crewe and dined with him, where there dined one Mr. Hickeman,[3] an Oxford man, who spoke very much against the height of the now old clergy, for putting out many of the religious fellows of colleges, and inveighing against them for their being drunk. To the Brazen Nose Tavern. It being post-night, I wrote to my Lord to give him notice that all things are well; that General Monk is made Lieutenant of Ireland, which my Lord Roberts[4] (made Deputy) do not like of, to be deputy to any man but the King himself.

22d. In the House, after the Committee was up, I met with Mr. G. Montagu, and joyed him in his entrance (this being his 3d day) for Dover. Here he made me sit all alone in the House, none but he and I, half an hour, discoursing how there was like to be many factions at Court between

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[1] Daniel Milles, D.D., thirty-two years rector of St. Olave's, Hart Street, and buried there October, 1689, aged sixty-three. In 1667, Sir Robert Brooks presented him to the rectory of Wanstead, which he also held till his death.

[2] See *ante* 13th July.

[3] Henry Hickman, a native of Worcestershire, took the degree of B.A. at St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge, and, migrating to Oxford, obtained a fellowship at Magdalen College, from the usurping powers, which he lost in 1660, to make room for the rightful owner. He then retired to Holland, and passed most of his time abroad, dying at Leyden in 1692. He wrote several theological tracts, and was considered a severe enemy to the ceremonies of the Church of England.

[4] John Robartes, second Lord Robartes, advanced to the Earldom of Radnor, 1679. Ob. 1685.

Marquis Ormond,[1] General Monk, and the Lord Roberts, about the business of Ireland; as there is already between the two Houses about the Act of Indemnity; and in the House of Commons, between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian men. Walked with Mr. Herring, the minister of St. Bride's.

23d. By water to Doctors' Commons, to Dr. Walker,[2] to give him my Lord's papers to view over, concerning his being empowered to be Vice-Admiral under the Duke of York. With Sir W. B. and Sir W. P. to dinner at a tavern in Thames Street, where they were invited to a roasted haunch of venison and other very good victuals and company. Thence by water to White Hall, to the Parliament House, where I spoke with Colonel Birch,[3] and so to the Admiralty chamber, where we and Mr. Coventry had a meeting about several businesses. Amongst others, it was moved that Phineas Pett,[4] (kinsman to the Commissioner) of Chatham, should be suspended his employment till he had answered some articles put in against him, as that he should formerly say that the King was a bastard and his mother a strumpet. Eat a musk melon,[5] the first I have tasted this year.

25th. This night W. Hewer brought me home from Mr. Pim's my velvet coat and cap, the first that ever I had.

26th. (Lord's day.) To the parish church, where we are placed in the highest pew of all. A stranger preached a tedious long sermon. To church again in the afternoon with my wife; in the garden and on the leads at night.

27th. Come a vessel of Northdown ale from Mr. Pierce, the purser, to me, and a brave Turkey-carpet and a jar of olives from Captain Cuttance, and a pair of fine turtle-doves from John Burr to my wife. Major Hart come to me, whom I did receive with wine and anchovies, which made me so dry, that I was ill with them all night, and was fain to have the girl rise and fetch me some drink.

28th. Colonel Scroope[6] is this day excepted out of the Act of Indemnity, which has been now long in coming out, but it is expected to-morrow. I carried home £80 from the Privy Seal, by coach.

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[1] James Butler, afterwards created Duke of Ormond, and K.G., and twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

[2] One of the Judges of the Admiralty.

[3] Colonel John Birch represented Leominster at that time, and afterwards Penryn. He was an active Member of Parliament.

[4] Employed by the Admiralty as a ship-builder.

[5] Melons were hardly known in England till Sir George Gardener brought one from Spain, when they became in general estimation. The ordinary price was five or six shillings.—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xix., p. 20.

[6] Colonel Adrian Scroope, one of the persons who sat in judgment upon Charles I.

29th. My wife discovered my boy Will's [Wayneman] theft, and a great deal more than we imagined, at which I was vexed, and intend to put him away.

30th. To White Hall, where I met with the Act of Indemnity, (so long talked-of and hoped for) with the Act of Rate for Poll-money, and for judicial proceedings. This the first day that ever I saw my wife wear black patches since we were married. My Lord come to town to-day.

31st. With my Lord to the Duke's chamber. He is ordered to go suddenly to sea.

September 1st. All this afternoon sending express to the fleet, to order things against my Lord's coming; and taking direction of my Lord about some rich furniture to take along with him for the Princess.[1] And talking after this, I hear by Mr. Townsend that there is the greatest preparation against the Prince de Ligne's[2] coming over from the King of Spain, that ever was in England, for their Embassador.

2d. Sunday to St. Margaret's; heard a good sermon upon "Teach us the right way," or something like it, wherein he [the preacher] ran over all the new tenets in policy and religion, that had brought us into all our late divisions.

3d. Up, and to Mr. ——, the goldsmith, where I bought my wedding-ring, and there, with much ado, got him to put a gold ring to the jewel which the King of Sweden did give my Lord: out of which my Lord had now taken the King's picture, and intends to make a George of it. About noon, my Lord, having taken leave of the King in the Shield Gallery,[3] (where I saw with what kindness the King did hug my Lord at his parting) I went over with him and saw him in his coach at Lambeth, and there took leave of him, he going to the Downs. I am to get my Lord a toilet-cap, and comb-case of silk, to make use of in Holland, for he goes to the Hague.

4th. Looking over the joiners, flooring my dining-room.

5th. I put away my boy,[4] and tore his indentures. Great news now-a-day of the Duke d'Anjou's[1] desire to marry the Princess Henrietta. Hugh Peters is said to be taken. The Duke of Gloucester is ill, and it is said it will prove the smallpox.

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[1] The Princess of Orange. See note 2, p. 58.

[2] Claude Lamoral, Prince de Ligne, had commanded the cavalry in the Low Countries, was afterwards Viceroy of Sicily, and Governor of Milan. He died at Madrid in 1679. He had married, by dispensation, his cousin Maria Clara of Nassau, widow of his brother Albert Henry, who had died without issue. In our own time, his descendant, the Prince de Ligne, was Ambassador Extraordinary from Belgium at the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

[3] At Whitehall.

[4] See 30th June, 1660, and 29th August, 1660.

6th. Sir W. Batten told me how Commissioner Pett did pay himself for the entertainment that he did give the King at Chatham at his coming in, and 20*s.* a day all the time he was in Holland, which I wonder at. I am unwilling to mix my fortune with him that is going down the wind. Sent all my books to my Lord's, in order to send them to my house that I now dwell in.

7th. My Lord set sail from the Downs for Holland.

8th. Drinking a glass of wine late and discoursing with Sir W. Pen. I find him to be a very sociable man, and an able man, and very cunning.

9th. (Sunday.) Major Hart come to see me in the garden, who tells me that we are all like to be speedily disbanded,[2] and then I lose the benefit of a muster.

10th. News of the Duke's intention to go to-morrow to the fleet for a day or two to meet his sister.

11th. Landing at the Bear, at the Bridge foot, we saw Southwark fair, I having not at all seen Bartholomew fair. I caused the girl to wash the wainscot of our parlour, which she did very well, which caused my wife and I good sport. The Duke of York did go to-day by break of day to the Downs. The Duke of Gloucester ill. The House or Parliament was to adjourn to-day.

12th. Looking after my workmen, whose laziness do much trouble me.

13th. My wife went to the burial of a child of my cousin Scott's; and it is observable that within this month my aunt Wright was brought to bed of two girls, my cousin Stradwick of a girl and boy, and my cousin Scott of a boy, and all died. Mr. Hawley did give me a little black rattoon,[3] painted and gilt. This day the Duke of Gloucester died of the smallpox, by the great negligence of the doctors.

14th. My mother very ill, at which my heart is very sick.

15th. To Westminster, where I met with Dr. Castles, who chid me for some error in our Privy Seal business; among the rest, for letting the fees of the six judges pass unpaid, which I know not what to say to, till I speak to Mr. Moore. I was much troubled, for fear of being forced to pay the money myself. Called at my father's going home, and bespoke mourning for myself, for the death of the Duke of Gloucester.

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[1] Only brother to Louis XIV.; he became Duke of Orleans on the death of his uncle.

[2] The train-bands.

[3] Probably an Indian rattan cane.

16th. (Lord's day.) My Lord of Oxford,[1] I am told, is also dead of the smallpox; in whom his family dies, after 600 years having that honour in their family and name. To the Park, where I saw how far they had proceeded in the Pell-mell, and in making a river through the Park, which I had never seen before since it was begun. Thence to White Hall Garden, where I saw the King in purple[2] mourning for his brother. A gentleman in the Poultry had a great and dirty fall over a water-pipe that lay along the channel.

17th. I did give my wife £15 to go to buy mourning things for her, which she did.

18th. This day I heard that the Duke of York, upon the news of the death of his brother yesterday, came hither by post last night. To the Mitre Tavern, in Wood Street, (a house of the greatest note in London) where I met W. Symons and D. Scobell, and their wives, Mr. Samford, Luellin, Chetwind, one Mr. Vivion, and Mr. White,[3] formerly chaplain to the Lady Protectress[4] (and still so, and one they say that is likely to get my Lady Frances for his wife). Here some of us fell to handicap, a sport that I never knew before, which was very good.

20th. To Major Hart's lodgings in Cannon Street, who used me very kindly with wine and good discourse, particularly upon the ill method which Colonel Birch and the Committee use in defending of the army and the navy; promising the Parliament to save them a great deal of money, when we judge that it will cost the King more than if they had nothing to do with it, by reason of their delays and scrupulous inquiries into the account of both.

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[1] This was untrue, because Aubrev de Vere, then Earl of Oxford, survived till 1703, when the title became extinct.

[2] "The Queen-mother of France," says Ward, in his *Diary*, p. 177, "died at Agrippina, 1642, and her son Louis, 1643, for whom King Charles mourned in Oxford in *purple, which is Princess mourning.*" Query: When was the custom discontinued?

[3] According to Noble, Jeremiah White married Lady Frances Cromwell's waiting-woman, in Oliver's lifetime, and they lived together fifty years. Lady Frances had two husbands, Mr. Robert Rich and Sir John Russell, of Chippenham, the last of whom she survived fifty-two years, dying 1721-2. The story is, that Oliver found White on his knees to Frances Cromwell, and that, to save himself, he pretended to have been soliciting her interest with her waiting-woman, whom Oliver compelled him to marry. Noble's *Life of Cromwell*, vol. ii., p. 151–152.

[4] Oliver Cromwell's wife.

21st. Upon the water saw the corpse of the Duke of Gloucester brought down Somerset House stairs, to go by water to Westminster, to be buried to-night.

22d. I bought a pair of short black stockings, to wear over a pair of silk ones for mourning; and I met with The. Turner and Joyce, buying of things to go into mourning, too, for the Duke, which is now the mode of all the ladies in town. This day, Mr. Edward Pickering is come from my Lord, and says that he left him well in Holland, and that he will be here within three or four days.

23d. (Lord's day.) Come one from my father's with a black cloth coat, made of my short cloak, to walk up and down in. To the Abbey, where I expected to hear Mr. Baxter or Mr. Rowe preach their farewell sermon, and in Mr. Symons's pew I heard Mr. Rowe. Before sermon I laughed at the reader, who in his prayer desires of God that He would imprint His word on the thumbs of our right hands, and on the right great toes of our right feet. In the midst of the sermon, some plaster fell from the top of the Abbey, that made me and all the rest in our pew afraid, and I wished myself out. This afternoon, the King having news of the Princess being come to Margate, he and the Duke of York went down thither in barges to her. To the Hope Tavern, and sent for Mr. Chaplin, who with Nicholas Osborne and one Daniel come to us, and we drank off two or three quarts of wine, which was very good; the drawing of our wine causing a great quarrel in the house between the two drawers which should draw us the best, which caused a great deal of noise and falling out till the master parted them, and came up to us, and did give a long account of the liberty that he gives his servants, all alike, to draw what wine they will to please his customers; and [we] eat above 200 walnuts.[1] Nicholas Osborne did give me a barrel of samphire, and showed me the keys of Mardyke[2] Fort, which he that was commander of the fort sent him as a token when the fort was demolished, and I will get them of him if I can.

24th. I arose from table, and went to the Temple Church, where I had appointed Sir W. Batten to meet him; and there at Sir Heneage Finch Solicitor-General's chambers, before him and Sir W. Wilde, Recorder of London, (whom we sent for from his chamber) we were sworn justices of peace for Middlesex, Essex, Kent, and Southampton; with which honour I did find myself mightily pleased, though I am wholly ignorant in the duties of a justice of peace. I went to Monsieur L'Impertinent [Mr. Butler] to a dancing meeting in Broad Street, at the house that was formerly the glass-house, Luke Channell master of the school, where I saw good dancing.

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[1] Which made him very ill next day, though the particulars are best omitted.

[2] A fort four miles east of Dunkirk, probably dismantled when that town was sold to Louis XIV.

25th. I did send for a cup of tee,[1] (a China drink) of which I never had drank before, and went away (the King and the Princess coming up the river[2] this afternoon as we were at our pay). My Lord told me how the ship that brought the Princess and him (the Tredagh) did knock six times upon the Kentish Knock, which put them in great fear for the ship; but got off well. He told me also how the King had knighted Vice-admiral Lawson and Sir Richard Stayner.

26th. To the church, to consult about our gallery.

28th. All the afternoon among my workmen, and did give them drink, and very merry with them, it being my luck to meet with a sort of drolling workmen on all occasions.

29th. This day, or yesterday, I hear, Prince Rupert[3] is come to court; but welcome to nobody.

October 1st. Mr. Mansell, a poor Reformado[4] of the Charles's, came to see me.

2d. At Will's, I met with Mr. Spicer, and with him to the Abbey to see them at vespers. There I found but a thin congregation.

3d. To my Lord's, who sent a great iron chest to White Hall; and I saw it carried into the King's closet, where I saw most incomparable pictures. Among the rest a book open upon a desk, which I durst have sworn was a real book. Back again to my Lord, and dined all alone with him, who did treat me with a great deal of respect; and after dinner did discourse an hour with me, and advise about some way to get himself some money to make up for his great expenses, saying that he believed that he might have any thing that he would ask of the King. This day I heard the Duke speak of a great design that he and my Lord of Pembroke have, and a great many others, of sending a venture to some parts of Africa to dig for gold ore there. They intend to admit as many as will venture their money, and so make themselves a company. £250 is the lowest share for every man. But I do not find that my Lord do much like it.

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[1] "Coffee, chocolate, and a kind of drink called *tee* sold in almost every street in 1659."—Rugge's *Diurnal*. "Tea was then so scarce in England that the infusion of it in water was taxed by the gallon, in common with chocolate and sherbert. Two pounds and two ounces were in the same year formally presented to the King, by the East India Company, as a most valuable oblation."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. viii., p. 141.

[2] "The Princess Royal came from Gravesend to Whitehall by water, attended by a noble retinue of about 100 persons, gentry, and servants, and tradesmen and tirewomen, and others, that took that opportunity to advance their fortunes, by coming in with so excellent a Princess as without question she is."—Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[3] Son of Frederick, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, afterwards styled King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, only sister to Charles I. Ob. 1682.

[4] That is, a discharged officer from the Royal Charles.

4th. I and Lieutenant Lambert[1] to Westminster Abbey, where we saw Dr. Frewen[2] translated to the Archbishoprick of York. Here I saw the Bishops of Winchester,[3] Bangor,[4] Rochester,[5] Bath and Wells,[6] and Salisbury,[7] all in their habits, in King Henry Seventh's chapel. But, Lord! at their going out, how people did most of them look upon them as strange creatures, and few with any kind of love or respect.

5th. Office day; dined at home to see my painters now at work upon my house.

6th. Colonel Slingsby[8] and I at the office, getting a catch[9] ready for the Prince de Ligne to carry his things away to-day, who is now going home again. I was to give my Lord an account of the stations and victuals of the fleet, in order to the choosing of a fleet fit for him to take to sea, to bring over the Queen.

7th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall on foot, calling at my father's to change my long black cloak for a short one (long cloaks being now quite out); but he being gone to church, I could not get one. I heard Dr. Spurstow[10] preach before the King a poor dry sermon; but a very good anthem of Captain Cooke's afterwards. To my Lord's, and dined with him; he all dinner-time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter with child, and that she do lay it to him, and that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet. And that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not.[11] So that the thing is very bad for the Duke and them all; but my Lord do make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the Duke to do abroad. After dinner to the Abbey, where I heard them read the church service, but very ridiculously. A poor cold sermon of Dr. Lamb's,[1] one of the prebendaries, in his habit, come afterwards, and so all ended.

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[1] See June 7th, 1661, and September 14th, 1665.

[2] Dr. Accepted Frewen, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

[3] Brian Duppa, translated from Salisbury.

[4] William Roberts.

[5] John Warner, ob. 1666, aged 86.

[6] William Pierce, translated from Peterborough, 1632.

[7] Humphrey Henchman, afterwards Bishop of London.

[8] Afterwards Sir Robert Slingsby.

[9] Or ketch, a small swift sailing vessel.

[10] William Spurstow, D.D., Vicar of Hackney and Master of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, both which pieces of preferment he lost for nonconformity, 1662.

[11] See May 6, 1661.

8th. At my father's about gilded leather for my dining-room.

9th. This morning Sir W. Batten with Colonel Birch to Deptford to pay off two ships. Sir W. Pen and I staid to do business, and afterwards together to White Hall, where I went to my Lord, and saw in his chamber his picture, very well done; and am with child till I get it copied out, which I hope to do when he is gone to sea. Our gentlemen and Mr. Prin [Prynne] dined together. I found Mr. Prin a good, honest, plain man, but in his discourse not very free or pleasant. Among all the tales that passed among us to-day, he told us of one Damford, that, being a black man, did scald his beard with mince-pie, and it came up again all white in that place, and continued to his dying day.

10th. At night comes Mr. Moore, and tells me how Sir Hards. Waller,[2] (who only pleads guilty) Scott, Coke,[3] Peters,[4] Harrison, &c., were this day arraigned at the bar of the Sessions House, there being upon the bench the Lord Mayor, General Monk, my Lord of Sandwich, &c.; such a bench of noblemen as had not been ever seen in England! They all seem to be dismayed, and will all be condemned without question. In Sir Orlando Bridgman's charge,[5] he did wholly rip up the unjustness of the war against the King from the beginning, and so it much reflects upon all the Long Parliament, though the King had pardoned them, yet they must hereby confess that the King do look upon them as traitors. To-morrow they are to plead what they have to say.

11th. To walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased. Above all the rest, I liked that which Mr. Greatorex[6] brought, which do carry up the water with a great deal of ease. Here, in the Park, we met with Mr. Salisbury, who took Mr. Creed and me to the Cockpit to see "The Moor of Venice," which was well done. Burt acted the Moor;[1] by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me called out, to see Desdemona smothered. With Mr. Creed to Hercules Pillars,[2] where we drank.

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[1] James Lamb, in 1662 made Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

[2] Sir Hardress Waller, Knight, one of Charles I.'s Judges. His sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

[3] Coke was Solicitor to the people of England.

[4] Hugh Peters, the fanatical preacher.

[5] Eldest son of John Bridgeman, Bishop of Chester, became, after the Restoration, successively Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and was created a baronet. He is ancestor of the present Earl of Bradford.

[6] A mathematical instrument maker.

12th. My Lady Sandwich come to town, and showed me most extraordinary love and kindness.

13th. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison[3] hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross. Setting up shelves in my study.

14th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall chapel, where one Dr. Crofts made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill-sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princess Royal since she came into England. Here I also observed, how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that parts the King's closet where the ladies sit.

15th. This morning Mr. Carew[4] was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross, but his quarters, by a great favour, are not to be hanged up.

16th. Being come home, Will [Hewer] told me that my Lord had a mind to speak with me to-night; so I returned by water, and, coming there, it was only to inquire how the ships were provided with victuals that are to go with him to fetch over the Queen, which I gave him a good account of. He seemed to be in a melancholy humour, which, I was told by W. Howe, was for that he had lately lost a great deal of money at cards, which he fears he do too much addict himself to now-a-days.

[1] Nicholas Burt ranked in the list of good actors after the Restoration, though he resigned the part of Othello to Hart.—Davis's *Dramatic Miscellany*.

[2] In Fleet Street.

[3] Thomas Harrison, son of a butcher at Newcastle-under-Line, appointed by Cromwell to convey Charles I. from Windsor to White Hall, in orde to his trial, and afterwards sat as one of his judges.

[4] John Carew, one of the regicides.

18th. This morning, it being expected that Colonel Hacker[1] and Axtell[2] should die, I went to Newgate, but found they were reprieved till to-morrow. The. Turner sent for a pair of doves that my wife had promised her; and because she did not send them in the best cage, she sent them back again with a scornful letter, with which I was angry, but yet pretty well pleased that she was crossed.

19th. This morning my dining-room was finished with green serge hanging and gilt leather, which is very handsome. This morning Hacker and Axtell were hanged and quartered, as the rest are. This night I sat up late to make up my accounts ready against to-morrow for my Lord.

20th. I dined with my Lord and Lady; he was very merry, and did talk very high how he would have a French cook, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange; but he is become a perfect courtier; and, among other things, my Lady saying that she could get a good merchant for her daughter Jem., he answered, that he would rather see her with a pedlar's pack at her back, so she married a gentleman, than she should marry a citizen. This afternoon, going through London, and calling at Crowe's,[3] the upholsterer's, in Saint Bartholomew's, I saw the limbs of some of our new traytors set upon Aldersgate, which was a sad sight to see; and a bloody week this and the last have been, there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered.

21st (Lord's day.) George Vines carried me up to the top of his turret, where there is Cooke's head set up for a traytor, and Harrison's set up on the other side of Westminster Hall. Here I could see them plainly, as also a very fair prospect about London.

22d. All preparing for my Lord's going to sea to fetch the Queen to-morrow. At night my Lord come home, with whom I staid long, and talked of many things. I got leave to have his picture, that was done by Lilly, copied.[4] He told me there hath been a meeting before the King and my Lord Chancellor, of some Episcopalian and Presbyterian Divines; but what had passed he could not tell me.

23d. One of Mr. Shepley's pistols, charged with bullets, flew off, and it pleased God that the mouth of the gun being downwards, it did us no hurt; but I think I never was in more danger in my life. About eight o'clock my Lord went; and going through the garden, Mr. William Montagu told him of an estate of land lately come into the King's hands, that he had a mind my Lord should beg. To which end my Lord writ a letter presently to my Lord Chancellor to do it for him, which (after leave taken of my Lord at White Hall bridge) I did carry to Warwick House to him; and had a fair promise of him, that he would do it this day for my Lord. In my way thither I met the Lord Chancellor and all the Judges riding on horseback and going to Westminster Hall, it being the first day of the term. Carried my Lord's picture to Mr. de Cretz to be copied.

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[1] Colonel Francis Hacker commanded the guards at the King's execution.

[2] Axtell had guarded the High Court of Justice.

[3] He is called "Alderman," *post.*, Oct. 15, 1668.

[4] Peter Lely, afterwards knighted. He lived in the Piazza. This portrait was bought by Lord Braybrooke at Mr. Pepys Cockerell's sale, in 1848, and is now at Audley End.

24th. Mr. Moore tells me, among other things, that the Duke of York is now sorry for his amour with my Lord Chancellor's daughter, who is now brought to bed of a boy.[1] To Mr. Lilly's,[2] where not finding Mr. Spong, I went to Mr. Greatorex, where I met him, and where I bought of him a drawing pen; and he did show me the manner of the lamp-glasses, which carry the light a great way, good to read in bed by, and I intend to have one of them; and we looked at his wooden jack in his chimney, that goes with the smoake, which indeed is very pretty. So to Mr. Lilly's with Mr. Spong, where well received, there being a clubb to-night among his friends. Among the rest, Esquire Ashmole,[3] who I found was a very ingenious gentleman. With him we two sang afterwards in Mr. Lilly's study. That done we all parted; and I home by coach, taking Mr. Rooker[4] with me, who did tell me a great many fooleries, which may be done by nativities, and blaming Mr. Lilly for writing to please his friends and to keep in with the times, (as he did formerly to his own dishonour) and not according to the rules of art, by which he could not well erre, as he had done.

25th. All day at home, doing something in order to the fitting of my house.

26th. By Westminster to White Hall, where I saw the Duke de Soissons[5] go from his audience with a very great deal of state: his own coach all red velvet covered with gold lace, and drawn by six barbes, and attended by twenty pages, very rich in clothes. To Westminister Hall, and bought, among other books, one of the Life of our Queen, which I read at home to my wife; but it was so sillily writ, that we did nothing but laugh at it: among other things, it is dedicated to that paragon of virtue and beauty, the Duchess of Albemarle. Great talk as if the Duke of York do now own the marriage between him and the Chancellor's daughter.

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[1] Born the 22nd.

[2] William Lilly, the astrologer and almanack-maker. He lived in the Strand.

[3] Elias Ashmole, the antiquary.

[4] Pepys surely wrote Rooker by mistake, for James Booker of Manchester, the astrologer, then living, and mentioned in *Hudibras*, in connection with Lilly, canto iii., 1093.

[5] Eugene Maurice of Savoy, youngest son of Thomas of Savoy, by Marie de Bourbon, Countess of Soissons, whose title he inherited. He married

27th. I went by chance to my new Lord Mayor's house, (Sir Richard Browne) by Goldsmith's Hall, which is now fitting, and indeed is a very pretty house. Coming back, I called at Paul's Churchyard, and bought Alstead's Encyclopædia, which cost me 38*s.* I dined with my Lady, my young Lord [Hinchingbroke], and Mr. Sidney [Montagu], who was sent for from Twickenham to see my Lord Mayor's show to-morrow.[1] To Westminster Abbey, where, with much difficulty, going round the cloysters, I got in; this day being a great day for the consecrating of five Bishopps,[2] which was done after sermon; but I could not get into Henry the Seventh's chappel. After dinner to White Hall chappel; my Lady and my Lady Jemimah and I up to the King's closet (who is now gone to meet the Queen). So meeting with one Mr. Hill, that did know my Lady, he did take us into the King's closet, and there we did stay all service-time, which I did think a great honour.

29th. I up early, it being my Lord Mayor's day[3] (Sir Richard Browne) and neglecting my office, I went to the Wardrobe, where I met my Lady Sandwich and all the children; and after drinking of some strange and incomparable good clarett of Mr. Remball's,[4] he[4] and Mr. Townsend[5] did take us, and set the young Lords at one Mr. Nevill's, a draper in Paul's church-yard; and my Lady, and my

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Olympia Mancini, one of the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin, more than suspected of poisoning practices (like the Brinvilliers). His youngest son was the celebrated General, Prince Eugene of Savoy.

[1] October 27th should be divided into 27th and 28th. It seems to include two dinners. Evelyn says, Charles went on the 28th to meet the Queen. See the following note.

[2] On the 28th five bishops were consecrated—viz., 1, George Griffith, *St. Asaph;* 2, Robert Sanderson, *Lincoln;* 3, Gilbert Sheldon, *London:* 4, Humphrey Henchman, *Salisbury;* 5, George Morley, *Worcester.*

[3] Now, by alterations of the style, November 9th.

[4] Or Rumbell. See Dec. 8th, 1661.

[5] Officers of the Wardrobe.

Lady Pickering[1] and I to one Mr. Isaacson's, a linen-draper at the Key in Cheapside; where there was a company of fine ladies, and we were very civilly treated, and had a very good place to see the pageants, which were many, and I believe good for such kind of things, but in themselves but poor and absurd. The show being done, we got to Paul's with much ado, and I went on foot with my Lady Pickering to her lodging, which was a poor one in Blackfryars, where she never invited me to go in at all, which methought was very strange. Lady Davis is now come to our next lodgings, and has locked up the leads' door from me, which puts me in great disquiet.

30th. I went to the Cockpit all alone, and there saw a very fine play called "The Tamer tamed;"[2] very well acted. I hear nothing yet of my Lord, whether he be gone for the Queen from the Downes or no; but I believe he is, and that he is now upon coming back again. We did read over the King's declaration in matters of religion, which is come out to-day, which is very well penned.

31st. Much troubled about my walk on the leades, but we are all unwilling to anger my Lady Davis.[3] Resolving to ride to Sir W. Batten's,[4] I sat up late, and was fain to cut an old pair of boots to make leathers for those I was to wear.

November 1st. This morning, Sir W. Pen and I were mounted early, and had very merry discourse all the way, he being very good company. We come to Sir W. Batten's, where he lives like a prince, and we were made very welcome. Among other things, he showed me my Lady's closet, wherein was great store of rarities; as also a chair, which he calls King Harry's chaire, where he that sits down is catched with two irons, that come round about him, which makes good sport. Here dined with us two or three more country gentlemen; among the rest, Mr. Christmas, my old school-fellow, with whom I had much talk. He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be—"The memory of the wicked shall rot"); but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time. He did make us good sport in imitating Mr. Case,[1] Ash, and Nye, the ministers; but a deadly drinker he is, and grown very fat.

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[1] Elizabeth Montagu, sister to the Earl of Sandwich, who had married Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart., of Nova Scotia, and of Tichmersh, co. Northampton.

[2] "The Woman's Prize, or Tamer Tamed," a comedy, by John Fletcher.

[3] Wife of Mr. Davis, belonging to the Navy Office. The appellation of my Lady is used in the same sense as the French word Madame.

[4] At Walthamstow.

2d. I went and saw some silver crosses put upon my Bible, which cost me 6*s.* 6*d.* the making, and 7*s.* 6*d.* the silver; the book comes in all to £1 3*s.* 6*d.* To White Hall, where I saw the boats coming very thick to Lambeth, and all the stairs to be full of people. I was told the Queen was a-coming[2]; so I got a sculler for sixpence to carry me thither and back again, but I could not get to see the Queen; so come back, and to my Lord's, where he was come; and I supt with him, he being very merry, telling me stories of the country mayors, how they entertained the King all the way as he come along; and how the country gentlewomen did hold up their heads to be kissed by the King, not taking his hand to kiss, as they should do. I took leave of my Lord and Lady, and so took coach at White Hall, and carried Mr. Childe[3] as far as the Strand, and myself got as far as Ludgate by all the bonfires, but with a great deal of trouble; and there the coachman desired that I would release him, for he durst not go further for the fires. In Paul's Church-yard I called at Kirton's,[4] and there they had got a masse book for me, which I bought, and cost me twelve shillings; and, when I come home, sat up late and read in it with great pleasure to my wife, to hear that she was long ago acquainted with it. I observed this night very few bonfires in the City, not above three in all London, for the Queen's coming; whereby I guess that (as I believed before) her coming do please but very few.

3d. Saturday. In the afternoon to White Hall, where my Lord and Lady were gone to kiss the Queen's hand.

4th. (Lord's day.) In the morn to our own church,[5] where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying "Glory be to the Father," &c., after he had read the two psalms: but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer. This declaration of the King's do give the Presbyterians some satisfaction, and a pretence to read the Common Prayer, which they would not do before because of their former preaching against it. After dinner to Westminster. In our way we called at the Bell, to see the seven Flanders mares that my Lord has bought lately. Then I went to my Lord's, and, having spoke with him, I went to the Abbey, where the first time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral. My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to weare a black patch.

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[1] Thomas Case, one of the Assembly of Divines, and some time rector of St. Giles's in the Fields, ob. 1682, aged 84. Simeon Ash, one of the leading Presbyterian Ministers. Philip Nye, who had been Minister of Kimbolton, and rector of Acton, Middlesex, retired after his nonconformity, and died in 1672.

[2] "Nov. 2. The Queen-mother and the Princess Henrietta came into London, the Queen having left this land nineteen years ago. Her coming was very private Lambeth-way, where the King, Queen, and the Duke of York, and the rest, took water, crossed the Thames, and all safely arrived at Whitehall."—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[3] Afterwards Sir Joshua Childe.

[4] A bookseller. See Dec. 23, 1661.

[5] St. Olave's, Hart Street.

5th. At the office at night, to make up an account of what the debts of nineteen of the twenty-five ships that should have been paid off, is increased since the adjournment of the Parliament, they being to sit again to-morrow. This 5th of November is observed exceeding well in the City; and at night great bonfires and fireworks.

6th. Mr. Chetwind told me that he did fear that this late business of the Duke of York's would prove fatal to my Lord Chancellor. To our office, where we met all, for the sale of two ships by an inch of candle, (the first time that ever I saw any of this kind) where I observed how they do invite one another, and at last how they all do cry,[1] and we have much to do to tell who did cry last. The ships were the Indian, sold for £1300, and the Half-moone, sold for £830. Fell a-reading of the tryalls of the late men that were hanged[2] for the King's death, and found good satisfaction in reading thereof.

7th. Went by water to my Lord, where I dined with him, and he in a very merry humour (present Mrs. Borkett and Childe) at dinner: he, in discourse of the great opinion of the virtue—gratitude, (which he did account the greatest thing in the world to him, and had, therefore, in his mind been often troubled in the late times how to answer his gratitude to the King, who raised his father) did say it was that did bring him to his obedience to the King; and did also bless himself with his good fortune, in comparison to what it was when I was with him in the Sound, when he durst not own his correspondence with the King; which is a thing that I never did hear of to this day before; and I do from this raise an opinion of him, to be one of the most secret men in the world, which I was not so convinced of before. After dinner he bid all go out of the room, and did tell me how the King had promised him £4000 per annum for ever, and had already given him a bill under his hand (which he showed me) for £4000 that Mr. Fox[1] is to pay him. My Lord did advise with me how to get this received, and to put out £3000 into safe hands at use, and the other he will make use of for his present occasion. This he did advise with me about with great secresy. After all this, he called for the fiddles and books, and we two and W. Howe, and Mr. Childe, did sing and play some psalmes of Will Lawes's,[2] and some songs; and so I went away. To Mr. Fox, who did use me very civilly, but I did not see his lady, whom I had so long known when she was a maid, Mrs. Whittle.[3] Notwithstanding this was the first day of the King's proclamation against hackney-coaches[4] coming into the streets to stand to be hired, yet I got one to carry me home.

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[1] *i.e.* bid.

[2] Thomas Harrison suffered on the 13th; John Carew on the 15th; John Cook and Hughes Peters on the 16th; Thomas Scott, Gregory Clement, Adrian Scroop, and John Jones, on the 17th; Daniel Axtel and Francis Hacker on the 19th October.

8th. On board the yacht,[5] which indeed is one of the finest things that ever I saw, for neatness and room, in so small a vessel. Home at two in the morning. My wife up, who shewed me her head, which was very well dressed.

9th. At the Hope Tavern, dinner given us by Mr. Ady and Mr. Wire, the King's fishmonger. Good sport with Mr. Talbot, who eats no sort of fish, and there was nothing else till we sent for a neat's tongue. My Lord had an organ set up to-day in his dining-room, an ugly one in the form of Bridewell. To wait at Sir Harry Wright's, where my Lord was busy at cards.

10th. The Comptroller[6] and I to the Coffee-house, where he showed me the state of his case; how the King did owe him above £6000. But I do not see great likelihood for them to be paid, since they begin already in Parliament to dispute the paying of the just sea-debts, which were already promised to be paid, and will be the undoing of thousands if they be not paid. I bought Montelion,[1] which this year do not prove so good as the last was; so after reading it I burned it: reading of that and the comedy of the Rump,[2] also very silly, I went to bed. Going home, I bought a goose.

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[1] Afterwards Sir Stephen Fox. See note to Nov. 20, 1660.

[2] Brother to Henry Lawes, the celebrated composer, and himself a chamber musician to Charles I., in whose service he took up arms, and was killed at the siege of Chester, 1645. The King regretted his loss severely, and used to call him the father of music.

[3] Elizabeth, daughter of William Whittle, of Lancashire, wife of Stephen Fox, who was knighted in 1665.

[4] "In April, 1663, the poor widows of hackney-coachmen petitioned for some relief, as the parliament had reduced the number of coaches to 400; there were before in and about London, more than 2000."—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[5] See *ante*, Aug. 15th, and *post.*, Jan. 13th, 1660–61.

[6] Sir Robert Slingsby, whose father, Sir Guildford Slingsby, had held the same office.

11th. (Lord's day.) To church in our new gallery, the first time it was used. There being no woman this day, we sat in the foremost pew, and behind our servants, and I hope it will not always be so, it not being handsome for our servants to sit so equal to us. I went to Mr. Fox at White Hall, when I first saw his lady, formerly Mrs. Elizabeth Whittle, whom I had formerly a great opinion of, and did make an anagram or two upon her name when I was a boy. She proves a very fine lady, and mother to fine children. I agreed with Mr. Fox about taking the £4000 of him that the King had given my Lord.

12th. To the Comptroller's house in Lime Street, a fine house, where I never was before. Agreed with Jack Spicer to help me to tell money this afternoon. My father and I discoursed seriously about my sister's coming to live with me, and yet I am much afraid of her ill nature. I told her plainly my mind was to have her come not as a sister but as a servant,[3] which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy.

13th. By water to the Wardrobe. A great deal of room in the house, but very ugly, till my Lord had bestowed great cost upon it. Found my wife making of pies and tarts to try her oven with, but not knowing the nature of it, did heat it too hot, and so a little overbake her things, but knows how to do better another time.

14th. Into Cheapside to Mr. Beachamps, the goldsmith, to look out a piece of plate to give Mr. Fox from my Lord, for his favour about the £4000, and did choose a gilt tankard.

15th. My Lord did this day show me the King's picture which was done in Flanders, that the King did promise my Lord before he ever saw him, and that we did expect to have had at sea before the King come to us; but it come but to-day, and indeed it is the most pleasant and the most like him that ever I saw picture in my life. As dinner was coming on table, my wife came to my Lord's, and I got her carried in to my Lady, who was just now hiring of a French maid that was with her, and [they] could not understand one another till my wife come to interpret. Here I did leave my wife to dine with my Lord, the first time he did ever take notice of her as my wife, and did seem to have a just esteem for her. To Mr. Fox, and by two porters carried away the other £1000. I had it of his kinsman, and did give him £4, and other servants something; but whereas I did intend to have given Mr. Fox himself a piece of plate of £50, I was demanded £50, the fee of the office, at 6*d*. a pound, at which I was surprised, but I did leave it there till I speak with my Lord. My wife I found much satisfied with my Lord's discourse and respect to her. To Sir W. Batten's to dinner, he having a couple of servants married to-day; and so there was a great number of merchants, and others of good quality, on purpose after dinner to make an offering, which, when dinner was done, we did, and I did give ten shillings and no more, though I believe most of the rest did give more, and did believe that I did so too.

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[1] "Montelion, the Prophetical Almanac for the year 1660, 8vo, with a frontispiece, by John Phillips." The Montelion for 1661 and 1662 were written by Thomas Flatman. It would appear that Pepys bought the Montelion for 1661, as there had not been one for 1659.—See Watt's *Bibliotheca*.

[2] "The Rump, or the Mirror of the late Times," a comedy, by John Tatham.

[3] See *post.*, Jan. 2, 1660–61.

19th. I went with the Treasurer[1] in his coach to White Hall, and in our way, in discourse, do find him a very good-natured man; and, talking of those men who now stand condemned for murdering the King, he says that he believes that if the law would give leave, the King is a man of so great compassion that he would wholly acquit them.

20th. Mr. Shepley and I to the new play-house[2] near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, (which was formerly Gibbon's tennis-court) where the play of "Beggar's Bush"[3] was newly begun: and so we went in, and saw it well acted: and here I saw the first time one Moone,[4] who is said to be the best actor in the world, lately come over with the King, and indeed it is the finest play-house, I believe, that ever was in England. This morning I found my Lord in bed late, he having been with the King, Queen, and Princesse, at the Cockpit [at Whitehall] all night, where General Monk treated them; and after supper a play,[1] where the King did put a great affront upon Singleton's musique,[2] he bidding them stop, and made the French musique play, which, my Lord says, do much outdo all ours. While my Lord was rising, I went to Mr. Fox's, and there did leave the gilt tankard for Mrs. Fox, and then to the counting-house to him, who hath invited me and my wife to dine with him on Thursday next, and so to see the Queene and Princesse.

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[1] Sir George Carteret.

[2] Killigrew's, or the King's House, opened for the first time, 8th Nov., 1660.

[3] The "Beggar's Bush," a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[4] Mohun, or Moone, the celebrated actor, who had borne a major's commission in the King's army. See *postea*, April 16, 1667.

21st. This morning my cozen, Thos. Pepys, the turner, sent me a cupp of lignum vitæ for a token. My wife and I went to Pater-Noster Rowe, and there we bought some greene-watered Moyre, for a morning wastecoate. And after that we went to Mr. Cade's to choose some pictures for our house. I to Pope's head[3] [Alley], and bought me an aggate-hafted knife, which cost me 5*s*. At night to my viallin (the first time that I have played on it since I come to this house) in my dining-roome, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbours come forth into the yard to hear me.

22d. This morning come the carpenters to make me a door at the other side of my house, going into the entry. My wife and I walked to the Old Exchange, and there she bought her a white whisk,[4] and put it on, and I a pair of gloves. To Mr. Fox's, where we found Mrs. Fox within, and an alderman of London paying £1000 or £1400 in gold upon the table for the King. Mr. Fox come in presently, and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chaire, and the two Princesses come to dinner. The Queen, a very little, plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garbe than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her haire frized short up to her eares did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she. Dinner being done, we went to Mr. Fox's again, where many gentlemen dined with us, and most princely dinner—all provided for me and my friends, but I bringing none but myself and wife, he did call the company to help to eate up so much good victualls. At the end of the dinner my Lord Sandwich's health, in the gilt tankard that I did give to Mrs. Fox the other day. To White Hall at about nine at night, and there, with Laud, the page that went with me, we could not get out of Henry the Eighth's gallery into the further part of the boarded gallery, where my Lord was walking with my Lord Ormond; and we had a key of Sir S. Morland's, but all would not do; till at last, by knocking, Mr. Harrison, the door-keeper, did open us the door, and, after some talk with my Lord about getting a Catch[1] to carry my Lord St. Albans's goods[2] to France, I parted and went home on foot.

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[1] Sir John Denham wrote the Prologue, of which there is a contemporary copy in the British Museum.

[2] John Singleton, appointed, 1660, one of the musicians of the sackbuts in place of William Lanier. From the sackbut he advanced to the violin, and lastly to the flute. He is mentioned by Dryden in *Mac Flecknoe*, and by Shadwell in Bury Fair. He died 1686, and was buried (7th April) in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

[3] Pope's Head Alley was at this time famous for its cutlers. See 20th June, 1662.

[4] A sort of tippet formerly worn by women.

24th. Creed and Shepley and I to the Rhenish Wine-House,[3] and there I did give them two quarts of Wormwood wine.[4] To my Lord's, where I dined with my lady, there being Mr. Childe and Mrs. Borkett, who are never absent at dinner there, under pretence of a wooing. From thence I to Mr. de Cretz, and did take away my Lord's picture, which is now finished for me, and I paid £3 10*s.* for it and the frame.

25th. (Lord's day.) In the forenoon I alone to our church, and after dinner I went and ranged about to many churches, among the rest to the Temple, where I heard Dr. Wilkins[5] a little, (late Master of Trinity, in Cambridge). I had a letter brought me from my Lord to get a ship ready to carry the Queen's things over to France, she being to go within five or six days.

26th. My father come and dined with me, who seems to take much pleasure to have a son that is neat in his house. I heard that my Lady Batten[6] had given my wife a visit, (the first that ever she made her) which pleased me exceedingly.

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[1] See *ante*, 6th Sept.

[2] Henry Jermyn, created Lord Jermyn 1614, advanced to the Earldom of St. Albans 1660, K.G. Ob. 1683, *s. p.* He was supposed to be married to the Queen Dowager.

[3] See *ante*, August 9th, and note.

[4] The Crême d'Absinthe is still a liqueur much liked in France.

[5] Richard Wilkins, D.D., brother-in-law of the Protector, made Bishop of Chester, 1668. Ob. 1672.

[6] Elizabeth Woodcock, evidently his second wife, as his daughter Martha is often mentioned, married Feb. 3, 1658–9, to Sir W. Batten; and secondly, in 1671, to a foreigner called, in the register of Battersea parish, Lord Leyenburg. Lady Leighenberg was buried at Walthamstow, Sept. 16, 1681.—Lysons's *Environs*. Sir James Barkman Leyenberg, the envoy

27th. To White Hall, where I found my Lord gone abroad to the Wardrobe, whither he do now go every other morning, and do seem to resolve to understand and look after the business himself. To Westminster Hall, and in King Street there being a great stop of coaches, there was a falling out between a drayman and my Lord Chesterfield's coachman, and one of his footmen killed. To my Lord's again, where I found my wife, and she and I dined with him and my Lady, and great company of my Lord's friends, and my Lord did show us great respect. To a play—"The Scornfull Lady,"[1] and that being done, I went homewards. Mr. Moore told me how the House had this day voted the King to have all the Excise for ever. This day I do also hear that the Queen's going to France is stopt, which do like me well, because then the King will be in town the next month, which is my month again at the Privy Seale.

28th. To White Hall to my Lord's, where Major Hart did pay me £23 14*s.* 9*d.*, due to me upon my pay in my Lord's troop, at the time of our disbanding.[2] Home, where I found that Mr. Creed had sent me the £11 5*s.* 0*d.* that is due to me upon the remaynes of account for my sea business, and my bill of impress for £30 is also cleared, so that I am wholly clear as to the sea in all respects.

30th. Sir G. Carteret did give us an account how Mr. Holland[3] do intend to prevail with the Parliament to try his project of discharging the seamen all at present by ticket,[4] and so promise interest to all men that will lend money upon them at eight per cent., for so long as they are unpaid; whereby he do think to take away the growing debt which do now lie upon the kingdom for lack of present money to discharge the seamen.

December 1st. This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and

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from Sweden, was resident in England till 1682, or later. See Jan. 21, 1666–7. His name occurs in *The Intelligencer*, 12th March, 1663–4, as delayed at Stockholm by a fever, though his despatches were ready. A hostile message appears to have passed between him and Pepys, in November, 1670, but the duel was prevented. Perhaps they quarrelled about the money due from Sir W. Batten to Pepys, for which the widow was liable.

[1] A Comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[2] As trained bands.

[3] John Holland was secretary to Sir G. Carteret, the Treasurer of the Navy, and was author of the *Discourse on the Navy*, mentioned in note, March 19, 1669.

[4] The system of tickets afterwards gave great trouble and caused much discontent.

basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed; but, before I went out, I left her appeased. Went to my Lord St. Albans's lodgings, and found him in bed, talking to a priest, (he looked like one) that leaned along over the side of the bed; and there I desired to know his mind about making the Katch stay longer, which I got ready for him the other day. He seems to be a fine, civil gentleman. There fell into our company old Mr. Flower and another gentleman, who did tell us how a Scotch knight was killed basely the other day at the Fleece[1] in Covent Garden, where there had been a great many formerly killed.

2d. (Lord's day.) To church, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon: so home to dinner. My wife and I all alone to a leg of mutton, the sawce of which being made sweet, I was angry at it, and eat none, but only dined upon the marrow-bone that we had beside.

3d. I rose by candle, and spent my morning in fiddling till time to go to the office. Come in my cozen Snow by chance, and I had a very good capon to dinner. So to the office again till night, and so home, and then come Mr. Davis of Deptford, (the first time that ever he was at my house) and after him Monsieur L'Impertinent [Mr. Butler], who is to go to Ireland to-morrow, and so come to take his leave of me. They both found me under the barber's hand; but I had a bottle of good sack in the house, and so made them very wellcome.

4th. To the Duke of York, and he tooke us into his closet, and we did open to him our project of stopping the growing charge of the Fleet, by paying them in hand one moyety, and the other four months hence. This he do like. This day the Parliament voted that the bodies of Oliver, Ireton, Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, should be taken up out of their graves in the Abbey, and drawn to the gallows, and there hanged and buried under it: which (methinks) do trouble me that a man of so great courage as he was should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough.

5th. After dinner went to the New Theatre [Killigrew's], and there I saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor" acted—the humours of the country gentleman and the French doctor very well done, but the rest but very poorly, and Sir J. Falstaffe[1] as bad as any.

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[1] "The Fleece Tavern, in York Street, Covent Gàrden," observes John Aubrey, in his Miscellanies, p. 31, "was very unfortunate for homicides; there have been several killed; three in my time. It is now (1692) a private house." In Rugge's *Diurnal* is the following entry:—"Nov., 1660. One Sir John Gooscall was unfortunately killed in the Fleece Tavern, Covent Garden, by one Balendin, a Scotchman, who was taken, and committed to the Gatehouse in this month."

6th. To my Lord, who told me of his going out of town to-morrow to settle the militia in Huntingdonshire, and did desire me to lay up a box of some rich jewels and things that there [are] in it, which I promised to do. After much free discourse with my Lord, who tells me his mind as to his enlargeing his family, &c., and desiring me to look him out a Master of the Horse, and other servants, we parted.

7th. To the Privy Seale, where I signed a deadly number of pardons, which do trouble me to get nothing by. I fell a-reading Fuller's History of Abbys,[2] and my wife in Great Cyrus[3] till twelve at night, and so to bed.

9th. (Lord's day.) Being called up early by Sir W. Batten, rose and went to his house, and he told me the ill news that he had this morning from Woolwich—that the Assurance (formerly Captain Holland's ship, and now Captain Stoakes's,[4] designed for Guiny, and manned and victualled) was by a gust of wind sunk down to the bottom. Twenty men drowned. Sir Williams both went by barge thither to see how things are, and I am sent to the Duke of York to tell him. I went to the Duke, and first calling upon Mr. Coventry at his chamber, I went to the Duke's bed-side, who had sat up late last night, and lay long this morning. This being done, I went to chapel, and sat in Mr. Blagrave's pew, and there did sing my part along with another before the King, and with much ease. I met with a letter from my Lord, commanding me to go to Mr. Denham,[5] to get a man to go to him to-morrow to Hinchingbroke, to contrive with him about some alteracions in his house, which I did, and got Mr. Kennard. Dined with my Lady, and had infinite of talk of all kind of things, especially of beauty of men and women, with which she seems to be much pleased to talk of. With Mr. Kennard to my Lady, who is much pleased with him, and after a glass of sack there, we parted, having taken order for a horse or two for him and his servant to be gone to-morrow. Thence home, where I hear that the Comptroller[1] had some business with me, and he shewed me a design of his, by the King's making an Order of Knights of the Sea, to give encouragement for persons of honour to undertake the service of the sea, and he had done it with great pains, and very ingeniously.

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[1] Played by Cartwright.

[2] Which formed part of his *Church History*, book VI.

[3] "Artamius, ou, Le Grand Cyrus, par Magdelaine de Scudery," the second of her works.

[4] John Stoakes, late captain of the Royal Henry.

[5] John Denham, created at the Restoration K.B., and Surveyor-General of all the King's buildings; better known as the author of *Cooper's Hill*. Ob. 1668.

10th. Up exceeding early to go to the Comptroller, but he not being up, and it being a very fine, bright, moonshine morning, I went and walked all alone twenty turnes in Cornhill, from Gracechurch Street corner to the Stockes, and back again.[2] It is expected that the Duke will marry the Lord Chancellor's daughter at last;[3] which is likely to be the ruine of Mr. Davis and my Lord Barkley, [of Stratton,] who have carried themselves so high against the Chancellor; Sir Charles Barkley[4] swearing that he and others had intrigued with her often, which all believe to be a lie.

11th. My wife and I up very early this day, and though the weather was very bad, and the wind high, yet my Lady Batten and her mayde, and we two, did go by our barge to Woolwich, (my Lady being very fearfull) where we found both Sir Williams, and much other company, expecting the weather to be better, that they might go about weighing up the Assurance, which lies there (poor ship, that I have been twice merry in, in Captain Holland's time) under water, only the upper deck may be seen, and the masts. Captain Stoakes is very melancholy, and being in search for some clothes and money of his, which he says he hath lost out of his cabin. I did the first office of a Justice of Peace to examine a seaman thereupon, but could find no reason to commit him. This last tide the Kingsale was also run aboard, and lost her main-mast, by another ship, which makes us think it ominous to the Guiny voyage, to have two of her ships spoilt before they go out. After dinner, my Lady being very fearfull, she staid and kept my wife there, and I and another gentleman, a friend of Sir W. Pen's, went back in the barge, very merry by the way, as far as White Hall in her. Mr. Moore hath persuaded me to put out £250 for £50 per annum for 8 years, and I think I shall do it.

12th. To the Exchequer, and did give my mother Bowyer a visit, and her daughters, the first time that I did see them since

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[1] Sir R. Slingsby.

[2] "Near the Conduit, on Cornhill, was a strong prison, made of timber, called a cage, with a pair of stockes set upon it, and this was for night-walkers."—Maitland's *Hist. of London*, vol. ii., p. 903.

[3] He had married her on the 3d. September previous.

[4] Afterwards created Earl of Falmouth.

I went last to sea. My father did offer me six pieces of gold, in lieu of six pounds that he borrowed of me the other day, but it went against me to take it of him, and therefore did not. Home and to bed, reading myself asleep, while the wench sat mending my breeches by my bedside.

14th. The Comptroller told me among other persons that were heretofore the principal officers of the Navy, there was one Sir Peter Buck,[1] a Clerk of the Acts, of which to myself I was not a little proud.

16th. In the afternoon I to White Hall, where I was surprised with the news of a plot against the King's person and my Lord Monk's; and that since last night there are about forty taken up on suspicion; and, amongst others, it was my lot to meet with Simon Beale, the Trumpeter, who took me and Tom Doling into the Guard in Scotland Yard, and showed us Major-General Overton.[2] Here I heard him deny that he is guilty of any such things; but that whereas it is said that he is found to have brought many armes to towne, he says it is only to sell them, as he will prove by oath. To my Lady's, and staid with her an hour or two, talking of the Duke of York and his lady, the Chancellor's daughter, between whom, she tells me, that all is agreed, and he will marry her. But I know not how true yet.

17th. To the office, where both Sir Williams were come from Woolwich, and tell us that, contrary to their expectations, the Assurance is got up, without much damage to her body, only to the goods that she had within her, which argues her to be a strong, good ship. This day my parlour is gilded, which do please me well.

18th. All day at home, without stirring at all, looking after my workmen.

19th. This night Mr. Gauden[3] sent me a great chine of beef, and half a dozen of toungs.

20th. All day at home with my workmen, that I may get all done before Christmas. This day I hear that the Princess Royall has the smallpox.

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[1] Peter Buck, secretary to Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, the Lord High Admiral, and afterwards knighted. Our Diarist aspired to a similar distinction. Buck is described in Pepys's Book of *Signs Manual*, as "Clerk of the Acts of the Navy in 1608."

[2] See March 6, 1659-60, and note.

[3] Dennis Gauden, Victualler to the Navy, subsequently knighted, while Sheriff of London: the large house at Clapham in which Pepys died was built by him, and intended as a palace for the Bishops of Winchester; his brother, Dr. John Gauden, at that time having expected to be translated from Exeter to that See, but he was promoted to Worcester. Sir Dennis was ultimately ruined, and his villa purchased by William Hewer.

21st. They told me that this is St. Thomas's, and that, by an old custome, this day the Exchequer men had formerly, and do intend this night to have a supper; which, if I could, I promised to come to, but did not. To my Lady's, and dined with her: she told me how dangerously ill the Princess Royal is: and that this morning she was said to be dead. But she hears that she hath married herself to young Jermyn,[1] which is worse than the Duke of York's marrying the Chancellor's daughter, which is now publicly owned.

22d. Went to the Sun taverne, on Fish Street hill, to a dinner of Captain Teddiman's,[2] where was my Lord Inchiquin,[3] (who seems to be a very fine person) Sir W. Pen, Captain Cuttance, and one Mr. Lawrence,[4] (a fine gentleman, now going to Algiers) and other good company, where we had a very fine dinner, good musique, and a great deal of wine. I very merry. Went to bed: my head aching all night.

23d. (Lord's day.) In the morning to Church, where our pew all covered with rosemary and baize. A stranger made a dull sermon. Home, and found my wife and maid with much ado had made shift to spit a great turkey sent me this week from Charles Carter, my old colleague, now minister in Huntingdonshire, but not at all roasted, and so I was fain to stay till two o'clock, and after that to church with my wife, and a good sermon there was, and so home.

24th. Commissioner Pett told me that he had lately presented a piece of plate (being a couple of flaggons) to Mr. Coventry, but he did not receive them, which also put me upon doing the same, too; and so after dinner I went and chose a payre of candlesticks to be made ready for me at Alderman Backwell's. This day the Princess Royall died at White Hall.

25th. (Christmas day.) In the morning to church, where Mr. Mills made a very good sermon. Home to dinner, where my brother Tom (who this morning come to see my wife's new mantle put on, which do please me very well) to a good shoulder of mutton and a chicken. After dinner to church again, my wife and I, where we had a dull sermon of a stranger, which made me sleep.

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[1] Henry Jermyn, Master of the Horse to the Duke of York.

[2] Afterwards Admiral Sir Thomas Teddiman.

[3] Murrough O'Brien, sixth baron of Inchiquin, in Ireland, advanced to the dignity of an earl about this time.

[4] Afterwards Sir John Lawrence.

26th. To my Lord's, where I found Sir Thomas Bond[1] (whom I never saw before) with a message from the Queene about vessells for the carrying over of her goods. To White Hall by water, and dined with my Lady Sandwich, who at table did tell me how much fault was laid upon Dr. Frazer and the rest of the Doctors, for the death of the Princess.[2] My Lord did dine this day with Sir Henry Wright, in order to his going to sea with the Queen.

27th. To Alderman Backwell's again, where I found the candlesticks done, and went along with him in his coach to my Lord's, and left the candlesticks with Mr. Shepley. This afternoon there came in a strange lord to Sir William Batten's by a mistake, and takes discourse with him, so that we could not be rid of him till Sir Arn[old] Breames,[3] and Mr. Bens, and Sir W. Pen, fell a-drinking to him till he was drunk, and so sent him away. About the middle of the night I was very ill—I think with eating and drinking too much—and so I was forced to call the mayde, who pleased my wife and I in her running up and down so innocently in her smock.

28th. Staid within all the afternoon and evening, at my lute, with great pleasure.

29th. Several people to speak with me: Mr. Shepley for £100; Mr. Kennard and Warren[4] the merchant about deales for my Lord; Captain Robert Blake lately come from the Streights about some Florence wine for my Lord. To Alderman Backwell's, and took a brave state-plate and cupp in lieu of the candlesticks that I had the other day, and carried them by coach to my Lord's, and left them there. Home with my father, he telling me what bad wives both my cozen Joyces make to their husbands, which I much wondered at. After talking of my sister's coming to me next week, I went home and to bed.

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[1] Sir Thomas Bond was a Roman Catholic; Comptroller of the Household to the Queen Dowager; created a baronet in 1658 by Charles II., to whom in exile, he had advanced large sums. He died in 1685, and lies buried at Camberwell, in which parish he had purchased an estate at Peckham, and built a house, alienated by his son, Sir Henry, to Chief Justice Trevor.

[2] She died 24th December, 1660.

[3] Sir Arnold Breames, or Brahams, of Bridge Court, Kent, was son of Charles Breames, of Dover, and was knighted at Canterbury, 27th May, 1660. He married, first, Joana, daughter of Walter Henflete (or Septvans); secondly, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Dudley Digges, Master of the Rolls; and thirdly, Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Palmer, of Wingham, Bart.

[4] Charles II., April 12, 1662, knighted a rich tradesman of Wapping, named William Warren. Le Neve says he was "a great builder of ships for King Charles II." And there is still in that parish a place called "Sir William Warren's Square," built on the site of the knight's residence.

30th. (Lord's day.) Being up, I went with Will to my Lord's, calling in at many churches in my way. There I found Mr. Shepley in his Venetian cap, taking physic in his chamber. Mr. Childe and I spent some time at the lute. I to the Abby, and walked there, seeing the great confusion of people that come there to hear the organs.

31st. In Paul's Church-yard I bought the play of Henry the Fourth, and so went to the new Theatre [Killigrew's] and saw it acted; but my expectation being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book, I believe did spoil it a little. That being done, I went to my Lord's, where I found him private at cards with my Lord Lauderdale, and some persons of honour, my boy taking a cat home with him from my Lord's, which Sarah had given him for my wife, we being much troubled with mice. At White Hall we inquiring for a coach, there was a Frenchman with one eye that was going my way, so he and I hired the coach between us, and he set me down in Fenchurch Street. Strange, how the fellow, without asking, did tell me all what he was, and how he had run away from his father, and come into England to serve the King, and now going back again, &c.

1660–61

At the end of the last and the beginning of this year, I do live in one of the houses belonging to the Navy Office, as one of the principal officers, and have done now about half-a-year; my family being, myself, my wife, Jane, Will. Hewer, and Wayneman,[1] my girl's brother. Myself in constant good health, and in a most handsome and thriving condition. Blessed be Almighty God for it! As to things of State—the King settled, and loved of all. The Duke of York matched to my Lord Chancellor's daughter, which do not please many. The Queen upon her returne to France with the Princess Henrietta.[2] The Princess of Orange[3] lately dead, and we into new mourning for her. We have been lately frighted with a great plot, and many taken up on it, and the fright not quite over.[1] The Parliament, which had done all this great good to the King, beginning to grow factious, the King did dissolve it December 29th last, and another likely to be chosen speedily. I take myself now to be worth £300 clear in money, and all my goods, and all manner of debts paid, which are none at all.

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[1] It would appear from this notice of the boy Wayneman, that he was forgiven, and continued in Pepys's service.

[2] Youngest daughter of Charles I., married soon after to Philip Duke of Orleans, only brother of Louis XIV. She died suddenly in 1670, not without suspicion of having been poisoned.

[3] Or Princess Royal. See *ante*, note to May 16th and December 21st.

1660–61. January 1st. Mr. Moore, to my great comfort, tells me that my fees will come to £80 clear to myself, and about £25 for him, which he hath got out of the pardons, though there be no fees due to me at all out of them. Then comes in my brother Thomas, and after him my father, Dr. Thomas Pepys, my uncle Fenner and his two sons, (Anthony's only child dying this morning, yet he was so civil to come, and was pretty merry) to breakfast; and I had for them a barrel of oysters, a dish of neat's tongues, and a dish of anchovies, wine of all sorts, and Northdowne ale. We were very merry till about eleven o'clock, and then they went away. At noon I carried my wife by coach to my cozen, Thomas Pepys, where we, with my father, Dr. Thomas, cozen Hardwick, Scott, and their wives, dined. Here I saw first his second wife, which is a very respectfull woman; but his dinner a sorry, poor dinner for a man of his estate, there being nothing but ordinary meat in it. To-day the King dined at a lord's two doors from us. Mr. Moore and I went to Mr. Pierce's; in our way seeing the Duke of York bring his Lady to-day to wait upon the Queen, the first time that ever she did since that business; and the Queen is said to receive her now with much respect and love; and there he cast up the fees, and I told the money, by the same token the £100 bag, after I had told it, fell all about the room, and I fear I have lost some of it. Supped with them and Mr. Pierce, the purser, and his wife and mine, where we had a calf's head carboned, but it was raw—we could not eat it—and a good hen. But she is such a slut that I do not love her victualls.

2d. My Lord did give me many commands in his business: as about taking care to write to my uncle that Mr. Barnewell's papers should be locked up, in case he should die, he being now suspected to be very ill. Also about consulting with Mr. W. Montagu for the settling of the £4000 a year that the King had promised my Lord: as also about getting Mr. George Montagu to be chosen at Huntingdon this next Parliament, &c. That done, he to White Hall stairs with much company, and I with him; where we took water for Lambeth, and there coach for Portsmouth. The Queen's things were all in White Hall Court, ready to be sent away, and her Majesty ready to be gone an hour after to Hampton Court to-night, and so to be at Portsmouth on Saturday next. Home to dinner, where I found Pall (my sister) was come; but I do not let her sit down at table with me,[1] which I do at first that she may not expect it hereafter from me. To Mr. George Montagu about the business of election, and he did give me a piece in gold; so to my Lord's, and got the chest of plate brought to the Exchequer, and my brother Spicer put into his treasury. I took a turne in the Hall. and bought the King and Chancellor's speeches at the dissolving the Parliament last Saturday. This day I left Sir W. Batten and Captain Rider my chine of beefe for to serve to-morrow at Trinity House, the Duke of Albemarle being to be there, and all the rest of the Brethren, it being a great day for the reading over of their new charter, which the King hath newly given them.

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[1] "A great rising in the city of the Fifth-Monarchy men, which did very much disturb the peace and liberty of the people, so that the train-bands arose in arms, both in London and Westminster, as likewise all the King's guards; and most of the noblemen mounted, and put all their servants on coach horses, for the defence of His Majesty, and the peace of the kingdom."—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

3d. To the Theatre, where was acted "Beggar's Bush," it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage.

4th. Office all the morning, my wife and Pall being gone to my father's to dress dinner for Mr. Honiwood, my mother being gone out of town. I had been early this morning at White Hall, at the Jewell Office,[2] to choose a piece of gilt plate for my Lord, in returne of his offering to the King (which it seems is usual at this time of year, and an Earle gives twenty pieces in gold in a purse to the King). I chose a gilt tankard, weighing 31 ounces and a half, and he is allowed 30; so I paid 12*s*. for the ounce and half over what he is to have: but strange it was for me to see what a company of small fees I was called upon by a great many to pay there, which, I perceive, is the manner that courtiers do get their estates. After dinner, Mr. Moore and I to the theatre, where was "The Scornefull Lady" acted very well, it being the first play that ever he saw.

5th. The great Tom Fuller come to me to desire a kindness for a friend of his,[1] who hath a mind to go to Jamaica with these two ships that are going, which I promised to do. Staying in Paul's Churchyard, to bespeak Ogilby's Æsop's fables and Tully's Officys to be bound for me.

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[1] See *ante*, Nov. 12th.

[2] Several of the Jewel Office Rolls are in the British Museum. They recite all the sums of money given to the King, and the particulars of all the plate distributed in his name, as well as gloves and sweetmeats. The Museum possesses these rolls for the 4th, 9th, 18th, 30th, and 31st Eliz.; for the 13th Charles I., and the 23rd, 26th, and 27th of Charles II.

6th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I to church this morning. To church again, where, before sermon, a long Psalm was set that lasted an houre, while the sexton gathered his year's contribucion through the whole church. After sermon home, and there I went to my chamber, and wrote a letter to send to Mr. Coventry with a piece of plate along with it, which I do preserve among my other letters.

7th. This morning, news was brought to me to my bed-side, that there had been a great stir in the City this night by the Fanatiques,[2] who had been up and killed six or seven men, but all are fled. My Lord Mayor and the whole City had been in armes, above 40,000. Tom and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw "The Silent Woman." Among other things here, Kinaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant; and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house; and lastly, as a man; and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house. From thence by link to my cozen Hardwicke's, where my father and we and Dr. Pepys, Scott and his wife, and one Mr. Ward and his; and after a good supper, we had an excellent cake, where the mark for the Queen was cut, and so there was two queenes, my wife and Mrs. Ward; and the King being lost, they chose the Doctor to be king: so we made him send for some wine, and then home. In our way we were in many places strictly examined, more than in the worst of times, there being great fears of these Fanatiques rising again: for the present, I do not hear that any of them are taken.

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[1] Peter Beckford, who resided in Dr. Fuller's neighbourhood. Mr. Beckford, of Maidenhead, tailor, left two sons, one of whom, Thomas, a clothworker, became Sheriff of London, and was knighted on the 29th December, 1667. He is the slop-seller mentioned *postea*, Feb. 21, 1667–8. His brother Peter Beckford, probably the person alluded to in Jan. 1, 1668–9, had a son of the same names, who rose to the rank of Colonel in the army, having estates in Jamaica, and settling in that island. He became President of the Council there, in the latter part of Charles II.'s reign; was made Governor and Commander-in-Chief by William III., and died immensely rich. Governor Beckford had a son of the same names, who was father of the well-known Alderman Beckford, and grandfather of the late owner of Fonthill.

[2] Headed by the notorious Thomas Venner, the Fifth-Monarchy man, a cooper, and preacher to a conventicle in Coleman Street. He was a violent enthusiast and leader in this Insurrection, and badly wounded before he could be taken, fighting with courage amounting to desperation.

8th. To Westminster, where I dined with my Lady. After dinner I took my Lord Hinchingbroke and Mr. Sidney to the Theatre, and shewed them "The Widdow,"[1] an indifferent good play, but wronged by the women's being much too sad in their parts. That being done, my Lord's coach waited for us, and so back to my Lady's, where she made me drink of some Florence wine, and did give me two bottles for my wife. Some talk to-day of a head of Fanatiques that do appear about, but I do not believe it. However, my Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Browne, hath carried himself very honourably, and hath caused one of their meeting-houses in London to be pulled down.

9th. Waked in the morning about six o'clock by people running up and down in Mr. Davis's house, talking that the Fanatiques were up in armes in the City. And so I rose and went forth: where in the street I found every body in armes at the doors. So I returned (though with no good courage at all, but that I might not seem to be afraid) and got my sword and pistol, which, however, I had no powder to charge; and went to the door, where I found Sir R. Ford,[2] and with him I walked up and down as far as the Exchange, and there I left him. In our way, the streets full of train-bands, and great stir. What mischief these rogues have done! and I think near a dozen had been killed this morning on both sides. The shops shut, and all things in trouble. Home to my lute till late, and then to bed, there being strict guards all night in the city, though most of the enemies, they say, are killed or taken.[3]

10th. There comes Mr. Hensly to me, and brings me my money for the quarter of a year's salary of my place under Downing that I was at sea: so I did give him half, whereof he did in his noblenesse give the odd 5*s*. to my Jane. Talking of his wooing afresh to Mrs. Lane, and of his going to serve the Bishop of London. After dinner, Will comes to tell me that he had presented my piece of plate to Mr. Coventry, who takes it very kindly, and sends me a very kind letter, and the plate back again; of which my heart is very glad. Mr. Davis told us the particular examinations of these Fanatiques that are taken: and in short it is this, these Fanatiques that have routed all the train-bands that they met with, put the King's life-guards to the run, killed about twenty men, broke through the City gates twice; and all this in the day-time, when all the City was in armes;—are not in all above 31. Whereas we did believe them (because they were seen up and down in every place almost in the City, and had been in Highgate[1] two or three days, and in several other places) to be at least 500. A thing that never was heard of, that so few men should dare and do so much mischief. Their word was, "The King Jesus, and their heads upon the gates." Few of them would receive any quarter, but such as were taken by force and kept alive; expecting Jesus to come here and reign in the world presently, and will not believe yet. The King this day come to towne.

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[1] "The Widow," a Comedy, by B. Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton.

[2] Lord Mayor of London, 1671.

[3] For a contemporary account of the trials and execution of these Fanatics, see Somers's *Tracts*, vol. vii., p. 469; Sir W. Scott's edition.

11th. (Office day.) This day comes news, by letters from Portsmouth, that the Princess Henrietta is fallen sick of the meazles on board the London, after the Queen[2] and she was under sail. And so was forced to come back into Portsmouth harbour; and in their way, by negligence of the pilot, run upon the Horse sand. The Queen and she continued aboard, and do not intend to come on shore till she sees what will become of the young Princess. This newes do make people think something indeed, that three of the Royal Family should fall sick of the same disease, one after another. This morning, likewise, we had order to see guards set in all the King's yards; and so Sir William Batten goes to Chatham, Colonel Slingsby and I to Deptford and Woolwich. Portsmouth being a garrison, needs none. To the coffee-house, where I met Captain Morrice, the upholsterer, who would fain have lent me a horse to-night, to have rid with him upon the city-guards, with the Lord Mayor, there being some new expectations of these rogues: but I refused, by reason of my going out of town to-morrow. So home to bed.

12th. With Colonel Slingsby and a friend of his, Major Waters, (a deafe and most amorous melancholy gentleman, who is under a despayr in love, as the Colonel told me, which makes him bad company, though a most good-natured man) by water to Redriffe, and so on foot to Deptford. We fell to choosing four captains to command the guards, and choosing the place where to keep them, and other things in order there-unto. Never till now did I see the great authority of my place, all the captains of the fleete coming cap in hand to us. I went home with Mr. Davis,[1] storekeeper, (whose wife is ill, and so I could not see her) and was there most prince-like lodged, with so much respect and honour, that I was at a loss how to behave myself.

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[1] In Ken, or Caen Wood, to which place Venner retreated with his followers. (See Neal's *History of the Puritans.*) The extent of Ken Wood must not be estimated by the small portion now surrounding Lord Mansfield's mansion. Ken Wood formed only a part of the large forest belonging to the See of London.

[2] Henrietta Maria.

13th. (Lord's day.) To the Globe to dinner, and then with Commissioner Pett to his lodgings there, (which he hath for the present, while he is in building the King's yacht, which will be a very pretty thing, and much beyond the Duchman's) and from thence by coach to Greenwich church, where a good sermon, a fine church, and a great company of handsome women. And so I to Mr. Davis's to bed again. But no sooner in bed, but we had an alarme, and so we rose: and the Comptroller[2] comes into the yard to us; and seamen of all the ships present repair to us, and there we armed with every one a handspike, with which they were as fierce as could be. At last we hear that it was five or six men that did ride through the guard in the towne, without stopping to the guard that was there; and some say shot at them. But all being quiet there, we caused the seamen to go on board again.

14th. The armes being come this morning from the Tower, we caused them to be distributed. I spent much time with Lieutenant Lambert, walking up and down the yards, and he dined with us. After dinner, Mrs. Pett lent us her coach, and carried us to Woolwich, where we did also dispose of the arms there, and settle the guards.

15th. Up and down the yard all the morning, and seeing the seamen exercise, which they do already very handsomely. Then to dinner at Mr. Ackworth's,[3] where there also dined with us one Captain Bethell,[4] a friend of the Comptroller's. A good dinner, and very handsome. After that, and taking of our leave of the officers of the yard, we walked to the water-side, and in our way walked into the rope-yard, where I do look into the tar-houses and other places, and took great notice of all the several works belonging to the making of a cable. So after a cupp of burnt wine at the taverne there, we took barge and went to Blackwall, and viewed the dock, and the new West dock, which is newly made there, and a brave new merchantman which is to be launched shortly, and they say to be called the Royal Oake. Hence we walked to Dick-Shoare,[1] and thence to the Towre, and so home. I perceive none of our officers care much for one another, but I do keep in with them all as much as I can. This day I hear the Princess is recovered again. The King hath been this afternoon at Deptford, to see the yacht[2] that Commissioner Pett[3] is building, which will be very pretty; as also that his brother[4] at Woolwich is making.

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[1] See *ante*, 3rd December.

[2] Sir Robert Slingsby.

[3] Mr. Ackworth seems to have held some office in Deptford Yard. He is frequently mentioned.

[4] Mary Slingsby (daughter of Sir Henry Slingsby), first cousin to the Comptroller, Col. Robt. Slingsby (afterwards, on the 18th March, created a Baronet), married Sir Walter Bethell, of Alne, in Yorkshire, Knt., father of Sir Hugh Bethell, Knt., of Slingsby Bethell, Sheriff of London in 1680, and of Wm. Bethell, D.D. The Captain Bethell here named is probably Sir Walter Bethell.

16th. This morning I went early to the Comptroller's, and so with him by coach to White Hall, to wait upon Mr. Coventry, to give him an account of what we have done, which having done, I went away to wait upon my Lady; but coming to her lodgings, I hear that she is gone this morning to Chatham by coach, thinking to meet me there, which did trouble me exceedingly, and [I] did not know what to do, being loth to follow her, and yet could not imagine what she would do when she found me not there. In this trouble, I went to take a walk in Westminster Hall, and by chance met with Mr. Childe, who went forth with my Lady to-day, but his horse being bad, he come back again, which then did trouble me more, so that I did resolve to go to her; and so by boate home, and put on my boots, and so over to Southwarke to the post-house, and there took horse and guide to Dartford, and then to Rochester, (I having good horses and good way, come thither about half an hour after daylight, which was before six o'clock, and I set forth after her) where I found my Lady and her daughter Jem., and Mrs. Browne[5] and five servants, all at a great loss, not finding me here, but at my coming she was overjoyed. The sport was, how she had intended to have kept herself unknown, and how the Captaine[1] (whom she had sent for) of the Charles had forsoothed[2] her, though he knew her well enough and she him. In fine, we supped merry, and so to bed, there coming several of the Charles men to see me before I got to bed. The page lay with me.

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[1] Duke's-Shore Stairs is shown in one of Smith's Maps, 1806. It was not far from the great turn of the river southward, opposite to the Isle of Dogs. The proper spelling might be—Dick, Dyke, Dock, Dog, or Duke, but there seems to be no doubt as to the identity of the place. Dick's-Shore, Fore-Street, Limehouse, and Dick's-Shore Alley, by Dick's Shore, are both mentioned in *London and its Environs*, vol. ii., p. 233, edit. 1761. *Notes and Queries*, vol. i., p. 220.

[2] In 1604, a yacht had been built for Henry Prince of Wales, by Phineas Pett, to whom the English navy was much indebted in the reigns of the early Stuarts. He was the father of Peter and Christopher.

[3] Peter Pett.

[4] Christopher Pett.

[5] Wife of Captain Arthur Browne, Sir William Batten's brother-in-law. See Feb. 14, 1660-61, and for his death, April 27, 1663.

17th. Up and breakfast with my Lady. Then come Captain Cuttance and Blake[3] to carry her in the barge on board, and so we went through Ham Creeke to the Soverayne (a goodly sight all the way to see the brave ships that lie here) first, which is a most noble ship. I never saw [her] before. My Lady Sandwich, my Lady Jemimah, Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Grace, and Mary and the page, my lady's servants, and myself, all went into the lanthorne together. From thence to the Charles, where my Lady took great pleasure to see all the rooms, and to hear me tell her how things are when my Lord is there. After we had seen all, then the officers of the ship had prepared a handsome breakfast for her, and while she was pledging my Lord's health they give her five guns. That done, we went off, and then they give us thirteen guns more. I confess it was great pleasure to myself to see the ship that I began my good fortune in. From thence on board the Newcastle, to show my Lady the difference between a great and a small ship. Among these ships I did give away £7. So back again, and went on shore at Chatham Yard, where I had ordered the coach to wait for us. Here I heard that Sir William Batten and his lady (who I knew were here, and did endeavour to avoyd) were now gone this morning to London. So we took coach, and I went into the coach, and went through the towne, without making stop at our inn, but left J. Goods to pay the reckoning. So I rode with my Lady in the coach, and the page on the horse that I should have rid on—he desiring it. It begun to be darke before we could come to Dartford, and to rain hard, and the horses to fayle, which was our great care to prevent, for fear of my Lord's displeasure: so here we set up for the night, as also Captain Cuttance and Blake, who come along with us. We set and talked till supper. My Lady and I entered into a great dispute concerning what were best for a man to do with his estate—whether to make his elder son heire, which my Lady is for, and I against, but rather to make all equall. This discourse took us much time, till it was time to go to bed; but we being merry, we bade my Lady good night, and intended to have gone to the Post-house to drink, and hear a pretty girl play of the citterne, (and indeed we should have lain there, but by a mistake we did not) but it was late, and we could not hear her, and the guard came to examine what we were: so we returned to our home and to bed, the page and I in one bed, and the two captains in another, all in one chamber, where we had very good mirth with our most abominable lodging.

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[1] Afterwards Sir Robert Cuttance. He was Captain of the "Naseby," re-christened the "Charles." Henry Cuttance was Captain of the "Cheriton," or "Speedwell."

[2] To *forsooth* is to treat a person with contempt or derision, in which sense it seems to be here used.

[3] Captain Robert Blake. See *ante*, Dec. 23rd.

18th. The Captains went with me to the post-house about nine o'clock, and after a morning draught I took horse and guide for London; and though some rain, and a great wind in my face, I got to London at eleven o'clock. At home found all well, but the monkey loose, which did anger me, and so I did strike her till she was almost dead, that they might make her fast again, which did still trouble me more. Took Mr. Holliard[1] to the Greyhound, where he did advise me above all things, both as to the stone and the decay of my memory, (of which I now complain to him) to avoid drinking often, which I am resolved, if I can, to leave off. Took home with me from the bookseller's Ogilby's Æsop, which he had bound for me, and indeed I am very much pleased with the book.

19th. To the Comptroller's, and with him by coach to White Hall; in our way meeting Venner[2] and Pritchard upon a sledge, who with two more Fifth Monarchy men were hanged to-day, and the two first drawn and quartered. Went to the theatre, where I saw "The Lost Lady,"[3] which do not please me much. Here I was troubled to be seen by four of our office clerkes, which sat in the half-crowne box, and I in the 1*s.* 0*d.* From hence by linke, and bought two mouse-traps of Thomas Pepys, the Turner.

21st. To Westminster Hall, to the Commissioners for paying off the Army and Navy, where the Duke of Albemarle was; and we satt with our hatts on, and did discourse about paying off the ships, and do find that they do intend to undertake it without our help; and we are glad of it, for it is a work that will much displease the poor seamen, and so we are glad to have no hand in it. It is strange what weather we have had all this winter;

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[1] Ward, in his *Diary*, p. 235, mentions that the porter at St. Thomas's Hospital told him, in 1661, of Mr. Holyard's having cut thirty for the stone in one year, who all lived. This surgeon, of whom we read so often in the *Diary*, was probably the person who operated successfully upon Pepys when afflicted with a similar complaint, and hence their intimacy in after life.

[2] Venner and Hodgkins were executed in Coleman Street; Pritchard and Oxman at the end of Wood Street.

[3] A Tragi-comedy, by Sir William Barclay

no cold at all; but the ways are dusty, and the flyes fly up and down, and the rose-bushes are full of leaves, such a time of the year as was never known in this world before here. This day many more of the Fifth Monarchy men were hanged.

22d. To the Comptroller's house, where I read over his proposals[1] to the Lord Admirall for the regulating of the officers of the Navy, in which he hath taken much pains, only he do seem to have too good an opinion of them himself. From thence in his coach to Mercers' Chapell, and so up to the great hall, where we met with the King's Councell for trade, upon some proposalls of theirs for settling convoys for the whole English trade, and that by having 33 ships (four fourth-rates, nineteen fifths, ten sixth) settled by the King for that purpose, which indeed was argued very finely by many persons of honour, and merchants that were there. It pleased me much now to come in this condition to this place, where I was once a petitioner for my exhibition in Paul's School; and also where Sir G. Downing (my late master) was chaireman, and so but equally concerned with me. I met with Dr. Thomas Fuller: he tells me of his last and great book that is coming out: that is, the History of all the Families in England; and could tell me more of my owne, than I knew myself. And also to what perfection he hath now brought the art of memory; that he did lately to four eminently great scholars dictate together in Latin, upon different subjects of their proposing, faster than they were able to write, till they were tired; and that the best way of beginning a sentence, if a man should be out and forget his last sentence, (which he never was) that then his last refuge is to begin with an Utcunque.

23d. To Gresham Colledge, (where I never was before), and saw the manner of the house, and found great company of persons of honour there: thence to my bookseller's, and for books, and to Stevens, the silversmith, to make clean some plate against to-morrow, and so home, by the way paying many little debts for wines and pictures, which is my great pleasure.

24th. There dined with me Sir William Batten and his lady and daughter, Sir W. Pen, Mr. Fox, (his lady being ill could not come) and Captain Cuttance: the first dinner I have made since I come hither. This cost me above £5, and merry we were—only my chimney smokes. To bed, being glad that the trouble is over.

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[1] This document is in the British Museum, Add. MS. 11,602, and consists of twenty-two closely written pages. It is entitled, "*A Discourse touching the Past and Present State of the Navy.*" Composed by that Ingenious Gentleman, Sir Robert Slingsby, Knt. and Baronet, Comptroller thereof."

25th. Interrupted by Mr. Salsbury's coming in, who come to see me, and to show me my Lord's picture in little, of his doing. Truly it is strange to what a perfection he is come in a year's time. This night comes two cages, which I bought this evening for my canary birds, which Captain Rooth[1] this day sent me.

26th. There dined with me this day both the Pierces[2] and their wives, and Captain Cuttance and Lieutenant Lambert, with whom we made ourselves very merry by taking away his ribbons[3] and garters, having made him to confess that he is lately married.

27th. (Lord's day.) Before I rose, letters come to me from Portsmouth, telling me that the Princess is now well, and my Lord Sandwich set sail with the Queen and her yesterday from thence to France. To church: a poor dull sermon of a stranger. Home, and at dinner was very angry at my people's eating a fine pudding, (made me by Slater, the cooke, last Thursday) without my wife's leave. This day the parson read a proclamation at church, for the keeping of Wednesday next, the 30th of January, a fast for the murther of the late King.

28th. Dined at home, and after dinner to Fleet Streete with my sword to Mr. Brigden (lately made Captain of the Auxiliaries) to be refreshed, and with him to an ale-house, where I met Mr. Damport, and after some talk of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw's bodies being taken out of their graves to-day,[4] I went to Mr. Crewe's, and thence to the Theatre, where I saw again "The Lost Lady," which do now please me better than before; and here I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me; but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all. At Mr. Holden's I bought a hat cost me 35*s*.

29th. To Southwark, and so over the fields to Lambeth, it being a most glorious and warm day even to amazement for this time of the year. My Lady gone with some company to see Hampton Court: so we went to Blackfryers,[1] (the first time I ever was there since plays begun) and there, after great patience, and little expectations from so poor beginnings, I saw three acts of "The mayd in y^e Mill"[2] acted to my great content. But it being late, I left the play, and by water through bridge home, and so to Mr. Turner's house, where the Comptroller, Sir William Batten, and Mr. Davis, and their ladies; and here we had a most neat little but costly and genteel supper. After that, a great deal of impertinent mirth by Mr. Davis, and some catches, and so broke up, and going away, Mr. Davis's eldest son took up my old Lady Slingsby[3] in his armes, and carried her to the coach, and is said to be able to carry three the biggest men that were in the company, which I wonder at.

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[1] Richard Rooth, Captain of the Dartmouth.

[2] The surgeon and the purser of the same name.

[3] See *ante*, Jan. 24, 1659-60.

[4] "Nov. 28. The bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, were dug up out of their graves to be hanged at Tyburn, and buried under the gallows. Cromwell's vault having been opened, the people crowded very much to see him."—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

30th. (Fast day.) The first time that this day hath been yet observed: and Mr. Mills made a most excellent sermon upon "Lord forgive us our former iniquities;" speaking excellently of the justice of God in punishing men for the sins of their ancestors. Had a letter from my brother John, a very ingenious one, and he therein begs to have leave to come to town at the Coronacion. To my Lady Batten's; where my wife and she are lately come back again from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Ireton,[4] and Bradshaw, hanged and buried at Tyburne.[5]

31st. This morning about getting a ship to carry my Lord's deales to Lynne,[6] and we have chosen the Gift. My Lady not well, so I eat a mouthfull of dinner there. To the Theatre, and there sat in the pitt among the company of fine ladys, &c.; and the house was exceeding full, to see Argalus and Parthenia,[1] the first time that it hath been acted: and indeed it is good, though wronged by my over great expectations, as all things else are.

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[1] At Apothecaries' Hall, where Davenant produced the First and Second Parts of *The Siege of Rhodes*.—Downes, p. 20.

[2] "The Maid of the Mill," a play, by J. Fletcher, and Rowley.

[3] Margaret, daughter of Sir William Water, an alderman of York. She was mother of the Comptroller, widow of Sir Guildford Slingsby, and perhaps, related to Major Water, Pepys's deaf friend.

[4] Henry Ireton married Bridget, daughter to Oliver Cromwell, and was afterwards one of Charles I.'s Judges, and of the Committee who superintended his execution. He died at the siege of Limerick, 1651.

[5] "Jan. 30th was kept as a very solemn day of fasting and prayer. This morning the carcases of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw (which the day before had been brought from the Red Lion Inn, in Holborn), were drawn upon a sledge to Tyburn, and then taken out of their coffins and in their shrouds hanged by the neck until the going down of the sun. They were then cut down, their heads taken off, and their bodies buried in a grave made under the gallows. The coffin in which was the body of Cromwell was a very rich thing, very full of gilded hinges and nails."—Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[6] The timber purchased from Warren (see *ante*, Dec. 29, 1660) sent to Lynn to be conveyed to Hinchingbrooke as the barge was, mentioned June 20, 1660.

Feb. 2d. Home, where all things in a hurry for dinner—a strange cooke being come in the room of Slater, who could not come. There dined here my Uncle Wright and my Aunt, my father and mother, and my brother Tom, Dr. Fairbrother, and Mr. Mills, the parson, and his wife, who is a neighbour's daughter of my uncle Robert's, and knows my aunt Wright and all her and my friends there; and so we had excellent company to-day. After dinner I was sent for by Sir G. Carteret. Then home; where I found the parson and his wife gone, and by and by the rest of the company, very well pleased, and I too; it being the last dinner I intend to make a great while. Three dinners within a fortnight.

3d. (Lord's day.) This day I first began to go forth in my coate and sword, as the manner now among gentlemen is. In my way heard Mr. Thomas Fuller preach at the Savoy upon our forgiving of other men's trespasses, shewing among other things that we are to go to law never to revenge, but only to repayre, which I think a good distinction. To White Hall; where I staid to hear the trumpets and kettle-drums, and then the other drums, which are much cried up, though I think it dull, vulgar musick. So to Mr. Fox's, unbidd; where I had a good dinner and special company. Among other discourse, I observed one story, how my Lord of Northwich,[2] at a public audience before the King of France, made the Duke of Anjou cry, by making ugly faces as he was stepping to the King, but undiscovered. And how Sir Philip Warwick's[1] lady did wonder to have Mr. Darcy[2] send for several dozen bottles of Rhenish wine to her house, not knowing that the wine was his. Thence to my Lord's; where I am told how Sir Thomas Crewe's[3] Pedro, with two of his countrymen more, did last night kill one soldier of four that quarrelled with them in the street, about ten o'clock. The other two are taken, but he is now hid at my Lord's till night, that he do intend to make his escape away.

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[1] Argalus and Parthenia, a pastoral, by Henry Glapthorn, taken from Sydney's *Arcadia*.

[2] This story relates to circumstances which had occurred many years previously. George, Lord Goring, was sent by Charles I. as Ambassador Extraordinary to France in 1664, to witness the oath of Louis XIV. to the observance of the treaties concluded with England by his father, Louis XIII., and his grandfather, Henry IV. Louis XIV. took this oath at Ruel, on the 3rd July, 1644, when he was not yet six years of age, and when his brother Philippe, then called Duke of Anjou, was not four years old. Shortly after his return home, Lord Goring was created, in September, 1644, Earl of Norwich, the title by which he is here mentioned. Philippe, Duke of Anjou, who was frightened by the English nobleman's ugly faces, took the title of Duke of Orleans after the death of his uncle, Jean Baptiste Gaston, in 1660. He married his cousin, Henrietta of England, and (by his second wife) is the direct ancestor of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

4th. To the tavern, where Sir William Pen, and the Comptroller, and several others were, men and women; and we had a very great and merry dinner; and after dinner the Comptroller begun some sports, among others, the naming of people round, and afterwards demanding questions of them that they are forced to answer their names to, which do make very good sport. And here I took pleasure to take forfeits of the ladies who would not do their duty by kissing of them: among others a pretty lady, who I found afterwards to be wife to Sir William Batten's son.[4] We sat late, talking with my Lady and others, and Dr. Whistler,[5] who I found good company and a very ingenious man: so home and to bed.

5th. Washing-day. My wife and I by water to Westminster. She to her mother's, and I to Westminster Hall, where I found a full terme, and there saw my Lord Treasurer,[6] (who was sworn to-day at the Exchequer, with a great company of Lords and persons of honour to attend him) go up to the Treasury Offices, and take possession thereof; and also saw the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, set up at the further end of the Hall. I went by coach to the playhouse at the Theatre. Our coach in King Street breaking, and so took another. Here we saw Argalus and Parthenia, which I lately saw, but though pleasant for the dancing and singing, I do not find good for any wit or design therein.

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[1] Sir Philip Warwick, employed as Secretary to Charles I. in the Isle of Wight, and Clerk of the Signet, to which place he was restored in 1660; knighted, and elected M.P. for Westminster. He was also Secretary to the Treasury under Lord Southampton till 1667. Ob. 1682–3. His second wife here mentioned was Joan, daughter to Sir Henry Fanshawe, and widow of Sir William Boteler, Bart. He left memoirs behind him that have been published.

[2] Duke Darcy. See note *ante*, 24th May, 1660.

[3] Eldest son of Mr., afterwards Lord Crewe, whom he succeeded in that title.

[4] Benjamin Batten. See *ante*, 26th Nov., 1660, and note.

[5] Daniel Whistler, Fellow of Merton College, took the degree of M.D. at Leyden, 1645; and, after practising in London, went as Physician to the Embassy, with Bulstrode Whitlock, into Sweden. On his return, he became Fellow, and at length President, of the College of Physicians. Ob. 1684. He was nearly connected with Sir John Cutler.

[6] Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, last of his name.

7th. To Westminster Hall. And after a walk to my Lord's; where, while I and my Lady were in her chamber in talk, in comes my Lord from sea, to our great wonder. He had dined at Havre de Grace on Monday last, and come to the Downes the next day, and lay at Canterbury that night; and so to Dartford, and thence this morning to White Hall. Among others, Mr. Creed and Captain Ferrers tell me the stories of my Lord Duke of Buckingham's and my Lord's falling out at Havre de Grace, at cards; they two and my Lord St. Albans playing. The Duke did, to my Lord's dishonour, often say that he did in his conscience know the contrary to what he then said, about the difference at cards; and so did take up the money that he should have lost to my Lord, which my Lord resenting, said nothing then, but that he doubted not but there were ways enough to get his money of him. So they parted that night; and my Lord sent Sir R. Stayner the next morning to the Duke, to know whether he did remember what he said last night, and whether he would owne it with his sword and a second; which he said he would, and so both sides agreed. But my Lord St. Albans, and the Queen, and Ambassador Montagu, did way-lay them at their lodgings, till the difference was made up, to my Lord's honour; who hath got great reputation thereby.

8th. Captain John Cuttle, and Curtis, and Mootham,[1] and I went to the Fleece Taverne[2] to drink; and there we spent till four o'clock, telling stories of Algiers, and the manner of life of slaves there. And truly Captain Mootham and Mr. Dawes,[3] (who have been both slaves there) did make me fully acquainted with their condition there: as, how they eat nothing but bread and water. At their redemption they pay so much for the water they drink at the public fountaynes, during their being slaves. How they are beat upon the soles of their feet and bellies, at the liberty of their padron. How they are all, at night, called into their master's Bagnard; and there they lie. How the poorest men do love their slaves best. How some rogues do live well, if they do invent to

[1] Peter Mootham, Captain of the Foresight; afterwards slain in action.

[2] In Covent Garden.

[3] John Dawes, created a baronet in 1663, father of Sir William Dawes, Archbishop of York.

bring their masters in so much a week by their industry or theft; and then they are put to no other work at all. And theft there is counted no great crime at all.

9th. Creed and I to Whitefriars to the Play-house, and saw "The Mad Lover,"[1] the first time I ever saw it acted, which I like pretty well.

10th. (Lord's day.) Took physique all day, and, God forgive me, did spend it in reading of some little French romances. At night my wife and I did please ourselves talking of our going into France, which I hope to effect this summer.

12th. By water to Salsbury Court Play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw "The Scornfull Lady,"[2] now done by a woman,[3] which makes the play much better than ever it did to me.

13th. To Sir W. Batten's, whither I sent for my wife, and we chose Valentines against to-morrow. My wife chose me, which did much please me; my Lady Batten, Sir W. Pen, &c.

14th. (Valentine's day.) Up early, and to Sir W. Batten's, but could not go in till I asked whether they that opened the doore was a man or a woman, and Mingo, who was there, answered a woman, which, with his tone, made me laugh: so up I went, and took Mrs. Martha[4] for my Valentine, (which I do only for complacency) and Sir W. Batten he go in the same manner to my wife, and so we were very merry. About ten o'clock, we with a great deal of company went down by our barge to Deptford, and there only went to see how forward Mr. Pett's yacht is; and so all into the barge again, and so to Woolwich, on board the Rose-bush, Captain Brown's[5] ship, that is brother-in-law to Sir W. Batten, where we had a very fine dinner, dressed on shore, and great mirth, and all things successfull: the first time I ever carried my wife a-ship-board, as also my boy Wayneman, who hath all this day been called young Pepys, as Sir W. Pen's boy young Pen. The talk of the towne now is, who the King is like to have for his Queene: and whether Lent shall be kept with the strictnesse of the King's proclamation; which is thought cannot be, because of the poor, who cannot buy fish. And also the great preparation for the King's crowning is now much thought upon and talked of.

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[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

[2] A Comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[3] Mrs. Marshall. See Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 6.

[4] Sir William Batten's daughter.

[5] Arthur Browne. See *ante*, 16th Jan., 1660-61.

15th. Making up my accounts for my Lord to-morrow; and that being done, I found myself to be clear (as I think) £350 in the world, besides my goods in my house, and all things paid for.

16th. To my Lord in the morning, who looked over my accounts, and agreed to them. I do also get him to sign a bill (which do make my heart merry) for £60 to me, in consideration of my work extraordinary at sea this last voyage, which I hope to get paid. To the Theatre, where I saw the "Virgin Martyr,"[1] a good, but too sober a play for the company.

17th. (Lord's day.) A most tedious, unreasonable, and impertinent sermon, by an Irish doctor. His text was, "Scatter them, O Lord, that delight in warr." Sir W. Batten and I very much angry with the parson.

18th. In the afternoon, my wife and I, and Mrs. Martha Batten, my Valentine, to the Exchange, and there, upon a payre of embroydered and six payre of plain white gloves, I laid out 40*s.* upon her. Then we went to a Mercer's, at the end of Lombard Street, and there she bought a suit of lutestring for herself; and so home. It is much talked that the King is already married to the niece of the Prince de Ligne,[2] and that he hath two sons already by her: which I am sorry to hear; but yet am gladder that it should be so, than that the Duke of York and his family should come to the crowne, he being a professed friend to the Catholiques. Met with Sir G. Carteret: who afterwards, with the Duke of York, my Lord Sandwich, and others, went into a private room to consult: and we were a little troubled that we were not called in with the rest. But I do believe it was upon something very private. We staid walking in the gallery; where we met with Mr. Slingsby,[3] who showed me the stamps of the King's new coyne; which is strange to see, how good they are in the stamp, and bad in the money, for lack of skill to make them. But he says Blondeau[4] will shortly come over, and then we shall have it better, and the best in the world. He tells me, he is sure that the King is not yet married, as it is said; nor that it is known who he will have. Spent the evening in reading of a Latin play, the "Naufragium Joculare."[1]

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[1] The Virgin Martyr, by Massinger and T. Decker.

[2] Can this be meant for *Mazarin*, as the Prince de Ligne had no niece? but Charles had recently made an offer to Hortense Mancini, to whom Cardinal Mazarin was uncle.

[3] Henry Slingsby, Master of the Mint of Kilpare, near Leeds.

[4] Peter Blondeau had been employed by the Commonwealth to coin their money, and after the Restoration was made Engineer of the Mint.

21st. To Westminster by coach with Sir W. Pen, and in our way saw the city begin to build scaffolds against the Coronacion.

22d. My wife to Sir W. Batten's, and there sat a while; he having yesterday sent my wife half-a-dozen pair of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters, for her Valentine.

23d. This my birthday, 28 years. Mr. Hartlibb told me how my Lord Chancellor had lately got the Duke of York and Duchesse, and her woman, my Lord Ossory,[2] and a Doctor, to make oath before most of the Judges of the kingdom, concerning all the circumstances of their marriage. And, in fine, it is confessed that they were not fully married till about a month or two before she was brought to bed; but that they were contracted long before, and time enough for the child to be legitimate.[3] But I do not hear that it was put to the Judges to determine whether it was so or no. To my Lord, and there spoke to him about his opinion of the Light, the sea-marke that Captain Murford is about, and do offer me an eighth part to concern myself with it; and my Lord do give me some encouragement in it, and I shall go on. To the Play-house [Davenants], and there saw "The Changeling,"[4] the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly. Besides, I see the gallants do begin to be tyred with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors, who are indeed grown very proud and rich. I also met with the Comptroller, who told me how it was easy for us all, the principal officers, and proper for us, to labour to get into the next Parliament; and would have me to ask the Duke's letter,[5] but I shall not endeavour it. This is now 28 years that I am born. And blessed be God, in a state of full content, and a great hope to be a happy man in all respects, both to myself and friends.

24th. (Sunday.) Mr. Mills made an excellent sermon in the morning against drunkenesse, that ever I heard in my life:

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[1] A Comedy, by Abraham Cowley.

[2] Thomas Earl of Ossory, the accomplished son of the first Duke of Ormond. Ob. 1680, aged 46, *v. p.*

[3] See May 6, 1661.

[4] "The Changeling," a Tragedy, by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, 4to. 1653, and 4to. 1668. The plot is taken from a story in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder.* Sheppey played Antonio in "The Changeling."

[5] Probably a letter of recommendation to some constituency.

another good one of his in the afternoon. My Valentine had her fine gloves on at church to-day that I did give her.

25th. To Mr. Symons's, where we found him abroad, but she, like a good lady, within, and there we did eat some nettle porrige, which was made on purpose to-day for some of their coming, and was very good.

26th. (Shrove Tuesday.) To Mr. Crewe's, and there delivered Cotgrave's dictionary[1] to my Lady Jemimah. To Mrs. Turner's, where several friends, all strangers to me but Mr. Armiger, dined. Very merry, and the best fritters that ever I eat in my life. After that, looked out at window: saw the flinging at cocks.

27th. I walked in the garden with little Captain Murford, where he and I had some discourse concerning the Light-House again, and I think I shall appear in the business, he promising me that if I can bring it about, it will be worth £100 per annum. I called for a dish of fish, which we had for dinner, this being the first day of Lent; and I do intend to try whether I can keep it or no. My father did show me a letter from my brother John, wherein he tells us that he is chosen schollar of the house,[2] which do please me much, because I do perceive now it must chiefly come from his merit, and not the power of his tutor, Dr. Widdrington, who is now quite out of interest there, and hath put over his pupils to Mr. Pepper, a young Fellow of the College. This day the Commissioners of Parliament begin to pay off the fleet, beginning with the Hampshire, and do it at Guildhall, for fear of going out of the town, into the power of the seamen, who are highly incensed against them.

28th. Notwithstanding my resolution, yet, for want of other victualls, I did eat flesh this Lent, but am resolved to eat as little as I can. This month ends with two great secrets under dispute, but yet known to very few: first, Who the King will marry; and What the meaning of this fleet is which we are now sheathing to set out for the southward. Most think against Algier, against the Turke, or to the East Indys against the Dutch, who, we hear, are setting out a great fleet thither.

March 1st. After dinner, Mr. Shepley and I in private talking about my Lord's intentions to go speedily into the country, but to what end we know not. We fear he is to go to sea with this fleet now preparing. But we wish that he could get his £4000 per annum settled before he do go. To White-fryars, and saw "The Bondman"[1] acted; an excellent play, and well done. But above all that I ever saw, Betterton do the Bondman the best. Sat up late, spending my thoughts how to get money in my great expense at the Coronacion, against which all provide, and scaffolds setting up in every street. I had many designs in my head to get some, but know not which will take.

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[1] Of the French tongue.

[2] Christ's College, Cambridge.

2d. After dinner I went to the theatre, where I found so few people (which is strange, and the reason I do not know) that I went out again, and so to Salisbury Court, where the house as full as could be; and it seems it was a new play, "The Queen's Maske,"[2] wherein there are some good humours; among others, a good jeer to the old story of the Siege of Troy, making it to be a common country tale. But above all it was strange to see so little a boy as that was to act Cupid, which is one of the greatest parts in it.

3d. (Lord's day.) Mr. Woodcocke[3] preached at our church a very good sermon upon the imaginacions of the thoughts of man's heart being only evil. To my Lord's, who comes in late, and tells us how news is come to-day of Mazarin's being dead,[4] which is very great news, and of great consequence. I lay to-night with Mr. Sheply here, because of my Lord's going to-morrow.

4th. My Lord went this morning on his journey to Hinchingbroke, Mr. Parker with him; the chief business being to look over and determine how, and in what manner, his great work of building shall be done. Before his going he did give me some jewells to keep for him, viz. that that the King of Sweden did give him, with the King's own picture in it, most excellently done; and a brave George, all of diamonds, and this with the greatest expressions of love and confidence that I could imagine or hope for, which is a very great joy to me.

8th. All the morning at the office. At noon, Sir William Batten, Colonel Slingsby, and I by coach to the Tower, to Sir John Robinson's,[5] to dinner; where great good cheer. High company; among others the Duchess of Albemarle,[6] who is ever a plain homely dowdy. After dinner, to drink all the afternoon. Towards night the Duchess and ladies went away. Then we set to it again till it was very late; and at last come in Sir William Wale,[1] almost fuddled; and because I was set between him and another, only to keep them from talking and spoiling the company, (as we did to others) he fell out with the Lieutenant of the Tower; but with much ado we made him understand his error, and then all quiet. I was much contented to ride in such state into the Towre, and be received among such high company, while Mr. Mount, my Lady Duchess's gentleman usher, stood waiting at table, whom I ever thought a man so much above me in all respects; also to hear to hear the discourse of so many high Cavaliers of things past. It was a great content and joy to me.

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[1] By Massinger.

[2] "Love's Mistress, or The Queen's Masque," by T. Heywood.

[3] Thomas Woodcock, afterwards ejected from St. Andrew's, Undershaft

[4] Cardinal Mazarin, died 27th February, 1660–1.

[5] Lieutenant of that fortress.

[6] Anne Clarges. See Feb. 12, 1659–60, and note.

9th. To my Lord's, where we found him lately come from Hinchingbroke. I staid and dined with him. He took me aside, and asked me what the world spoke of the King's marriage, which I answering as one that knew nothing, he enquired no further of me. But I do perceive by it that there is something in it that is ready to come out that the world knows not of yet.

10th. (Lord's day.) Heard Mr. Mills in the morning, a good sermon. Dined at home on a poor Lenten dinner of coleworts and bacon. In the afternoon again to church, and there heard one Castle, whom I knew of my year at Cambridge. He made a dull sermon.

11th. After dinner I went to the Theatre, and there saw "Love's Mistress" done by them, which I do not like in some things as well as their acting in Salisbury Court. My wife come home, and she had got her teeth new done by La Roche, and are indeed now pretty handsome, and I was much pleased with it.

12th. To Guildhall, and there set my hand to the book before Colonel King for my sea-pay, and blessed be God! they had cast me at midshipman's pay, which do make my heart very glad.

13th. Early up in the morning to read "The Seaman's Grammar and Dictionary" I lately have got, which do please me exceeding well.

14th. To the theatre, and there saw "King and no King"[2] well acted.

15th. This day my wife and Pall went to see my Lady Kingston, her brother's[3] lady.

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[1] Alderman and Colonel of the red regiment of Trainbands.

[2] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

[3] This lady has not been identified. Balthazar St. Michel is the only brother of Mrs. Pepys, mentioned in the *Diary*.

16th. To Whitefryers, and there saw "The Spanish Curate,"[1] in which I had no great content.

17th. (Lord's day.) At church in the morning, a stranger preached a good honest and painfull sermon. My wife and I dined upon a chine of beef at Sir W. Batten's, so to church again. Then to supper at Sir W. B. again, where my wife by chance fell down and hurt her knees exceedingly.

18th. This morning early Sir William Batten went to Rochester, where he expects to be chosen Parliament-man. This day an ambassador from Florence was brought into the towne in state. Yesterday was said to be the day that the Princess Henrietta was to marry the Duke d'Anjou[2] in France. This day I found in the newes-booke that Roger Pepys is chosen at Cambridge for the towne, the first place that we hear of to have made their choice yet.

19th. Mr. Creed and I to White-fryars, where we saw "The Bondman" acted most excellently, and though I have seen it often, yet I am every time more and more pleased with Betterton's action.

20th. To White Hall to Mr. Coventry, where I did some business with him, and so with Sir W. Pen (who I found with Mr. Coventry teaching of him the map to understand Jamaica). The great talk of the towne is the strange election that the City of London made yesterday for parliament-men; viz. Fowke, Love, Jones, and . . . .,[3] men that, so far from being episcopall, are thought to be Anabaptists; and chosen with a great deale of zeale, in spite of the other party that thought themselves so strong, calling out in the Hall, "No Bishops! no Lord Bishops!" It do make people to fear it may come to worse, by being an example to the country to do the same. And indeed the Bishops are so high, that very few do love them.

21st. At noon dined at my Lord's, who was very merry, and after dinner we sang and fiddled a great while. This day I saw the Florence Ambassador go to his audience, the weather very foule, and yet he and his company very gallant.

22d. About eight o'clock I got a horse-back, and my Lady and her two daughters and Sir W. Pen into coach, and so over London Bridge, and thence to Dartford. The day very pleasant, though the way bad. Here we met with Sir W. Batten and some company along with him, who had assisted him in his election at Rochester; and so we dined, and were very merry. At five o'clock we set out again in a coach home, and were very merry all the way. At Deptford we met with Mr. Newborne, and some other friends and their wives in a coach to meet us, and so they went home with us, and at Sir W. Batten's we supped and then to bed, my head aching mightily through the wine that I drank to-day.

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[1] A Comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[2] Who soon afterwards took the title of Orleans.

[3] Sir W. Thompson was the fourth member.

23d. To the Red Bull[1] (where I had not been since plays come up again) up to the tireing-room, where strange the confusion and disorder there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poore, and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pitt, where I think there was not above ten more than myself, and not one hundred in the whole house. And the play, which is called "All's Lost but Lust,"[2] poorly done; and with so much disorder, among others, in the musique-room, the boy that was to sing a song, not singing it right, his master fell about his eares and beat him so, that it put the whole house into an uprore. Met my uncle Wight, and with him Lieutenant-Colonel Baron,[3] who told us how Crofton,[4] the great Presbyterian minister that had preached so highly against Bishops, is clapped up this day in the Tower, which do please some, and displease others exceedingly.

24th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I to church. With Sir W. Batten and my Lady to dinner, where very merry, and then to church again, where Mr. Mills made a good sermon.

25th. (Lady day.) In the morning some workmen to begin of making of me a new pair of stairs up out of my parlour, which, with other work that I have to do, I doubt will keep me this two months, and so long I shall be all in dirt; but the work do please me very well. Come Mr. Salisbury to see me, and shewed me a face or two of his paynting, and indeed I perceive that he will be a great master.

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[1] The Red Bull was in St. John Street, Clerkenwell; but of an inferior rank to the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, and is described as

——————"that degenerate stage,
Where none of the unturn'd kennel can rehearse
A line of serious sense."

See *ante*, 4th August, 1660.

[2] A Tragedy, by W. Rowley.

[3] Probably Argal Baron, of Croydon, Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle, and said to have been a distinguished Royalist.

[4] Zachary Crofton, ejected from the curacy of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, for nonconformity. He was a native of Ireland; and, according to Baxter, a quick and warm, but upright man. He was set at liberty after a long confinement, and again imprisoned in Cheshire; and, at length, returning to London, kept a school in Aldgate parish till his death.

I took him to Whitehall with me by water, but he could not by any means be moved to go through the bridge, and we were fain to go round by the Old Swan. To my Lord's, and there I shewed him the King's picture, which he intends to copy out in little. After that, I and Captain Ferrers to Salisbury Court by water, and saw part of the "Queen's Maske." The. Turner in a great chafe, about being disappointed of a room to stand in at the Coronacion. Homewards, and took up a boy that had a lanthorne, that was picking up of rags, and got him to light me home, and had great discourse with him how he could get sometimes three or four bushells of rags in a day, and got 3*d.* a bushel for them, and many other discourses, what and how many ways there are for poor children to get their livings honestly.

26th. This is my great day that three years ago I was cut of the stone, and, blessed be God, I do yet find myself very free from pain again. To my father's, where Mrs. Turner, The. Joyce, Mr. Morrice, Mr. Armiger, Mr. Pierce the surgeon, and his wife, my father and mother, and myself and my wife. Very merry at dinner: among other things, because Mrs. Turner and her company eat no flesh this Lent, and I had a great deal of good flesh, which made their mouths water. To Salisbury Court, and I and my wife sat in the pitt, and saw "The Bondman" done to admiration.

27th. Up early. My brother Tom comes to me, and I looked over my old clothes, and did give him a suit of black stuff clothes, and a hat and some shoes. Sir G. Carteret comes, and I did get him to promise me some money upon a bill of exchange, whereby I shall secure myself of £60. At noon I found my stairs quite broke down, that I could not get up but by a ladder. To the Dolphin to a dinner of Mr. Harris's, where Sir Williams both, and my Lady Batten,[1] and her two daughters, and other company, where a greal deal of mirth, and there staid till eleven o'clock at night; and in our mirth I sang and sometimes fiddled, (there being a noise of fiddlers there) and at last we fell to dancing, the first time that ever I did in my life, which I did wonder to see myself to do. At last, we made Mingo, Sir W. Batten's black, and Jack, Sir W. Pen's, dance, and it was strange how the first did dance with a great deal of seeming skill.

28th. I went to Sir Robert Slingsby, (he being newly maister of that title by being a Barronett) to discourse about Mr. Creed's accounts to be made up; and from thence by coach to my cozen, Thomas Pepys, to borrow £1000 for my Lord. Then with Mr. Sheply to the Theatre, and saw "Rollo"[1] ill acted.

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[1] See *ante*, Nov. 26, 1660.

31st. (Sunday.) At church, where a stranger preached like a fool. Dined with my wife, staying at home, she being unwilling to dress herself, the house being all dirty.

April 1st. To Whitefryars, and there saw part of "Rule a Wife, and have a Wife,"[2] which I never saw before, but do not like it.

2d. To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pelemele,[3] the first time that ever I saw the sport. Then to my Lord's, where I dined with my Lady, and after we had dined, in comes my Lord and Ned Pickering hungry, and there was not a bit of meat left in the house, the servants having eat up all, at which my Lord was very angry, and at last got something dressed. So to Whitefryars, and saw "The Little Thiefe,"[4] which is a very merry and pretty play, and the little boy do very well. Then to the Dolphin to Sir W. Batten, and Pen, and other company; among others Mr. Delabar; where strange how these men, who at other times are all wise men, do now, in their drink, betwitt[5] and reproach one another with their former conditions, and their actions as in public concerns, till I was ashamed to see it.

3d. Up among my workmen, my head akeing all day from last night's debauch. At noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Pen, who would have me drink two good draughts of sack to-day, to cure me of my last night's disease,[6] which I thought strange, but I think find it true. I hear that the Dutch have sent the King a great present of money, which we think will stop the match with Portugall; and judge this to be the reason that our so great haste in sending the two ships to the East Indys is also stayed.

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[1] "Rollo, Duke of Normandy," by John Fletcher.

[2] By John Fletcher.

[3] "A Pele Mele was made at the further end of St. James's Park, which was made of His Majesty to play, being a very princely play."—Rugge. It is derived from *paille maille*, French; at which word Cotgrave thus describes the game:—"A game, wherein a round box is, with a mallet struck through a high arch of iron (standing, at either end of an alley, one), which he that can do at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed on, wins." In France it was the common appellation of those places where the game was practised. "As soon as the weather and my leisure permit, you shall have the account you desire of our *Paille-Mailes*, which are now only three—viz., the Thuilleries, the Palais Royal, and the Arsenal."—*Letter* from Sir Richard Browne, *Addit.* MSS., No. 15,857, fol. 149, in British Museum.

[4] "Night Walker, or Little Thief," by John Fletcher and James Shirley.

[5] To upbraid.

[6] Hence the proverb, "Take a hair of the dog that bit you."

5th. Up among my workmen and so to the office, and then to Sir William Pen's, with the other Sir William, and Sir John Lawson to dinner, and after that, with them to Mr. Lucy's, a merchant, where much good company, and there drank a great deal of wine, and in discourse fell to talk of the weight of people, which did occasion some wagers, and where among others I won half a piece to be spent. Then home, and at night to Sir W. Batten's, and there very merry with a good barrell of oysters, and this is the present life I lead. Home and to bed.

6th. Among other things met with Mr. Townsend, who told of his mistake the other day, to put both his legs through one of his knees of his breeches, and went so all day. Creed and I to Salisbury Court, and there saw "Love's Quarrell" acted the first time, but I do not like the design nor words.

7th. (Lord's day.) All the morning at home making up my accounts (God forgive me!) to give up to my Lord this afternoon. Then put in at Paul's, where I saw our minister, Mr. Mills, preaching before my Lord Mayor. To White Hall, and there I met with Dr. Fuller[1] of Twickenham, newly come from Ireland; and took him to my Lord's, where he and I dined; and he did give my Lord and me a good account of the condition of Ireland, and how it come to pass, through the joyning of the Fanatiques and the Presbyterians, that the latter and the former are in their declaration put together under the names of Fanatiques. After dinner, my Lord and I and Mr. Shepley did look over our accounts, and settle matters of money between us; and my Lord did tell me much of his mind about getting money, and other things of his family, &c.

8th. About eight o'clock, we took barge at the Tower, Sir William Batten and his lady, Mrs. Turner, Mr. Fowler, and I. A very pleasant passage, and so to Gravesend, where we dined, and from thence a coach took them, and me and Mr. Fowler, with some others, come from Rochester to meet us, on horseback. At Rochester, where alight at Mr. Alcock's, and there drank, and had good sport, with his bringing out so many sorts of cheese. Then to the Hill-house at Chatham, where I never was before, and I found a pretty pleasant house, and am pleased with the armes that hang up there. Here we supped very merry, and late to bed; Sir William telling me that old Edgeborrow, his predecessor, did die and walk in my chamber, did make me somewhat afraid, but not so much as, for mirth sake, I did seem. So to bed, in the Treasurer's chamber.

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[1] William Fuller, of Magdalene Hall, Oxford, was a schoolmaster at Twickenham during the Rebellion; and at the Restoration became Dean of St. Patrick's; and, in 1663, Bishop of Limerick; from which See, in 1667, he was translated to Lincoln. Ob. 1675.

9th. Lay and slept well till three in the morning, and then waking, and by the light of the moon I saw my pillow (which overnight I flung from me) stand upright, but, not bethinking myself what it might be, I was a little afraid, but sleep overcome all, and so lay till nigh morning, at which time I had a candle brought me, and a good fire made, and in general it was a great pleasure all the time I staid here to see how I am respected and honoured by all people; and I find that I begin to know now how to receive so much reverence, which, at the beginning, I could not tell how to do. Sir William and I by coach to the dock, and there viewed all the storehouses, and the old goods that are this day to be sold, which was great pleasure to me, and so back again by coach home, where we had a good dinner, and, among other strangers that come, there was Mr. Hempson and his wife, a pretty woman, and speaks Latin; Mr. Allen, and two daughters of his, both very tall, and the youngest[1] very handsome, so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly, having, among other things, the best hand that ever I saw. After dinner, we went to fit books and things (Tom Hater having this morning come to us) for the sale, by an inch of candle, and very good sport we and the ladies that stood by had, to see the people bid. Among other things sold there was all the State's armes,[2] which Sir W. Batten bought; intending to set up some of the images in his garden, and the rest to burn on the Coronacion night. The sale being done, the ladies and I, and Captain Pitt, and Mr. Castle took barge, and down we went to see the Sovereigne, which we did, taking great pleasure therein, singing all the way, and among other pleasures, I put my Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hempson, and the two Mrs. Allens, into the lanthorn, and I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due to a principall officer, with all which we were exceeding merry, and drunk some bottles of wine, and neat's tongue, &c. Then back again home, and so supped, and, after much mirth, to bed.

10th. In the morning to see the Dock-houses. First, Mr.

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[1] Rebecca, who afterwards married Lieutenant Jewkes. See *Diary*, 1st April, 1667.

[2] *i.e.* Coats of arms.

Pett's, the builder, and there was very kindly received, and among other things he did offer my Lady Batten a parrot, the best I ever saw, that knew Mingo so soon as it saw him, having been bred formerly in the house with them; but for talking and singing I never heard the like. My Lady did accept of it. Then to see Commissioner Pett's house, he and his family being absent, and here I wondered how my Lady Batten walked up and down with curious looks to see how neat and rich everything is; and indeed both the house and garden is most handsome, saying that she would get it, for it belonged formerly to the Surveyor of the Navy. Then on board the Prince, now in the dock, and indeed it has one and no more rich cabins for carved work, but no gold in her. After that, back home, and there eat a little dinner. Then to Rochester, and there saw the Cathedrall, which is now fitting for use, and the organ then a-tuning. Then away thence, observing the great doors of the church, as they say, covered with the skins of the Danes.[1] And

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[1] Traditions similar to that at Rochester, here alluded to, are to be found in other places in England. Sir Harry Englefield, in a communication made to the Society of Antiquaries July 2, 1789, called their attention to the curious popular tale preserved in the village of Hadstock, Essex, that the door of the church had been covered with the skin of a Danish pirate, who had plundered the church. At Copford, in the same county, Sir Harry remarked that an exactly similar tradition existed. At Worcester, likewise, it was asserted that the north doors of the cathedral had been covered with the skin of a person who had sacrilegiously robbed the high altar. The doors have been renewed, but the orginal woodwork remains in the crypt, and portions of skin may still be seen under the ironwork, with which the doors are clamped. The date of these doors appears to be the latter part of the fourteenth century, the north porch having been built about 1385. Portions of this supposed human skin, from each of the three places above mentioned, have recently been obtained and submitted to one of our most skilful comparative anatomists, Mr. John Quequett, Curator of the Museum of the College of Surgeons, who, by aid of a powerful microscope, has ascertained, beyond question, that in each of the three cases the skin is human, and that, in the instance of Hadstock, it was the skin of a fair-haired person—a fact consistent with the tale of its Danish origin. A portion of the Worcester skin is to be found in the collection of Worcestershire curiosities, bequeathed by Dr. Prattinton to the Society of Antiquaries. Another instance of the marvellous barbaric punishment of coating a door with human skin, possibly as a vindictive monition against sacrilege, has lately been brought under my notice, in connexion with one of our most noted ecclesiastical monuments—namely, Westminster Abbey.

Dart, in his *History of the Abbey Church* (vol. i., book ii., p. 64), relates the tradition then preserved in reference to a door, one of three which closed off a chamber from the south transept—namely, a certain building once known as the Chapel of Henry VIII., and used as a "Revestry." This chamber, he states, "is inclosed with three doors, the inner cancellated, the middle, which is very thick, lined with skins like parchment, and driven full of nails. These skins, they by tradition tell us, were some also had much mirth at a tombe. So to the Salutacione tavern, where Mr. Alcock and many of the towne come and entertained us with wine and oysters and other things, and hither come Sir John Minnes to us, who is come to-day from London to see "the Henery," in which he intends to ride as Vice-Admiral in the narrow seas all this summer. Here much mirth, but I was a little troubled to stay too long, because of going to Hempson's, which afterwards we did, and found it in all things a most pretty house, and rarely furnished, only it had a most ill accesse on all sides to it, which is a greatest fault that, I

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skins of the Danes, tann'd and given here as a memorial of our delivery from them. The doors are very strong, but here were, notwithstanding, broken open lately, and the place robb'd." Such was Dart's account in 1723. I was in pursuit of some existing vestige of these tanned relics of the Northman, of which, as yet, I can obtain no intelligence, when my attention was casually drawn by Mr. E. W. Cooke to the strange fact, that not far from the south transept a door still exists on which human skin is to be found. Mr. Quekett, of the College of Surgeons, to whose skill in such questions we were indebted for proof of the tradition at Hadstock and other places, submitted this skin to his microscope, and it proved to be human. I inspected the door in question last week, and found the skin had been on both sides, the existing remains being found under the massive ironwork. It is a small door leading to a chamber, intended, apparently, for a treasury, situated on the south side of the passage, originally the approach from the cloisters to the chapter-house. Within this chamber there is a small depository, or cell, doubtless for safe custody, with a smaller strong closet within, all of good masonry, and constructed in a remarkable part of the buildings of the ancient monastery, being probably a portion of the structure raised in the times of the Confessor. The doorway, however, in which the stout oaken door which bore the skin is hung, and the strong chamber within, are of later date, possibly not older than the time of Abbot Litlington (about 1375). The oak door, however, has been certainly removed to its present position from some other place, since it appears to have been partly cut to fit the door-case. This, however, is not of recent adaptation, and I do not think it possible that it can have been the same door which Dart described, the position of which was not many yards distant. I imagine that when Litlington, who was a great builder, constructed the west side of the cloisters, and various works adjacent were carried out, this ancient door was removed from some other part of the buildings, and cut to fit the new door-case, the approach to a treasury where the relics of the supposed Dane were preserved *in memoriam et terrorem;* I say Dane, but without evidence it must be admitted of any tradition as regards this particular oaken production of very primitive carpentry, still, taken in conjunction with the tradition preserved in regard to another door close by, that, namely, which led from the Abbey Church to the "Revestry," the fact which we owe to Mr. Cooke's keen observation, may well claim attention in reference to the repeated traditions of savage punishment of the sacrilegious Northmen. I have recently understood that the doors at Rochester have been so entirely removed, that it is hopeless to seek for proof of the tradition recorded by Pepys.—*Communicated by* ALBERT WAY, F.S.A.

think, can be in a house. Here we had, for my sake, two fiddles, the one a base viall, on which he that played, played well some lyra lessons, but both together made the worst musique that ever I heard. We had a fine collacion, but I took little pleasure in that, for the illness of the musique, and for the intentnesse of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen. After we had done eating, the ladies went to dance, and among the men we had, I was forced to dance, too; and did make an ugly shift. Mrs. R. Allen danced very well, and seems the best humoured woman that ever I saw. About nine o'clock Sir William and my Lady went home, and we continued dancing an houre or two, and so broke up very pleasant and merry, and so walked home, I leading Mrs. Rebecca, who seemed, I know not why, in that and other things, to be desirous of my favours, and would in all things show me respects. Going home, she would needs have me sing, and I did pretty well, and was highly esteemed by them. So to Captain Allen's (where we was last night, and heard him play on the harpsichon, and I find him to be a perfect good musician), and there, having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, I did what with talk and singing (her father and I), Mrs. Turner and I staid there till two o'clock in the morning, and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often.

11th. At two o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till seven, and then called up by Sir W. Batten; so I rose, and we did some business, and then come Captain Allen, and he and I withdrew, and sang a song or two, and among others, took great pleasure in "Goe and bee hanged, that's twice good bye." The young ladies come too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca; and about nine o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we sett forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me. Thus we went away through Rochester. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London, but of all the journeys that ever I made, this was the merriest, and I was in a strange moode for mirth. Among other things, I got my Lady to let her mayd, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceeding well; and so I called [her] my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pichers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink of some of one of them, and give him two-pence. By and by, we come to two little girls keeping cowes, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her aske my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Warding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down, and very simply called, "Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me," which made us very merry, and I gave her twopence. In several places, I asked women whether they would sell me their children, but they denied me all, but said they would give me one to keep for them, if I would. Mrs. Anne and I rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill, and a filthy sight it was to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones. So home, and I found all well, and a good deal of work done since I went. So to bed very sleepy for last night's work, concluding that it is the pleasantest journey in all respects that ever I had in my life.

12th. Up among my workmen. Dined with Sir W. Batten, all fish dinner, it being Good Friday. Then into the City, and saw in what forwardness all things are for the Coronacion, which will be very magnificent. Home, and to my chamber, to set down, in my diary, all my late journey, which I do with great pleasure; and while I am now writing, comes one with a tickett to invite me to Captain Robert Blake's buriall, for whose death I am very sorry, and do much wonder at it, he being a little while since a very likely man to live as any I knew. Since my going out of town, there is one Alexander Rope taken, and sent to the Counter, by Sir Thomas Allen, for counterfeiting my hand to a ticket, and we this day, at the office, have given order to Mr. Smith to prosecute him.

13th. To Whitehall by water from Towre-wharfe, where we could not pass the ordinary way, because they were mending of the great stone steps against the Coronacion. Met my Lord with the Duke; and after a little talk with him, I went to the Banquet-house, and there saw the King heale, the first time that ever I saw him do it; which he did with great gravity, and it seemed to me to be an ugly office and a simple one. To the buriall of Captain Robert Blake, at Wapping, and there had each of us a ring, but it being dirty, we could not go to church with them. Sir W. Batten this day gone with his lady to Walthamstowe to keep Easter.

14th. (Easter. Lord's day.) In the morning heard Mr. Jacomb,[1] at Ludgate, upon these words, "Christ loved you, and therefore let us love one another," and made a gracy sermon, like a Presbyterian. After dinner, to the Temple, and there heard Dr. Griffith,[1] a good sermon for the day; so with Mr. Moore (whom I met there) to my Lord's, and there he shewed me a copy of my Lord Chancellor's patent for Earle, and I read the preamble, which is very short, modest, and good. Here my Lord saw us, and spoke to me about getting Mr. Moore to come and governe his house while he goes to sea, which I promised him to do, and did afterwards speak to Mr. Moore, and he is willing. Hearing that Mr. Barnwell is come, with some of my Lord s little children, yesterday to town, to see the Coronacion, I went and found them at the Goate, at Charing Cross, and there I went and drank with them a little while, whom I found in very good health, and very merry.

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[1] Thomas Jacomb, of Burton Lazer's, Leicestershire, entered at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1640; but, removing to Cambridge on the breaking out of the Rebellion, he obtained a Fellowship at Trinity College, in the place of a loyalist ejected, and had the degree of M.A. conferred on him. He afterwards became rector of St. Martin's-infra-Ludgate, in London; and was put out for nonconformity in 1662, being then D.D.

15th. A very foule morning for the King and Lords to go to Windsor. Home with Sir R. Slingsby, and dined with him and had a very good dinner. His lady[2] seems a good woman, and very desirous they were to hear this noon by the post how the election has gone at Newcastle, wherein he is concerned, but the letters are not come yet.

16th. So soon as word was brought me that Mr. Coventry was come with the barge to the Tower, I went to him, and found him reading of the psalms in shorthand (which he is now busy about), and had good sport about the long marks that are made there for sentences in divinity, which he is never like to make use of. Then we put off for Deptford, where we went on board the King's pleasure-boat that Commissioner Pett is making, and indeed it will be a most pretty thing. By the way, they would have me sing, which I did to Mr. Coventry.

17th. By land, and saw the arches,[3] which are now almost done, and are very fine, and I saw the picture of the ships and other things this morning, set up before the East Indy House, which are well done. Comes Mr. Allen, of Chatham, and I took him to the Mitre, and there did drink with him. His

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He subsequently followed the trade of conventicling, which brought him into trouble; and he died March 27, 1687, in the house of the Countess of Exeter, to whom he was Domestic Chaplain.—Abridged from Kennett's *Register.*

[1] Matthew Griffith, D.D., rector of St. Mary Magdalene, Old Fish Street, and preacher at the Temple. He was an episcopalian, and author of several printed sermons. He died in 1665.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Radclyffe, of Dilston, Northumberland, and widow of Sir William Fenwick, Bart., of Meldon. Sir R. Slingsby's first wife was Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Robert Brooke, of Newcells.

[3] Erecting in honour of the Coronation.

daughters[1] are to come to town to-morrow, but I know not whether I shall see them. Talk of Mr. Warren's[2] being knighted by the King, and Sir W. B. seemed to be very much incensed against him.

18th. Up with my workmen, and then, about nine o'clock, took horse with both the Sir Williams, for Walthamstow, and there we found my Lady and her daughters all;[3] and a pleasant day it was, and all things else, but that my Lady was in a bad moode, which we were troubled at, and had she been noble, she would not have been so with her servants, when we come thither, and this Sir W. Pen took notice of, as well as I. After dinner, we all went to the Church-stile,[4] and there eate and drank, and I was as merry as I could counterfeit myself to be. Then, it raining hard, homewards again, and in our way met with two country fellows upon one horse, which I did, without much ado, give the way to, but Sir W. Pen would not, but struck them, and they him, and so passed away, but they, giving him some high words, he went back again, and struck them off their horse, in a simple fury, and without much honour, in my mind, and so come away.

19th. So foule that I could not go to White Hall to see the Knights of the Bath made to-day, which do trouble me mightily.

20th. Comes my boy to tell me that the Duke of York had sent for all the principal officers, &c. to come to him to-day. So I went by water to Mr. Coventry's, and there staid and talked a good while with him till all the rest come. We went up and saw the Duke dress himself, and in his night habitt he is a very plain man.[5] Then he sent us to his closett, where we saw among other things two very fine chests, covered with gold and Indian varnish, given him by the East Indy Company of Holland. The Duke comes; and after he had told us that the fleet was designed for Algiers (which was kept from us till now), we did advise about many things as to the fitting of the fleet, and so went away. After that, to my Lord's, where Sir W. Pen came to me, and dined with my Lord. After dinner, he and others that dined there went away; and then my Lord looked upon his pages' and footmen's liverys which are come home to-day, and will be handsome, though not gaudy. Then with my Lady and my Lady Wright to White Hall; and in the Banqueting-house saw the King create my Lord Chancellor, and several others, Earles,[1] and Mr. Crewe and several others, Barons;[2] the first being led up by Heralds and five old Earles to the King, and there the patent is read, and the King puts on his vest, and sword, and coronett, and gives him the patent. And then he kisseth the King's hand, and rises and stands covered before the King. And the same for each Baron, only he is led up by three of the old Barons. And they are girt with swords before they go to the King. That being done, (which was very pleasant to see their habitts) I carried my Lady back, and there I found my Lord angry, for that his page had let my Lord's new beaver be changed for an old hat: then I went away, and with Mr. Creed to the Exchange, and bought some things, as gloves, and bandstrings, &c. So back to the Cockpitt; and there, by the favour of one Mr. Bowman, he and I got in, and there saw the King, and Duke of York and his Duchesse (which is a plain woman, and like her mother, my Lady Chancellor). And so saw "The Humersome Lieutenant"[3] acted before the King, but not very well done. But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but, above all, Mrs. Palmer, with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity. So Mr. Creed and I (the play being done) went to Mrs. Harper's, and there sat and drank, it being about twelve at night. The ways being so dirty, and stopped up with the rayles which are this day set up in the streets, I could not go home, but went with him to his lodging at Mr. Ware's, and there lay all night.

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[1] See *ante*, April 9, 1661.

[2] See *ante*, Dec. 29, 1660, and note.

[3] See *ante*, March 27, 1661.

[4] In an old book of accounts belonging to Warrington Parish, the following minute occurs:—"Nov. 5, 1688. Payd for drink at the *Church-Steele*, 13*s*."; and in 1732, "it is ordered that hereafter no money be spent on yᵉ 5th of November, or any other *state* day, on the parish account, either at the *Church-Stile*, or at any other place."—*Gent. Mag.*, Nov. 1852, p. 442. Thus the original reading is confirmed; for it had been suggested in the *Gent. Mag.* that this should be *Church ale*.

[5] "No man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*," a saying of the Prince de Condé.

[1] Edward Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, and Earl of Clarendon, *extinct;* Arthur, (Lord Capel) Viscount Malden and Earl of Essex; Thomas, (Lord Brudenell) Earl of Cardigan; Charles Howard, Lord Dacre, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle; Sir Arthur Annesley, (Viscount Valentia) Lord Annesley, and Earl of Anglesea; Sir John Granville, Viscount Lansdowne, and Earl of Bath, *extinct.*

[2] John Crewe, Baron Crewe of Stene, *extinct;* Denzil Holles, Baron Holles of Ifield, *extinct;* Sir Frederic Cornwallis, Bart., Baron Cornwallis of Eye (now merged in the Earldom); Sir Horace Townshend, Bart., Baron Townshend, of King's Lynn (merged in the Marquisate); Sir A. A. Cooper, Bart., Baron Ashley of Winborne, St. Giles merged in the Earldom of Shaftesbury; Sir George Booth, Bart., Baron Delamere, of Dunham Massey, *extinct.*

[3] "The Humorous Lieutenant," a Tragi-comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

21st. (Lord's day.) In the morning we were troubled to hear it rain as it did, because of the great show to-morrow. Dined with Dr. Thomas Pepys[1] and Dr. Fayrebrother; and all our talk about to-morrow's show, and our trouble that it is like to be a wet day. All the way is so thronged with people to see the triumphall arches, that I could hardly pass for them. Home, people being at church, and I got home unseen, and so up to my chamber, and sat down these last five or six days Diarys.

22d. The King's going from the Tower to White Hall. Up early, and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters, and his son and wife, and Sir W. Pen and his son and I, went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in Corne-hill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horse-clothes. Among others, my Lord Sandwich's embroidery and diamonds were not ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarquable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitane. The Bishops come next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow,[2] the vintner, at the Devil, in Fleet Street, did lead a fine company

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[1] Doctor in Civil Law.

[2] The Ashmolean Museum Catalogue mentions "Eight versus upon Simon Wadloe, Vintner, dwelling att yᵉ sign of yᵉ Devill and St. Dunstan." Simon Wadlow was mine host who kept the Devil Tavern in the days of Ben Jonson, who dubbed him "King of skinkers."—See Gifford's edition, vol. ix., p. 87. The rambler in London will look in vain for the Devil Tavern beneath the shade of Temple Bar. The house, with a modern front, is now the Bank of Messrs. Child, who have preserved the Leges Conviviales in the Apollo Room where Ben Jonson and his friends held their orgies. They are printed by Gifford, vol. ix., p. 83. The doggrel lines are as follows, so far as they can be made out from the Ashmolean MS. :—

Uppon Simon Wadlowe, Vintner, dwelling at the Signe of ye Devill and St. Dunstan.

Apollo et Cohors Musarum
Bacchus vini vinearium

of soldiers, all young, comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turkes;[1] but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows. So glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window. In the evening, by water to White Hall to my Lord's, and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him £200, and very rich it is with embroidery. The show being ended, Mr. Young did give us a dinner, at which we very merry, and pleased above imagination at what we had seen. Sir W. Batten going home, he and I called, and drunk some wine, and laid our wager about my Lady Faulconbridge's name, which he says not to be Mary,[2] and so I won above 20*s.* So home, where Will and the boy staid, and saw the show upon Towre-hill, and Jane at T. Pepys's the Turner, and my wife at Charles Glassecocke's in Fleet Street.

CORONAČON DAY.

23d. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the surveyor, with some company he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King come in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is, a chaire) and footstoole on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean[3] and

Ceres pro pane et cervitia
Adeste omnes cum tristitia
Dijq; Deaeq; lamentate cuncti
Simonis Wadloe funera defuncti.
 Sub Signo malo bene vixit, mirabile
 Si ad Caelos recessit, gratias Diabolo.

[1] This Company is represented in the curious contemporary picture by Stoop, now at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire.

[2] Mary, daughter of Oliver Cromwell, second wife of Thomas, second Viscount Falconberg, afterwards Earl of Falconberg.

[3] John Earle, S.T.P., in 1662 made Bishop of Worcester, and translated to Salisbury the following year; and dying in 1665, was buried in the chapel of Merton College, of which he had been a Fellow.

Prebendaries of Westminster, with the Bishops, (many of them in cloth of gold copes,) and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a sceptre[1] (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crowne too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Quire at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronac̄on, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crowne being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he come forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishopp;[2] and his lords (who put on their caps[3] as soon as the King put on his crowne) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Armes[4] went to the three open places[5] on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a Generall Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and meddalls flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis,[6] of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the musique; and indeed, it was lost to every body. I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rayles, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way.

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[1] *A sceptre.* It was St. Edward's staff.

[2] Gilbert Sheldon, Bishop of London, acting for Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose age and infirmities prevented him from attending.

[3] As yet Barons had no coronet. A grant of that outward mark of dignity was made to them by Charles soon after his coronation. Elizabeth had assigned coronets to Viscounts.

[4] Sir Edward Walker, Garter King of Arms.

[5] The south, west, and north sides.

[6] Sir Frederick Cornwallis, Baronet, had been created a Baron three days before the Coronation. He was Treasurer of His Majesty's Household, and a Privy Councillor. He had married Elizabeth, daughter of John Asburnham. His wife, therefore, and her brother, John Ashburnham, were first cousins to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Rugge states in July, 1660, that "the King supped with Sir Frederick Cornwallis at Durham Yard in the Strand." He died in January, 1661–2, and was buried with his ancestors at Brome, on the 18th. See *post*, 16th Jan., 1661–2. Collins and other writers erroneously state his death to have occurred on the 31st. The medals which he received as his fee (nearly 100 in number) were carefully preserved in the family, and have been recently arranged so as to form the setting of a large silver cup, at Audley End.

Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I staid walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King come in with his crowne on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland,[1] and Suffolke,[2] and the Duke of Ormond,[3] coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up [Dymock,] the King's Champion,[4] all in armour on horseback, with his speare and targett carried before him. And a Herald[5] proclaims "That if any dare deny Charles Stuart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him;" and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. To which, when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as every body else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the musique of all sorts, but above all, the 24 violins.[1] About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think, that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years: which people did take great notice of;[2] God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports,[3] which they endeavoured to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till to-morrow to be decided. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fire-works, but they were not performed to-night: only the City had a light like a glory round about it, with bonfires. At last, I went to King Streete, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I profered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which, at the further end, there were three great bonfires, and a great many gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another, which we thought a strange frolique; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last, I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King); and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. But no sooner a-bed with Mr. Shepley but my head began to turn, and I to vomitt, and if ever I was foxed, it was now, which I cannot say yet, because I fell asleep, and slept till morning. Thus did the day end with joy every where; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to any body through it all, but only to Serjeant Glynne,[1] whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this; he being now one of the King's Serjeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard,[2] to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night, in King Streete, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say, that, besides the pleasure of the sight of

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[1] Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, acting as Lord High Constable of England on this occasion.

[2] James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk, acting as Earl Marshal of England.

[3] James Butler, first Duke of Ormond, Lord High Steward of England *pro hâc vice.*

[4] Sir Edward Dymock, as Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby, co. Lincoln. This service was last performed by one of that family at the coronation of George IV., and with the coronation dinner has since been dispensed with.

[5] York Herald, George Owen who, it will be seen, rescued the canopy from the *valetaille.*

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[1] See some congratulatory lines on the coronation, by Henry Bold, of New College, Oxford, in Somers's *Tracts*, vol. vii., p. 514, Sir W. Scott's edition.

[2] Baxter, in his Life, mentions this storm. "On April 23, was his Majesty's coronation-day, the day being very serene and fair, till suddenly in the afternoon, as they were returning from Westminster Hall, there was very terrible thunders when none expected it, which made me remember his father's coronation, on which, being a boy at school, and having leave to play for the solemnity, an earthquake, about two o'clock in the afternoon, did affright the boys, and all the neighbourhood: I intend no commentary on these, but only to relate the matter of fact."

[3] Bishop Kennett gives a somewhat fuller account of this unseemly broil:—"No sooner had the aforesaid Barons brought up the King to the foot of the stairs in Westminster Hall, ascending to his throne, and turned on the left hand (towards their own table) out of the way, but the King's footmen most insolently and violently seized upon the canopy, which the Barons endeavouring to keep, and defend, were by their number and strength dragged down to the lower end of the Hall, nevertheless still keeping their hold; and had not Mr. Owen, York Herald, being accidentally near the Hall door and seeing the contest, caused the same to be shut, the footmen had certainly carried it away by force. But in the interim also, (speedy notice hereof having been given the King) one of the Querries were sent from him, with command to imprison the footmen, and dismiss them out of his service, which put an end to the present disturbance. These footmen were also commanded to make their submission to the Court of Claims, which was accordingly done by them the 30th April following, and the canopy then delivered back to the said Barons." Whilst this disturbance happened, the upper end of the first table, which had been appointed for the Barons of the Cinque Ports, was taken up by the Bishops, Judges, &c., probably nothing loth to take precedence of them; and the poor Barons, naturally unwilling to lose their dinner, were necessitated to eat it at the bottom of the second table, below the Masters in Chancery and others of the long robe.

John Glynne had been Recorder of London; and during the Protectorate Chief Justice of the Upper Bench; nevertheless, he did Charles II. great service, and was in consequence knighted and appointed King's Serjeant, and his son created a Baronet. Ob. 1666.

[2] John Maynard, the eminent lawyer; made Serjeant to Cromwell in 1653, and afterwards King's Serjeant by Charles II., who knighted him. In 1661 he was chosen Burgess for Berealston, and sat in every Parliament till the Revolution, for that borough, or Plymouth. In March, 1689, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal; and, soon resigning from infirmity, died 9th October, 1690, aged 88.

these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and showe, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

24th. Waked in the morning, with my head in a sad taking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for: so rose, and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draught, which he did give me in chocolate to settle my stomach. At night, set myself to write down these three days' diary, and, while I am about it, I hear the noise of the chambers,[1] and other things of the fireworks, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them.

26th. At the office, having some thoughts to order my business so as to go to Portsmouth the next week with Sir Robert Slingsby.

27th. Dined with my Lady. With Mr. Creed and Captain Ferrers to the Theatre to see "The Chances."[2]

28th. (Lord's day.) In the afternoon to church, where come Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Edward Pepys, and several other ladies, and so I went out of the pewe into another. Sent for to my father's, where my cozen Angier and his wife, of Cambridge, to whom I went, and was glad to see them, and sent for wine for them, and they supped with my father.

30th. This morning my wife and I and Mr. Creed took coach, and in Fish Street took up Mr. Hater and his wife, who, through her maske, seemed at first to be an old woman, but afterwards I found her to be a very pretty, modest black woman. We got a small bait at Leatherhead, and so to Godlyman,[3] where we lay all night; and were very merry, having this day no other extraordinary rencontre, but my hat falling off of my head at Newington into the water, by which it was spoiled and I ashamed of it. I am sorry that I was not at London, to be at Hide Parke to-morrow, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine.

May 1st. Up early, and baited at Petersfield, in the room which the King lay in lately at his being there. Here very merry, and played with our wives at bowles. Then we set forth again, and so to Portsmouth, seeming to me to be a very pleasant and strong place; and we lay at the Red Lyon, where Haselrigge and Scott and Walton did hold their councill, when they were here, against Lambert and the Committee of Safety.

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[1] Chamber, a species of great gun.

[2] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

[3] Godalming.

Several officers of the Yard come to see us to-night, and merry we were, but troubled to have no better lodgings.

2d. Up, and Mr. Creed and I to walk round the town upon the walls. Then to our inne, and there all the officers of the Yard to see me with great respect, and I walked with them to the Dock, and saw all the stores, and much pleased with the sight of the place. Back, and brought them all to dinner with me, and treated them handsomely; and so after dinner by water to the Yard, and there we made the sale of the old provisions. Then we and our wives all to see the Montagu, which is a fine ship, and so to the town again by water, and then to see the room where the Duke of Buckingham was killed by Felton.[1]

3d. Early to walk with Mr. Creed up and down the towne, and it was in his and some others' thoughts to have got me made free of the town, but the Mayor was, it seems, unwilling, and so they did not do it. Took coach to Petersfield, having nothing more of trouble in all my journey, but the exceeding unmannerly and epicure-like palate of Mr. Creed. Here my wife and I lay in the room the Queene lately lay, at her going into France.

4th. Up in the morning, and took coach, and so to Gilford, where we lay at the Red Lyon, the best inne, and lay in the room the King lately lay in, where we had time to see the Hospital, built by Archbishop Abbott, and the free schoole, and were civilly treated by the Mayster. So to supper and to bed, being very merry about our discourse with the Drawers concerning the minister of the towne, with a red face and a girdle.

5th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Creed and I went to the red-faced Parson's church, and heard a good sermon of him, better than I looked for. Anon we walked into the garden, and there played the fool a great while, trying who of Mr. Creed or I could go best over the edge of an old fountaine well, and I won a quart of sack of him. Then to supper in the banquet-house, and there my wife and I did talk high, she against and I for Mrs. Pierce (that she was a beauty), till we were both angry. Then to walk in the fields, and so to our quarters, and to bed.

6th. Up by four o'clock, and took coach, and so home. I hear to-night that the Duke of York's son[1] is this day dead, which, I believe, will please everybody; and I hear that the Duke and his Lady themselves are not much troubled at it.[2]

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[1] The house wherein the murder was committed in August, 1628, is situated at the upper end of the High Street, at Portsmouth, and its remains are now known as No. 10 in that street. It was occupied recently as a ladies' school. A representation of the front of the house is given in Brayley's *Graphic Illustrator*, p. 240.

7th. My Lady, I find, is, since my going, gone to the Wardrobe.[3] With Mr. Creed into London; stopped in our way by the City trayne-bands, who go in much solemnity and pomp this day to muster before the King and the Duke, and shops in the city are shut up everywhere this day. He carried me to an ordinary by the Old Exchange, where we come a little too late, but we had very good cheer for our 18*d.* a-piece, and an excellent droll, too, my hoste, and his wife as fine a woman, and sung and play so well, that I staid a great while, and drunk a great deal of wine. To bed, having sent my Lord a letter to-night, to excuse myself for not going with him to-morrow to the Hope, whither he is to go to see in what condition the fleete is in.

8th. Come my brother John to take his leave of me, he being to return to Cambridge. I did give him some good counsell, and 20*s.* in money, and so he went away. At night comes my wife not well, from my father's, having had a fore-tooth drawn out to-day, which do trouble me. To-day I received a letter from my uncle, to beg an old fiddle of me for Perkin, the miller, whose mill the wind hath lately broke down, and now he hath nothing to live by but fiddling, and he must needs have it against Whitsuntide to play to the country-girles; but it vexed me to see how my uncle writes to me, as if he were not able to buy him one. But I intend to-morrow to send him one.

9th. With my Lord at his lodgings, and there being with him my Lord Chamberlain,[4] I spoke for my old waterman Payne, to get into White's place, who was waterman to my Lord Chamberlain, and is now to go master of the barge to my Lord to sea; and my Lord Chamberlain did promise that Payne should be entertained in White's place with him.

11th. To Graye's Inn, and there to a barber's, where I was trimmed and had my haire cutt, in which I am lately become a little curious, finding that the length of it do become me very much.

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[1] Charles, Duke of Cambridge, born October 22, 1660, ob. May 5, 1661. He was the first of eight children by Anne Hyde.

[2] The legitimacy of the infant might have been questionable. See Oct. 7, and Dec. 16, 1660, and Feb. 23, 1660-61.

[3] Lord Sandwich's official residence in Doctors' Commons, now Wardrobe Place.

[4] The Earl of Manchester.

12th. (Lord's day.) At the Savoy heard Dr. Fuller[1] preach upon David's words,[2] "I will wait with patience all the days of my appointed time until my change comes;" but methought it was a poor, dry sermon. And I am afraid my former high esteem of his preaching was more out of opinion than judgment. Met with Mr. Creed, with whom I went and walked in Graye's-Inn-walks, and from thence to Islington, and there eate and drank at the house[3] my father and we were wont of old to go to; and after that walked homeward, and parted in Smithfield: and so I home, much wondering to see how things are altered with Mr. Creed, who, twelve months ago, might have been got to hang himself almost as soon as go to a drinking-house on a Sunday.[4]

14th. Finding my head grow weak now-a-days, if I come to drink wine, and therefore hope that I shall leave it off of myself, which I pray God I could do.

15th. There came two men, with an order from a Committee of Lords to demand some books of me out of the office, in order to the examining of Mr. Hutchinson's accounts, but I gave them a surly answer, and they went away to complain, which put me into some trouble with myself, but I resolve to go to-morrow myself to these Lords, and answer them.

16th. About two o'clock went in my velvet coat by water to the Savoy, and there, having staid a good while, I was called into the Lords, and there, quite contrary to my expectations, they did treat me very civilly, telling me what they had done was out of zeal to the King's service, and that they would joyne with the governors of the chest with all their hearts since they know that there was any, which they did not before. I gave them very respectful answers, and so went away to the Theatre, and there saw the latter end of "The Mayd's Tragedy,"[5] which I never saw before, and methinks it is too sad and melancholy. To the Wardrobe, and there we found my Lord newly gone away with the Duke of Ormond and some others, whom he had had to a collacion; and so we, with the rest of the servants in the hall, sat down, and eat of the best cold meats that ever I eat in all my life. Mr. Moore with me to the waterside, telling me how kindly he is used by my Lord and my Lady since his coming thither as a servant.

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[1] The celebrated Thomas Fuller, D.D., the Church historian, and author of *The Worthies of England*, then lecturer at the Savoy. At his death, in August following, he was chaplain to the King, prebendary of Salisbury, and rector of Cranford, where he was buried.

[2] The text meant is Job xiv. 14, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

[3] The King's Head. See 27th March, 1664.

[4] He had been a zealous puritan.

[5] By Beaumont and Fletcher. Mohun played *Melantius;* Hart, *Amintor;* and Mrs. Marshall, *Evadne*.

17th. Lieutenant Lambert and I to the Exchange, and thence to an ordinary over against it, where to our dinner we had a fellow play well upon the bagpipes, and whistle like a bird exceeding well, and I had a fancy to learn to whistle as he do, and did promise to come some other day, and give him an angell to teach me.

18th. Towards Westminster, from the Towre, by water, and was fain to stand upon one of the pieres about the bridge, before the men could drag their boat through the lock, and which they could not do till another was called to help them. Being through bridge, I found the Thames full of boats and gallys, and upon inquiry found that there was a wager to be run this morning. So, spying of Payne in a gally, I went into him, and there staid, thinking to have gone to Chelsy with them. But, upon the start, the wager boats fell foul of one another, till at last one of them gives over, pretending foule play, and so the other row away alone, and all our sport lost. I went ashore at Westminster; where it was very pleasant to see the Hall in the condition it is now, with the Judges on the benches at the further end of it,[1] which I had not seen all this terme till now.

19th. (Lord's day.) I walked in the morning towards Westminster, and, seeing many people at York House,[2] I went down and found them at masse, it being the Spanish ambassador's;[3] and so I got into one of the gallerys, and there heard two masses done, I think, not in so much state as I have seen them heretofore. After that, into the garden, and walked an hour or two, but found it not so fine a place as I always took it for by the outside. Captain Ferrers and Mr. Howe and myself to Mr. Wilkinson's at the Crowne: then to my Lord's, where we went and sat talking and laughing in the drawing-room a great while. All our talk upon their going to sea this voyage, which Captain Ferrers is in some doubt whether he shall do or no, but swears that he would go, if he were sure never to come back again; and I, giving him some hopes, he grew so mad with joy that he fell a-dancing and leaping like a madman. Now it fell out that the balcone windows were open, and he went to the rayle and made an offer to leap over, and asked what if he should leap over there. I told him I would give him £40 if he did not go to sea. With that thought, I shut the doors, and W. Howe hindered him all we could; yet he opened them again, and, with a vault, leaps down into the garden:—the greatest and most desperate frolic that I ever saw in my life. I run to see what was become of him, and we found him crawled upon his knees, but could not rise; so we went down into the garden, and dragged him to a bench, where he looked like a dead man, but could not stir; and, though he had broke nothing, yet his pain in his back was such as he could not endure. With this my Lord (who was in the little new room) come to us in amaze, and bid us carry him up, which, by our strength, we did, and so laid him in East's bedroom, by the doore; where he lay in great pain. We sent for a doctor and chyrurgeon, but none to be found, till, by-and-by, by chance comes in Dr. Clerke, who is afraid of him.[1] So we went for a lodging for him.

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[1] The Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas were at the upper end of the hall so lately as 1810.

[2] York House belonged to the See of York till James I.'s time, when Toby Matthews exchanged it with the Crown. Chancellors Egerton and Bacon resided there, after which it was granted to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Subsequently to the Restoration, his son occupied the house some years, and disposing of the premises, they were converted into the streets still bearing his names, and the general appellation of York Buildings.—See *Handbook of London, ubi plura.*

[3] The Baron de Batteville.

20th. Visited by Mr. Anderson, my former chamber-fellow at Cambridge, with whom I parted at the Hague.

21st. Up early, and with Sir R. Slingsby, and Major Waters the deafe gentleman, his friend, for company's sake to the Victualling-office, the first time that I ever knew where it was,[2] and there staid while he read a commission for enquiry into some of the King's lands and houses thereabouts, that are given his brother. And then we took boat to Woolwich, where we staid and gave order for the fitting out of some more ships presently. And then to Deptford, where we did the same; and so took barge again, and were overtaken by the King in his barge, he having been down the river with his yacht this day for pleasure to try it; and, as I hear, Commissioner Pett's do prove better than the Dutch one, and that that his brother built. While we were upon the water, one of the greatest showers of rain fell that ever I saw. The Comptroller and I landed with our barge at the Temple, and from thence I went to my father's, and there did give order about some clothes to be made.

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[1] He recovered.

[2] The Victualling Office at the end of East Smithfield, according to Stow, occupied the site of the Abbey of St. Mary of the Graces, which had been founded by Edward III., to commemorate his escape from shipwreck; and was granted at the dissolution to Sir Arthur Darcy, who pulled it down. The Cooperage, a portion of the Victualling Office, was burnt 18th May, 1687. The disaster is described in Rawlinson MS., A. 171.

22d. To the Wardrobe, where my Lord and all the officers of the Wardrobe dined, and several other friends of my Lord, at a venison pasty. Before dinner, my Lady Wright and my Lady Jem. sang songs to the harpsichon. Very pleasant and merry at dinner. Before I went to bed, the barber come to trim me and wash me, and so to bed, in order to my being clean to-morrow.

23d. To the Rhenish wine-house,[1] and there Mr. Jonas Moore,[2] the mathematician, to us, and there he did by discourse make us fully believe that England and France were once the same continent, by very good arguments, and spoke very many things not so much to prove the Scripture false, as that the time therein is not well computed nor understood. In my black silk suit (the first day I have put it on this year) to my Lord Mayor's by coach, with a great deal of honourable company, and great entertainment. At table I had very good discourse with Mr. Ashmole, wherein he did assure me that frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed. Dr. Bates's[3] singularity in not rising up nor drinking the King's nor other healths at the table was very much observed. From thence we all took coach, and to our office, and there sat till it was late; and so I home and to bed by daylight. This day was kept a holy-day through the towne; and it pleased me to see the little boys walk up and down in procession with their broom-staffs in their hands, as I had myself long ago done.[4]

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[1] In Crooked Lane; but see August 9, 1660, *ante*.

[2] Jonas Moore, a native of Lancashire, one of the most eminent mathematicians of his day. He was knighted by Charles II., and made Surveyor of the Ordnance, and died in 1679. At the funeral of Sir Jonas Moore, sixty pieces of artillery were discharged at the Tower.

[3] Dr. William Bates, one of the most eminent of the puritan divines, and who took part in the Savoy Conference. His collected writings fill a large volume in folio. The dissenters called him silver-tongued Bates: he certainly was not a Chrysostom.

[4] Pepys here refers to the perambulation of parishes on Holy Thursday, still observed. This ceremony was sometimes enlivened by whipping the boys, for the better impressing on their minds the remembrance of the day, and the boundaries of the parish, instead of beating houses or stones. But this would not have harmonized well with the excellent Hooker's practice on this day, when he "always dropped some loving and *facetious* observations, to be remembered against the next year, especially by the boys and young people." Amongst Dorsetshire customs, it seems that, in perambulating a manor or parish, a boy is tossed into a stream, if that be the boundary; if a hedge, a sapling from it is applied for the purpose of flagellation.

25th. To the Theatre, where I saw a piece of "The Silent Woman," which pleased me.

26th. (Lord's day.) This day the Parliament received the communion of Dr. Gunning at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Sir W. Batten told me how Mr. Prin among the two or three that did refuse to-day to receive the sacrament upon their knees was offered by a mistake the drinke afterwards, which he did receive, being denied the drinke by Dr. Gunning, unless he would take it on his knees; and after that, by another the bread was brought him, and he did take it sitting, which is thought very preposterous.

27th. With my Lords Sandwich and Hinchingbroke to the Lord's House by boat at Westminster, and there I left them. Then to the lobby, and after waiting for Sir G. Downing's coming out, to speak with him about the giving me up of my bond for my honesty, when I was his clerk, but to no purpose, I went to Clerke's at the Legg,[1] and there we dined very merry, there coming to us Captain Ferrers, this being the first day of his going abroad since his leape a week ago, which I was greatly glad to see.

28th. With Mr. Shepley to the Exchange about business, and there, by Mr. Rawlinson's favour, got into a balcone over against the Exchange; and there saw the hangman burn, by vote of Parliament, two old acts, the one for constituting us a Commonwealth, and the other I have forgot;[2] which still do make me think of the greatness of this late turne, and what people will do to-morrow against what they all, through profit or fear, did promise and practice this day. To Cheapside, about buying a piece of plate to give away to-morrow to Mrs. Browne's child.[3]

29th. (King's birth-day.) Rose early, and having made myself fine, and put six spoons and a porringer of silver in my pocket, to give away to-day, Sir W. Pen and I took coach and (the weather and way being foule) went to Walthamstowe; and, being come there, heard Mr. Radcliffe,[4] my former schoolfellow at St. Paul's, (who is yet a merry boy,) preach upon "Nay, let him take all, since my Lord the King is returned," &c. He read all, and his sermon very simple. Back to dinner at Sir

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[1] The Leg, in King Street, Westminster.

[2] It was an act for subscribing the Engagement. On the same day there had been burned by the hangman, in Westminster Hall, the act for "erecting an High Court of Justice for trying and judging Charles Stuart." Two more acts were similarly burned the next day.

[3] See Jan. 16, 1660-61, *ante*.

[4] Jonathan Radcliff, A.M., then vicar of Walthamstow.

William Batten's; and then, after a walk in the fine gardens, we went to Mrs. Browne's, where Sir W. Pen and I were godfathers, and Mrs. Jordan[1] and Shipman godmothers[2] to her boy. And there, before and after the christening, we were with the woman above in her chamber; but whether we carried ourselves well or ill, I know not; but I was directed by young Mrs. Batten. One passage of a lady that eat wafers with her dog did a little displease me. I did give the midwife 10*s*., and the nurse 5*s*., and the maid of the house 2*s*. But forasmuch as I expected to give the name to the childe, but did not, it being called John, I forbore then to give my plate till another time, after a little more advice. Being done, we went to Mrs. Shipman's, who is a great butter-woman, and I did see there the most of milke and creame, and the cleanest that ever I saw in my life. After we had filled our bellies with creame, we took our leaves and away. In our way, we had great sport to try who should drive fastest, Sir W. Batten's coach, or Sir W. Pen's chariott, they having four, and we two horses, and we beat them. But it cost me the spoiling of my clothes and velvet coate with dirt. Being come home, I to bed, and give my breeches to be dried by the fire against to-morrow.

30th. To the Wardrobe, and there, with my Lord, went into his new barge to try her, and found her a good boat, and like my Lord's contrivance of the door to come out round, and not square, as they used to do; and thence I to Gratien, who took me to Arundell-House, and there showed me some fine flowers in his garden, and all the fine statues in the galery, which I formerly had seen, and is a brave sight, and thence to a blind, dark cellar, where we had two bottles of good ale. This day, I hear, the Parliament have ordered a bill to be brought in for restoring the Bishops to the House of Lords; which they had not done so soon but to spite Mr. Prin, who is every day so bitter against them in his discourse in the House.

31st. Great talk now how the Parliament intend to make a collection of free gifts to the King through the Kingdom; but I think it will not come to much.[3]

June 1st. Having dined at Woolwich, with Captain Poole, at the taverne there, by water to Deptford. We walked to Redriffe, calling at the half-way house, and there come into a room where there was infinite of new cakes placed that are made against Whitsuntide, and there we were very merry.

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[1] The wife of Captain, afterwards Sir Joseph, Jordan.

[2] Robert Shipman bought the great tithes of Walthamstow from the Argall family in 1663; and left them by will to his wife Dorothy, from whom they passed in 1667 to Robert Mascall, merchant.

[3] See 31st August, *post*.

2d. (Whitsunday.) The barber having done with me, I went to church, and there heard a good sermon of Mr. Mills fit for the day. To church again. It rained very hard, as it hath done of late, so much so that we begin to doubt a famine.

3d. To the Wardrobe, where, discoursing with my Lord, he did instruct me as to the business of the Wardrobe, in case in his absence, Mr. Townsend should die, and told me that he did intend to joyne me and Mr. Moore with him as to the business, now he is going to sea, and spoke to me many other things, as to one that he do put the greatest confidence in, of which I am proud. My cozen Scott come to dine with me, and before he had done, in comes my father Bowyer, and my mother and four daughters, and a young gentleman and his sister, their friends, and there staid all the afternoon, which cost me great store of wine, and were very merry. Mr. Creed and I to the Tower, to speak for some ammunicion for ships for my Lord; and so he and I, with much pleasure, walked quite round the Tower, which I never did before. To the Beare, at the Bridge-foot, thinking to have met my Lord Hinchingbroke and his brother, setting forth for France, but they being not come, we went over to the Wardrobe, and there found that my Lord Abbot Montagu[1] being not at Paris, my Lord hath a mind to have them stay a little longer before they go.

4th. To my Lord Crewe's to dinner, and had very good discourse about having of young noblemen and gentlemen to think of going to sea, as being as honourable service as the land war. And among other things he told us how, in Queen Elizabeth's time, one young nobleman would wait with a trencher at the back of another till he come to age himself; and witnessed in my young Lord of Kent that then was, who waited upon my Lord Bedford at table, when a letter come to my Lord Bedford that the Earldome of Kent was fallen to his servant the young Lord; and so he rose from table, and made him sit down in his place, and took a lower for himself, for so he was by place to sit.[2] From thence to the Theatre, and saw Harry the 4th, a good play.

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[1] Walter, second son to the first Earl of Manchester, embracing the Romish faith while on his travels, was made Abbot of Pontoise, through the influence of Mary de Medici. He afterwards became almoner to the Queen-Dowager of England, and died 1670.

[2] The Earldom of Kent was erected for the Grey family, in 1465; that of Bedford for the Russells, in 1550.

5th. This morning did give my wife £4, to lay out upon lace and other things for herself. Sir W. Pen and I went out with Sir R. Slingsby to bowles in his ally, and there had good sport. I took my flageolette, and played upon the leads in the garden, where Sir W. Pen come out in his shirt into his leads, and there we staid talking and singing and drinking great draughts of claret, and eating botargo,[1] and bread and butter till twelve at night, it being moonshine; and so to-bed, very near fuddled.

6th. My head hath aked all night, and all this morning, with my last night's debauch. Called up this morning by Lieutenant Lambert,[2] who is now made Captain of the Norwich, and he and I went down by water to Greenwich, and eat and drank and heard musique at the Globe, and saw the simple motion that is there of a woman with a rod in her hand keeping time to the musique while it plays, which is simple, methinks. Back again by water, calling at Captain Lambert's house, which is very handsome and neat, and a fine prospect at top. So to the office. The weather very hot, this night I left off my wastecoate.

8th. To White-Hall to my Lord, who did tell me that he would have me go to Mr. Townsend, whom he had ordered to discover to me the whole mystery of the Wardrobe, and none else but me, and that he will make me deputy with him, for fear that he should die in my Lord's absence, of which I was glad. I went to the Theatre, and there saw Bartholomew Faire,[3] the first time it was acted now-a-days. It is a most admirable play, and well acted, but too much prophane and abusive.

9th. (Lord's day.) This day my wife put on her black silk gown, which is now laced all over with black gimp lace, as the fashion is, in which she is very pretty. She and I walked to my Lady's at the Wardrobe, and there dined, and was exceeding much made of. After dinner to Mr. Pierce's, and there he and I, and Mr. Symons, (dancing-master) that goes to sea with my Lord, to the Swan taverne, and there drank. To White Hall, and there met with Dean Fuller,[4] and walked a great while with him; among other things discoursed of the liberty the Bishop (by name he of Galloway[5]) takes to admit into orders any body that will; among others, Roundtree, a simple mechanique that was a parson formerly of the Fleet.[1] He told me he would complain of it. By and by we went and got a sculler, and, landing him at Worcester House, went to the Wardrobe. I went up to Jane Shore's towre, and there W. Howe and I sang, and so took my wife and walked home, and so to-bed.

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[1] A sausage made of eggs, and of the blood of a sea mullet.

[2] See 24th Jan., 1659-60, *ante*.

[3] A Comedy, by Ben Jonson; first acted in 1614.

[4] See *ante*, 7th April, 1661, and note.

[5] Murray and Heath, whose authority is generally good, assert that James Hamilton was at this time Bishop of Galloway; but the commission

10th. Early to my Lord's, who privately told me how the King had made him Embassador in the bringing over the Queen. That he is to go to Algiers, &c., settle the business, and to put the fleet in order there; and so to come back to Lisbone with three ships, and there to meet the fleet that is to follow him. He sent for me, to tell me that he do intrust me with the seeing of all things done in his absence as to this great preparation, as I shall receive orders from my Lord Chancellor and Mr. Edward Montagu. At all which my heart is above measure glad; for my Lord's honour, and some profit to myself, I hope. By and by, out with Mr. Shepley, Walden,[2] Parliament-man for Huntingdon, Rolt,[3] Mackworth, and Alderman Backwell, to a house hard by, to drink Lambeth ale. So I back to the Wardrobe, and there found my Lord going to Trinity House,[4] this being the solemn day of choosing Master, and my Lord is chosen: so he dines there to-day. I stayed and dined with my Lady; but after we were set, comes in some persons of condition, and so the children and I rose and dined by ourselves all. The children and I were very merry, and they mightily fond of me.

11th. At the office this morning, Sir G. Carteret with us;

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or his consecration bears date 12th December, 1661. Kennett also mentions Thomas Sydserf, who had been deposed from the See of Galloway by the Presbyterians in 1638, as the only Scotch prelate alive at the Restoration; and adds, that he came up to London, expecting to be advanced to the Primacy. But he had so disgusted the English bishops, that he was only removed to the See of Orkney, which, though richly endowed, was considered at all times as a sinecure; and he did not long survive his translation. At all events, Hamilton was his successor, and the Bishop of Galloway mentioned in the *Diary*, 15th May, 1663. Lingard's testimony is in favour of Sydserf being the Bishop of Galloway here alluded to. The death of the Bishop of Orkney (late of Galloway) is mentioned in *The Intelligencer*, 29th September, 1663.

[1] See the account of the Fleet marriages, in Pennant's *London*, and Burn's *Hist. of the Fleet Marriages*.

[2] Lionel.

[3] Perhaps the same person who had been Envoy from the Protector to the King of Sweden, and is described by Kennett, in September, 1655, as kinsman to his Highness.

[4] In Water Lane, near the Tower.

and we agreed upon a letter to the Duke of York, to tell him the sad condition of this office for want of money; how men are not able to serve us more without some money; and that now the credit of the office is brought so low, that none will sell us anything without our personal security given for the same.

12th. Wednesday, a day kept between a fast and a feast, the Bishops not being ready enough to keep the fast for foule weather, before fair weather come; and so they were forced to keep it between both.[1] Then to White Hall, where I met my Lord, who told me he must have £300 laid out in cloth, to give in Barbary, as presents among the Turkes. At home practising to sing, which is now my great trade.

13th. To Alderman Backwell's, but his servants not being up, I went home, and put on my grey cloth suit and faced white coate, made of one of my wife's pettycoates, the first time I have had it on, and so in a riding garbe back again. With my Lord to White Hall by water, and he having taken leave of the King, comes to us at his lodgings, and from thence goes to the Garden-staires, and there takes barge, and at the staires was met by Sir R. Slingsby, who there took his leave of my Lord, and I heard my Lord thank him for his kindness to me, which Sir Robert answered much to my advantage. I went down with my Lord in the barge to Deptford, and there went on board the Dutch yacht, and staid there a good while, W. Howe not being come with my Lord's things, which made my Lord very angry. By and by he comes, and so we set sayle, and anon went to dinner, my Lord and we very merry; and after dinner, I went down below, and there sang, and took leave of W. Howe, Captain Rolt, and the rest of my friends, then went up and took leave of my Lord, who give me his hand, and parted with great respect. So went, and Captain Ferrers with me, into our wherry, and my Lord did give five guns, all they had charged, which was the greatest respect my Lord could do me, and of which I was not a little proud. So with a sad and merry heart I left them sailing presently from Erith, hoping to be in the Downes to-morrow early. We toward London in our boat. Pulled off our stockings, and bathed our legs a great while in the river, which I had not done some years before. By and by we come to Greenwich, and thinking to have gone on the King's yacht, the King was in her, so we passed by, and at Woolwich went on shore; and I home, and with wine enough in my head, went to bed.

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[1] A Form of Prayer was published to be used in London on the 12th, and in the country on the 19th of June, being the special days appointed for a general fast to be kept in the respective places for averting those sicknesses and diseases, that dearth and scarcity, which justly may be feared from the late immoderate rain and waters: for a Thanksgiving also for the blessed change of weather; and the begging the continuance of it to us for our comfort: And likewise for beseeching a Blessing upon the High Court of Parliament now assembled: Set forth by his Majesty's authority. A sermon was preached before the Commons by Thomas Greenfield, Preacher of Lincoln's Inn. The Lords taxed themselves for the poor—an Earl, 30*s.*, a Baron, 20*s.* Those absent from Prayers were to pay a forfeit.

14th. To White Hall to my Lord's, where I found Mr. Edward Montagu and his family come to lie during my Lord's absence. I sent to my house, by my Lord's order, his shipp[1] and triangle virginall.

15th. Dined with my Lady, who, now my Lord is gone, is come to her poor housekeeping again.

16th. (Lord's day.) No purser coming in the morning for the goods, at a great losse what to do. The afternoon I spent in reading "The Spanish Gypsey,"[2] a play not very good, though commended much. At night resolved to hire a Margate Hoy, who would go away to-morrow morning, which I did, and sent the things all by him.

18th. All this morning at home vexing about the delay of my painters, and about four in the afternoon my wife and I by water to Captain Lambert's, where we took great pleasure in their turret-garden, and seeing the fine needlework of his wife, the best I ever saw in my life, and afterwards had a very handsome treate and good musique that she made upon the harpsichon.

19th. One thing I must observe here, while I think of it, that I am now become the most negligent man in the world as to matter of newes, insomuch that, now-a-days, I neither can tell any, nor aske any of others.

20th. At home the greatest part of the day, to see my workmen make an end, which this night they did to my great content.

21st. Mr. Norbury and I did discourse of his wife's house and land at Brampton, which I find too much for me to buy.

22d. At noon, went and dined with my Lord Crewe, where very much made of by him and his lady. Then to the Theatre, "The Alchymist,"[3] which is a most incomparable play.

23d. (Lord's day.) In the morning to church, and my wife not being well, I went with Sir W. Batten home to dinner, my Lady being out of towne, where there was Sir W. Pen, Captain Allen and his daughter Rebecca, and Mr. Hempson and his wife. After dinner to church all of us, and had a very good sermon of a stranger, and so I and the young company to walk first to Graye's Inn Walks, where great store of gallants, but above all the ladies I there saw, or ever did see, Mrs. Frances Butler[1] (Monsieur L'Impertinent's sister) is the greatest beauty. Then we went to Islington, where at the great house I entertained them as well as I could, and so home with them, and so to my own nome, and to bed. Pall, who went this day to a child's christening at Kate Joyce's, staid out all night at my father's—she not being well.

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[1] *Sic* orig., probably the word glass was omitted.

[2] A Comedy, by T. Middleton and W. Rowley, printed 1653, and again in 1661.

[3] A Comedy, by Ben Jonson.

24th. (Midsummer-day.) I and Dr. Williams to the ordinary over against the Exchange, where we dined, and had great wrangling with the master of the house when the reckoning was brought to us, he setting down exceeding high every thing.

25th. Captain Allen and his daughter Rebecca, and Mr. Hempson, and by and by both Sir Williams, who sat with me till it was late, and I had a very gallant collacion for them.

26th. To dine with my Lady at the Wardrobe, taking Dean Fuller along with me: then home, where I heard that my father had been to find me out about special business; so I took coach and went to him, and found by a letter to him from my aunt that my uncle Robert is taken with a dizzinesse in his head, by which we guess that he is very ill, and so my father do think to go to-morrow. And so God's will be done.

27th. To my father's. There I told him how I would have him speak to my uncle Robert, when he comes thither, concerning my buying of land—that I could pay ready money £600, and the rest by £150 per annum, to make up as much as will buy £50 per annum, which I do, though I am not worth above £500 ready money, that he may think me to be a greater saver than I am. Then with my Lady Batten, Mrs. Rebecca Allen, Mrs. Thompson, &c., two coaches of us, we went and saw "Bartholomew Fayre," acted very well. So home and to bed. This day, Mr. Holden sent me a bever, which cost me £4 5*s.*[2]

28th. Went to Moorefields, and there walked, and stood and saw the wrestling, which I never saw so much of before, between the north and west countrymen. This night had our bed set up in our room that we called the Nursery, where we lay, and I am very much pleased with the room.

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[1] See July 14, 1660, *ante.*

[2] Whilst a hat (see Jan. 28, 1660–61, *ante*) cost only 35*s.* See also Lord Sandwich's vexation at his beaver being stolen, and a hat only left in lieu of it, April 30, 1661, *ante.*: and April 19th and 26th, 1662, *post.*

29th. By a letter from the Duke, complaining of the delay of the ships that are to be got ready, Sir Williams both and I went to Deptford, and there examined into the delays, and were satisfyed. Mr. Chetwind fell commending of "Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity," as the best book, and the only one that made him a Christian, which puts me upon the buying of it, which I will do shortly.

30th. (Lord's day.) To church, where we observe the trade of briefs is come now up to so constant a course every Sunday, that we resolve to give no more to them.[1] Sir Williams both and I to White Hall, where we met the Duke of Yorke, according to an order sent us yesterday from him, to give him an account where the fault lay in the not sending out of the ships, which we. find to be only the wind hath been against them, and so they could not get out of the river. Hence I to Graye's Inn Walk all alone, and with great pleasure, seeing the fine ladies walk there. Myself humming to myself (which now-a-days is my constant practice since I begun to learn to sing) the trillo, and found by use that it do come upon me. This day, the Portuguese Embassador[2] come to White Hall to take leave of the King; he being now going to end all with the Queen, and to send her over. Myself in good health, but mighty apt to take cold, so that this hot weather I am fain to wear a cloth before my stomach.

July 1st. This morning into the city to buy several things as I have lately done for my house. Among other things, a fair chest of drawers for my own chamber, and an Indian gown for myself. The first cost me 33*s.*, the other 34*s.* Home, and dined there, and Theodore Goodgroome, my singing-master, with me, and then to our singing.

2d. My father writes that my uncle is by fits stupid, and like a man that is drunk, and sometimes speechless. Went to Sir William Davenant's[3] Opera; this being the fourth day that it hath begun, and the first that I have seen it. To-day was acted the second part of "The Siege of Rhodes." We staid a very great while for the King and Queen of Bohemia;[1] and by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fell into the ladies' necks and the men's haire, which made good sport. The King being come, the scene opened; which indeed is very fine and magnificent, and well acted, all but the Eunuche, who was so much out that he was hissed off the stage.

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[1] It appears, from an old MS. account-book of the collections in the church of St. Olave, Fleet Street, beginning in 1642, still extant, that the money gathered on the 30th June, 1661, "for several inhabitants of the parish of St. Dunstan in the West towards their losse by fire" amounted to "xx*s.* viii*d.*" Pepys might well complain of the trade in briefs, as similar contributions had been levied fourteen weeks successively, previous to the one in question at St. Olave's church. Briefs were abolished in 1828.

[2] Don Francisco de Mello, Conde de Ponte.

[3] Sir William Davenant, the celebrated dramatic writer, and patentee of the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Ob. 1668, aged 64. He was the author of the "Siege of Rhodes."

3d. Dined with my Lady, who is in some mourning for her brother, Mr. Samuel Crewe, who died yesterday of the spotted fever. This day, my Lady Batten and my wife were at the burial of a daughter of Sir John Lawson's, and had rings for themselves and their husbands.

4th. I went to the Theatre, and there I saw "Claracilla"[2] (the first time I ever saw it,) well acted. But strange to see this house, that used to be so thronged, now empty since the Opera began; and so will continue for a while, I believe.

6th. Waked this morning with news, brought me by a messenger on purpose, that my uncle Robert is dead; so I rose sorry in some respect, glad in my expectations in another respect: so I bought me a pair of boots in St. Martin's, and got myself ready, and then to the Post-house, and set out about eleven and twelve o'clock, taking the messenger with me that come to me, and so we rode, and got well by nine o'clock to Brampton, where I found my father well. My uncle's corps in a coffin standing upon joynt-stooles in the chimney in the hall; but it begun to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night, and watched by my aunt. My father and I lay together to-night, I greedy to see the will, but did not aske to see it till to-morrow.

7th. (Lord's day.) In the morning, my father and I read the will; where, though he gives me nothing at present till my father's death, or at least very little, yet I am glad to see that he hath done so well for us all, and well to the rest of his kindred. After that done, we went about getting things, as ribbands and gloves, ready for the burial, which in the afternoon was done; where, it being Sunday, all people far and near come in; and, in the greatest disorder that ever I saw, we made shift to serve them with what we had of wine and other things; and then to carry him to the church, where Mr. Taylor buried him, and Mr. Turner preached a funeral sermon, where he spoke not particularly of him anything, but that he was one so well known for his honesty, that it spoke for itself above all that he could say for it. And so made a very good sermon.

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[1] See May 14, 1660, *ante*. [2] A Tragi-comedy, by Thomas Killigrew.

8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th. I fell to work, and my father to look over my uncle's papers and clothes, and continued all this week upon that business, much troubled with my aunt's base, ugly humours. We had news of Tom Trice putting in a caveat against us, in behalf of his mother, to whom my uncle had not given anything, and for good reason therein expressed, which troubled us also. But above all, our trouble is to find that his estate appears nothing as we expected, and all the world believes; nor his papers so well sorted as I would have had them, but all in confusion, that break my brains to understand them. We missed also the surrenders of his copyhold land, without which the land would not come to us, but to the heire at lawe, so that what with this, and the badness of the drink, and the ill opinion I have of the meat, and the biting of the gnats by night, and my disappointment in getting home this week, and the trouble of sorting all the papers, I am almost out of my wits with trouble, only I appear the more contented, because I would not have my father troubled.

14th. (Lord's day.) At home, and Robert Barnwell with us, and dined, and in the evening my father and I walked round past home, and viewed all the fields, which was very pleasant. To Hinchingbroke, which is now all in dirt, because of my Lord's building, which will make it very magnificent. Back to Brampton.

15th. Up by three o'clock this morning, and rode to Cambridge, and was there by seven o'clock, where, after I was trimmed, I went to Christ College, and found my brother John at eight o'clock in bed, which vexed me. Then to King's College chappel, where I found the scholars in their surplices at the service with the organs, which is a strange sight to what it used in my time to be here. Then with Dr. Fairbrother (whom I met there) to the Rose taverne, and called for some wine, and sent also for Mr. Sanchy, with whom and other gentlemen, friends of his, we were very merry, and I treated them as well as I could, and so at noon took horse, having taken leave of my cozen Angier, and rode to Impington, where I found my old uncle[1] sitting all alone, like a man out of the world: he can hardly see; but all things else he do pretty livelyly.

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[1] Talbot Pepys

16th, 17th, 18th, 19th. These four days we spent in putting things in order, letting of the crop upon the ground, agreeing with Hanker to have a care of my business in my absence, and we think ourselves in nothing happy but in lighting upon him to be our bayly. Riding to Offord and Sturtlow, and up and down all our lands, and had advice from Mr. Moore from London by my desire that the three witnesses of the will being all legatees, will not do the will any wrong. My aunt continuing in her base hypocritical tricks, which both Jane Perkin (of whom we make great use) and the mayd do tell us every day of.

20th. To Huntingdon, and dined with Sir Robert Bernard and his lady, my Lady Digby,[1] a very good woman.

21st. (Lord's day.) At home all the morning, putting my papers in order against my going to-morrow.

22d. Up by three, and going by four on my way to London; but the day proves very cold, so that, having put on no stockings but thread ones under my boots, I was fain at Biggles-worth[2] to buy a pair of coarse woollen ones, and put them on. So by degrees, till I come to Hatfield before twelve o'clock, and walked all alone to the Vineyard, which is now a very beautiful place again; and coming back I met with Mr. Looker, my Lord's[3] gardener, (a friend of Mr. Eglin's) who showed me the house, the chappel with brave pictures, and, above all, the gardens, such as I never saw in all my life; nor so good flowers, nor so great gooseburys, as big as nutmegs. Back to the inne, and so to horse again, and with much ado got to London. Called at my uncle Fenner's, my mother's, my Lady's, and so home, in all which I found all things as well as I could expect.

23d. Put on my mourning: I went to the Theatre, and saw "Brenoralt,"[4] I never saw before. It seemed a good play, but ill acted; only I sat before Mrs. Palmer, the King's mistress, and filled my eyes with her, which much pleased me. Troubled to hear how proud and idle Pall is grown, that I am resolved not to keep her.

24th. This morning my wife in bed tells me of our being robbed of our silver tankard, which vexed me all day for the negligence of my people to leave the door open. To the

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[1] Sir Robert Bernard, Sergeant-at-law, of Huntingdon, cr. Bart., 1662, and ob. 1666. His second wife, here mentioned, was Elizabeth, relict of George Lord Digby, ob. January, 1662.

[2] Biggleswade.

[3] William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury.

[4] Brenoralt, or The Discontented Colonel, a tragedy, by Sir John Suckling.

Wardrobe, but come too late, and dined with the servants. And then to my Lady, who do shew my wife and me the greatest favour in the world, in which I take great content. To the office all the afternoon, which is a great pleasure to me again, to talk with persons of quality, and to be in command, and I give it out among them that the estate left me is £200 a year in land, besides moneys, because I would put an esteem upon myself. I hear that my man Will hath lost his clock with my tankard, at which I am very glad.

25th. To the Theatre, and saw "The Joviall Crew,"[1] the first time I saw it, and indeed it is as merry and the most innocent play that ever I saw, and well performed. Full of thoughts to think of the trouble that we shall go through before we come to see what will remain to us of all our expectations.

26th. Mr. Hill of Cambridge tells me that yesterday[2] put a change to the whole state of England as to the Church; for the King now would be forced to favour Presbytery, or that the City would leave him: but I heed not what he says, though upon inquiry I do find that things in the Parliament are in a great disorder.

27th. To Westminster, where, at Mr. Montagu's chamber, I heard a Frenchman play, a friend of Monsieur Eschar's, upon the guitar most extreme well, though at best methinks it is but a bawble. To Westminster Hall, where it was expected that the Parliament was to have been adjourned for two or three months, but something hinders it for a day or two. In the lobby I spoke with Mr. George Montagu, and advised about a ship to carry my Lord Hinchingbroke and the rest of the young gentlemen to France, and they have resolved of going in a hired vessell from Rye, and not in a man of war. He told me in discourse that my Lord Chancellor is much envied, and that many great men, such as the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord of Bristoll,[3] do endeavour to undermine him, and that he believes it will not be done; for the King, though he loves him not in the way of a companion, as he do these young gallants that can answer him in his pleasures, yet cannot be without him, for his policy and service. From thence to the Wardrobe, where my wife met me, it being my Lord of Sandwich's birthday, and so we had many friends here —Mr. Townsend and his wife, and Captain Ferrer's lady and

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[1] Or "The Merry Beggars," a Comedy, by Richard Broome.

[2] When the Savoy Conference ended, the Royal Commission having expired on that day.

[3] George Digby, second Earl of Bristol.

Captain Isham, and were very merry and had a good venison pasty. Mr. Pargiter, the merchant, was with us also. After dinner, Mr. Townsend was called upon by Captain Cooke: so we three went to a taverne hard by, and there he did give us a song or two; and without doubt he hath the best manner of singing in the world. Back to my wife, and with my Lady Jem. and Pall by water through bridge, and showed them the ships with great pleasure, and then took them to my house to shew it them (my Lady, their mother, having been lately all alone to see it and my wife, in my absence in the country), and we treated them well, and were very merry. Then back again through bridge, and set them safe at home, and so my wife and I by coach home again.

28th. (Lord's day.) To church, and then come home with us Sir W. Pen, and drank with us, and then went away, and my wife after him, to see his daughter that is lately come out of Ireland; and whereas I expected she should have been a great beauty, she is a very plain girl. This evening my wife gives me all my linen, which I have put up, and intend to keep it now in my own custody.

29th. Word is brought that my aunt Fenner is exceeding ill, and that my mother is sent for presently to come to her: also that my cozen Charles Glassecocke, though very ill himself, is this day gone to the country to his brother John Glassecocke, who is dying there.

30th. After my singing-master had done with me this morning, I went to White Hall and Westminster Hall, where I found the King expected to come and adjourne the Parliament. I found the two Houses at a great difference, about the Lords challenging their privileges not to have their houses searched, which makes them deny to pass the House of Commons' Bill for searching for pamphlets and seditious books. Thence by water to the Wardrobe (meeting the King upon the water going in his barge to adjourne the House), where I dined with my Lady, and there met Dr. Thomas Pepys, who I found to be a silly, talking fellow, but very good-natured. In Fleet Street, I met with Mr. Salisbury, who is now grown in less than two years' time so great a limner that he is become excellent, and gets a great deal of money at it. I took him to Hercules Pillars[1] to drink.

31st. Singing-master come to me this morning: then to the office all the morning. In the afternoon I went to the Theatre, and there I saw "The Tamer Tamed"[2] well done.

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[1] A tavern, in Fleet Street.

[2] See Oct. 30, 1660, *ante*.

August 1st. This morning Sir Williams both, and my wife and I, and Mrs. Margarett Pen (this first time that I have seen her since she come from Ireland) went by coach to Walthamstowe, a-gossiping to Mrs Browne. where I did give her six silver spoons[1] for her boy. Here we had a venison pasty, brought hot from London, and were very merry.

2d. I made myself ready to get a-horseback for Cambridge. So I set out and rode to Ware, this night, in the way having much discourse with a fellmonger, a quaker, who told me what a wicked man he had been all his life-time till within this two years. Here I lay.

3d. Got up early, and got to Barkway, where I staid and drank, and there met with a letter-carrier of Cambridge, with whom I rode all the way to Cambridge, my horse being tired, and myself very wet with rayne. I went to the Castle Hill, where the Judges were at the Assizes; and I staid till Roger Pepys rose, and went with him, and dined with his brother [the] Doctor and Claxton at Trinity-Hall. Then parted, and I went to the Rose, and there with Mr. Pechell,[2] and Sanchy, and others, sat and drank till night, and were very merry, only they tell me how high the old doctors are in the University over those they found there, though a great deal better scholars than themselves; for which I am very sorry, and, above all, Dr. Gunning. At night I took horse, and rode with Roger Pepys and his two brothers to Impington, and there with great respect was led up by them to the best chamber in the house, and there slept.

4th. (Lord's day.) Walked in the orchard with my cozen Roger, and there discoursed about my uncle's will, in which he did give me good satisfaction, but tells me I shall meet with a great deal of trouble in it. However, in all things he told me what I am to expect and what to do. To church, and had a good plain sermon. At our coming in, the country-people all rose with so much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins "Right Worshipfull and dearly beloved"[1] to us. To church again, and, after supper, to talk about publique matters, wherein Roger Pepys told me how basely things have been carried in Parliament by the young men, that did labour to oppose all things that were moved by serious men. That they are the most prophane swearing fellows that ever he heard in his life, which makes him think that they will spoil all, and brings things into a warr again, if they can.

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[1] See May 29, 1661, *ante*.

[2] John Peachell, S.T.P., Vicar of Stanwick, and Prebendary of Carlisle, made Master of Magdalen College, 1679; from which office, as well as that of Vice-Chancellor, he was suspended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, May 7, 1687, for disobeying the Royal Mandate. He was, however, restored by King James II.'s Letter to the Headship, October 24, 1688, and died 1690. Lord Dartmouth, in a note to Burnet's *Reign of James II.*, p. 167, edit. 1852, mentioned that Dr. Peachell starved himself to death: Archbishop Sancraft having rebuked him for setting an ill example in the University by drunkenness and other loose conduct, he did penance by four days' abstinence; after which he would have eaten, but could not. Pepys afterwards (3rd May, 1667) remarks on the rubicundity of Peachell's nose, on which account he was ashamed to walk with him.

5th. Early to Huntingdon, but was fain to stay a great while at Stanton because of the rayne, and there borrowed a coat of a man for *6d.*, and so he rode all the way, poor man, without any. Staid at Huntingdon for a little, but the judges were not yet come hither: so I went to Brampton, and there found my aunt gone from the house, which I am glad of, though it cost us a great deal of money, viz. £10. After dinner, took horse, and rode to Yelling, to my cozen Nightingale's, who hath a pretty house here, and did learn of her all she could tell me concerning my business.

6th. Home to my father, who could discerne that I had been drinking, which he did never see or hear of before: so I eat a bit of dinner, and then took horse for London, and with much ado, the ways being very bad, got to Baldwick.[2] There lay, and had a good supper by myself. The landlady being a pretty woman, but I durst not take notice of her, her husband being there. Before dinner, I went to see the church, which is a very handsome church. I find that both here and everywhere else that I come, the Quakers do still continue, and rather grow than lessen.

7th. Called up at three o'clock, and was a-horseback by four; and, as I was eating my breakfast, I saw a man riding by that rode a little way upon the road with me last night; and he, being going with venison in his panyards to London, I called him in, and did give him his breakfast with me; and so we went together all the way. At Hatfield, we bayted and walked into the great house through all the courts; and I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me, but I could not, which troubled me. To horse again, and by degrees with much ado got to London, where I found all well at home, and at my father's, and my Lady's, but no newes yet from my Lord where he is.

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[1] This takes away the originality of Dean Swift's "dearly beloved Roger!"

[2] Baldock.

8th. Early in the morning to White Hall, but my Lord Privy Seale come not all the morning. Again to the Privy Seale; but my Lord comes not all the afternoon, which made me mad, and gives all the world reason to talk of his delaying of businesse, as well as his severity and ill using of the clerkes of the Privy Seale.

9th. I to White Hall, where, after four o'clock, comes my Lord Privy Seale:[1] and so we went up to his chamber over the gate at White Hall, where he asked me what deputacon I had from my Lord. I told him none; but that I am sworn my Lord's deputy by both of the Secretarys, which did satisfye him. So he caused Mr. Moore to read over all the bills, and all ended very well. So that I still see the lyon is not so fierce as he is painted.

10th. This morning come the mayde that my wife hath lately hired for a chamber-mayde. She is very ugly, so that I cannot care for her, but otherwise she seems very good. To the Theatre—"The Merry Devill of Edmunton,"[2] a very merry play, the first time I ever saw it, which pleased me well.

11th. (Lord's day.) To our own church in the forenoon, and in the afternoon to Clerkenwell church, only to see the two fayre Botelers; and I happened to be placed in the pew where they afterwards come to sit, but the pew by their coming being too full, I went out into the next, and there sat, and had my full view of them both, but I am out of conceit now with them, Colonel Dillon being come back from Ireland again, and do still court them, and comes to church with them, which makes me think they are not honest. Hence to Graye's-Inn Walks, and there staid a good while; where I met with Ned Pickering, who told me what a great match of hunting of a stag the King had yesterday; and how the King tired all their horses, and come home with not above two or three able to keep pace with him.

12th. In the afternoon had notice that my Lord Hinchingbroke is fallen ill, which I fear is with the fruit that I did give them on Saturday last at my house; so in the evening I went thither, and there found him very ill, and in great fear of the small-pox. I supped with my Lady, and did consult about him, but we find it best to let him lie where he do; and so I went home with my heart full of trouble, for my Lord Hinchingbroke's sicknesse, and now for my Lord Sandwich's himself, whom we are now confirmed is sick ashore at Alicante, who, if he should miscarry, God knows in what condition would his family be. I dined to-day with my Lord Crewe, who is now at Sir H. Wright's, while his new house is making fit for him, and he is much troubled also at all these things.

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[1] William, first Viscount, and second Baron Say and Sele, made Lord Privy Seal at the Restoration. Ob. April, 1662.

[2] Anonymous; printed in 1608.

13th. To the Wardrobe, and found my young Lord very ill, so my Lady intends to send her other three sons, Sidney, Oliver, and John, to my house, for fear of the small-pox. Home, and there found my Lady's three sons come, of which I am glad that I am in condition to do her and my Lord any service in this kind; but my mind is yet very much troubled about my Lord of Sandwich's health.

14th. This morning Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen and I, waited upon the Duke of York in his chamber, to give him an account of the condition of the Navy for lack of money, and how our own very bills are offered upon the Exchange, to be sold at 20 in the 100 less. He is much troubled at it, and will speak to the King and Council of it this morning. I went to my Lady's and dined with her, and found my Lord Hinchingbroke somewhat better. At home, I found a letter from Mr. Creed of July last, that tells me that my Lord is rid of his pain (which was wind got into the muscles of his right side) and his feaver, and is now in hopes to go abroad in a day or two, which do give me mighty great comfort.

15th. Walked to the Wardrobe, and dined with my Lady, and there told her of my Lord's sicknesse, of which, though it hath been the town-talk this fortnight, she had heard nothing, and recovery, of which she was glad, though hardly persuaded of the latter. I found my Lord Hinchingbroke better and better, and the worst past. Thence to the Opera, which begins again to-day with "The Witts,"[1] never acted yet with scenes; and the King and Duke and Duchess were there, who dined to-day with Sir H. Finch, reader at the Temple, in great state; and indeed it is a most excellent play, and admirable scenes.

16th. At the office all the morning, though little to do; because all our clerkes are gone to the buriall of Tom Whitton, one of the Comptroller's clerkes, a very ingenious and a likely young man to live, as any in the Office. But it is such a sickly time both in the City and country every where, of a sort of fever, that never was heard of almost, unless it was in a plague-time. Among others, the famous Tom Fuller is dead of it;

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[1] A Comedy, by Sir W. Davenant.

and Dr. Nicholls,[1] Dean of Paul's; and my Lord General Monk is very dangerously ill. Dined at home with the children, and were merry. My aunt Fenner is upon the point of death.

17th. At the Privy Seale, where we had a seale this morning. Then met with Ned Pickering, and walked with him into St. James's Park, where I had not been a great while, and there found great and very noble alterations. And, in our discourse, he was very forward to complain and to speak loud of the lewdnesse and beggary of the Court, which I am sorry to hear, and which I am afraid will bring all to ruin again. I to the Opera, and saw "The Witts" again, which I like exceedingly. The Queen of Bohemia was here, brought by my Lord Craven.[2] Troubled in mind that I cannot bring myself to mind my business, but to be so much in love of plays.

18th. (Lord's day.) I took my wife and Mr. Sidney to my Lady to see my Lord Hinchingbroke, who is now pretty well again, and sits up, and walks about his chamber. To White Hall, and there hear that my Lord General Monk continues very ill; and then to walk in St. James's Park, and saw a great variety of fowle which I never saw before. At night fell to read in "Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity," which Mr. Moore did give me last Wednesday very handsomely bound; and which I shall read with great pains and love for his sake.

19th. I am sent for to the Privy Seale, and there I found a thing of my Lord Chancellor's[3] to be sealed this afternoon, and so I am forced to go to Worcester House,[4] where severall Lords are met in Council this afternoon. And while I am waiting there, in comes the King in a plain common riding-suit and velvet cap, in which he seemed a very ordinary man to one that had not known him. Home, and there I found that my Lady do keep the children at home, and lets them not come any more hither at present, which a little troubles me to lose their company. This day my aunt Fenner dyed.

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[1] Matthew Nicholas, D.D., installed Dean of St. Paul's, July, 1660. Ob. August 14, 1661. He was brother to Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State.

[2] William, first Earl of Craven, a Privy Councillor, and Colonel of the Coldstream Guards; supposed to be married to the Queen of Bohemia. Ob. 1697, aged 88.

[3] This "thing" was probably one of those large grants which Clarendon quietly, or, as he himself says, "without noise or scandal," procured from the King. Besides lands and manors, Clarendon states at one time that the King gave him a "little billet into his hand, that contained a warrant of his own hand-writing to Sir Stephen Fox to pay to the Chancellor the sum of £20,000, of which nobody could have notice." In 1662, he received £25,000 out of money voted to the King by the Parliament of Ireland, as he mentions in his vindication of himself against the impeachment of the Commons; and we shall see that Pepys, in February, 1664, names another sum of £20,000 given to the Chancellor to clear *the* mortgage upon Clarendon Park, and this last sum, it was believed, was paid from the money received from France by the sale of Dunkirk.

[4] See *ante*, July 13th, 1660.

20th. This day we come to some agreement with Sir R. Ford for his house to be added to the office to enlarge our quarters.[1]

21st. I understand by Mr. Moore that my Lady Sandwich is brought to bed yesterday of a young Lady,[2] and is very well. To Mrs. Terry, who lately offered a proposal of her sister for a wife for my brother Tom;[3] and thence to Mrs. Wheatly's, their mother, and there were well received, and she desirous to have the thing go forward, only is afraid that her daughter is too young, and portion not big enough, but offers £200 down with her. The girl is very well favoured, and a very child, but modest, and one I think will do very well for my brother: so parted till she hears from Hatfield from her husband, who is there; but I find them very desirous of it, and so am I. To the Wardrobe, where I supped with the ladies,[4] and hear their mother is well, and the young child.

22d. To the Privy-Seale, and sealed: so home at noon, and there took my wife by coach to my uncle Fenner's, where there was both at his house and the Sessions great deal of company, but poor entertainment, which I wonder at; and the house so hot, that my uncle Wight, my father, and I were fain to go out, and stay at an alehouse awhile to cool ourselves. Then back again and to church—my father's family being all in mourning, doing him the greatest honour, the world believing that he did give us it: so to church, and staid out the sermon.

23d. To W. Joyce's, where my wife was, and I took her to the Opera, and shewed her "The Witts," which I had seen already twice, and was most highly pleased with it.

24th. Called to Sir W. Batten's, to see the strange creature that Captain Holmes hath brought with him from Guiny; it is a great baboon, but so much like a man in most things, that, though they say there is a species of them, yet I cannot believe but that it is a monster got of a man and she-baboon. I do believe that it already understands much English, and I am of the mind that it might be taught to speak or make signs. To the Opera, and there saw "Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke," done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton did the Prince's part beyond imagination.

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[1] See Aug. 31, 1661.

[2] See Sept. 3, 1661.

[3] See Aug. 26, 1661.

[4] Montagu.

25th. (Lord's day.) Home; found my Lady Batten and her daughter to look something askew upon my wife, because my wife do not buckle to them, and is not sollicitous for their acquaintance.

26th. Casting up my father's accounts, and upon the whole I find that all he hath in money of his owne due to him in the world is £45, and he owes about the same summe: so that I cannot but think in what a condition had he left my mother, if he should have died before my uncle Robert. To the Theatre, and saw "The Antipodes,"[1] wherein there is much mirth, but no great matter else. I found a letter from my Lord Sandwich, who is now very well again of his feaver, but not yet gone from Alicante, where he lay sick, and was twice there bled. This letter dated the 22nd of July last, which puts me out of doubt of his being ill.

27th. This morning to the Wardrobe, and there took leave of my Lord Hinchingbroke and his brother, and saw them go out by coach toward Rye in their way to France, whom God blesse. Then I was called up to my Lady's bedside, where we talked an houre about Mr. Edward Montagu's disposing of the £5000 for my Lord's preparation for Portugall, and our fears that he will not do it to my Lord's honour, and less to his profit, which I am to enquire a little after. My wife and I to the Theatre, and there saw the "Joviall Crew," where the King, Duke and Duchesse, and Madame Palmer, were; and my wife, to her great content, had a full sight of them all the while. The play full of mirth.

28th. This day, I counterfeited a letter to Sir W. Pen, as from the thiefe that stole his tankard lately, only to abuse and laugh at him.

29th. My aunt Bell come to dine with me, and we were very merry. Mr. Evans, the taylor, whose daughter we have a mind to get for a wife for Tom, told us that he hath not to except against us or our motion, but that the estate that God hath blessed him with is too great to give, where there is nothing in present possession but a trade and house; and so we friendly ended.

30th. My wife and I to Drury Lane to the French comedy, which was so ill done, and the scenes and company and everything else so nasty and out of order and poor, that I was sick all the while in my mind to be there. Here my wife met with

[1] A Comedy, by Richard Brome.

a son of my Lord Somersett,[1] whom she knew in France, a pretty gentleman, but I shewed him no great countenance, to avoyd further acquaintance. That done, there being nothing pleasant but the foolery of the farce, we went home.

31st. To Bartholomew faire, and there met with my Ladies Jemimah and Paulina, with Mr. Pickering and Madamoiselle,[2] at seeing the monkeys dance, which was much to see, when they could be brought to do, but it troubled me to sit among such nasty company. After that, with them into Christ's Hospitall, and there Mr. Pickering bought them some fairings, and I did give every one of them a bauble, which was the little globes of glass with things hanging in them, which pleased the ladies very well. After that, home with them in their coach, and there was called up to my Lady, and she would have me stay to talk with her, which I did I think a full houre. And the poor lady did with so much innocency tell me how Mrs. Crispe had told her that she did intend, by means of a lady that lies at her house, to get the King to be god-father to the young lady that she is in child-bed now of; but to see in what manner my Lady told it me, protesting that she sweat in the very telling of it, was the greatest pleasure to me in the world to see the simplicity and harmlessnesse of a lady.

Thus ends the month. My mayde Jane newly gone, and Pall[3] left now to do all the work till another mayde comes, which shall not be till she goes away into the country with my mother. No money comes in, so that I have been forced to borrow a great deal for my own expenses, and to furnish my father, to leave things in order. I have some trouble about my brother Tom, who is now left to keep my father's trade, in which I have great fears that he will miscarry for want of brains and care. At Court things are in very ill condition, there being so much emulacion, poverty, and the vices of drinking, swearing, and loose amours, that I know not what will be the end of it, but confusion. And the Clergy so high, that all people that I meet with do protest against their practice. In short, I see no content or satisfaction any where, in any one sort of people. The Benevolence[4] proves so little, and an occasion of so much discontent everywhere, that it had better it had never been set up. I think to subscribe £20. We are at our Office quiet, only for lack of money all things go to rack. Our very bills offered to be sold upon the Exchange at 10 per cent. loss. We are upon getting Sir R. Ford's house added to our Office; but I see so many difficulties will follow in pleasing of one another in the dividing of it, and in becoming bound personally to pay the rent of £200 per annum, that I do believe it will yet scarce come to pass. The season very sickly everywhere of strange and fatal fevers.

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[1] John Lord Somerset, second son of the first Marquis of Worcester, had himself three sons, Henry, Thomas, and Charles, but it is uncertain which is here meant. There was no other Lord Somerset to whom the passage could apply. It was probably Thomas, as the other brothers were married.

[2] The young ladies' governess.

[3] Paulina Pepys.

[4] A voluntary contribution made by the subjects to their sovereign. Upon this occasion the clergy alone gave £33,743. See 31st May, *ante.*

September 1st. (Lord's day.) Last night being very rainy, [the water] broke into my house, the gutter being stopped, and spoiled all my ceilings almost. At church in the morning. After dinner we were very merry with Sir W. Pen about the loss of his tankard, though all be but a cheate, and he do not yet understand it; but the tankard was stole by Sir W. Batten, and the letter, as from the thief, wrote by me, which makes very good sport. Captain Holmes and I by coach to White Hall; in our way, I found him by discourse to be a great friend of my Lord's, and he told me there was a many did seek to remove him; but they were old seamen, such as Sir J. Minnes.[1] but he would name no more, though he do believe Sir W. Batten is one of them that do envy him, but he says he knows that the King do so love him, and the Duke of York too, that there is no fear of him. He seems to be very well acquainted with the King's mind, and with all the several factions at Court, and spoke all with so much franknesse, that I do take him to be my Lord's good friend, and one able to do him great service, being a cunning fellow, and one, by his own confession to me, that can put on two several faces, and look his enemies in the face with as much love as his friends. But, good God! what an age is this, and what a world is this! that a man cannot live without playing the knave and dissimulation.

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[1] John Mennes, or Minnes, born at Sandwich in 1598, educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, became afterwards a great traveller and noted seaman: he held a place in the Navy Office during the reigns of the two elder Stuarts, and was knighted at Dover, in 1641, by Charles I. Adhering to the royal cause, he was, after the Restoration, appointed Governor of Dover Castle, and commanded the Henry, as a Vice-Admiral, in the fleet that brought Catherine of Braganza to England. Subsequently, he was made Comptroller of the Navy, which office he retained till his death, in 1670-71. He is buried in the church of St. Olave, Hart Street, where, in the south aisle, part of a monument to his memory is still to be seen. Wood describes him as an honest and stout man, generous and religious, well skilled in physic and chymistry, and the author of *Musarum Deliciæ*, and other poems.

2d. Mr. Pickering and I to Westminster Hall again, and there walked an houre or two talking, and, though he be a fool, yet he keeps much company, and will tell all he sees or hears, and so a man may understand what the common talk of the town is. And I find that there are endeavours to get my Lord out of play at sea, which I believe Mr. Coventry and the Duke do think will make them more absolute; but I hope, for all this, they will not be able to do it. My wife tells me that she met at Change with my young ladies of the Wardrobe, and there helped them to buy things, and also with Mr. Somersett, who did give her a bracelet of rings, which did a little trouble me, though I know there is no hurt yet in it, but only for fear of further acquaintance.

3d. Dined at home, and then with my wife to the Wardrobe, where my Lady's child was christened, my Lord Crewe and his lady, and my Lady Montagu, my Lord's mother-in-law, were the witnesses, and named Catherine,[1] the Queen elect's name; but to my and all our trouble, the Parson of the parish christened her, and did not sign the child with the sign of the cross. After that was done, we had a very fine banquet.

4th. My wife come to me to Whitehall, and we went and walked a good while in St. James's Parke to see the brave alterations.

5th. Put my mother and Pall into the waggon, and saw them going presently—Pall crying exceedingly. To my uncle Fenner's to dinner, in the way meeting a French footman[2] with feathers, who was in quest of my wife, and spoke with her privately, but I could not tell what it was, only my wife promised to go to some place to-morrow morning, which do trouble my mind how to know whither it was. My wife and I to the fair, and I showed her the Italians dancing the ropes, and the women that do strange tumbling tricks.

6th. I went to the Theatre, and saw "Elder Brother" acted; meeting here with Sir J. Askew, Sir Theophilus Jones,[3] and another knight, with Sir W. Pen, we to the Ship taverne, and there staid, and were merry till late at night.

7th. Having appointed the young ladies at the Wardrobe[4] to go with them to the play to-day, my wife and I took them to the Theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was "Bartholomew Fayre," with the puppet-showe, acted to-day, which had not been these forty years, it being so satyricall against Puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King to countenance it, but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done.

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[1] Lady Catherine Montagu, youngest daughter of Lord Sandwich, married first, Nicholas Bacon, eldest son and heir of Sir Nicholas Bacon, K.B., of Shrubland Hall, co. Suffolk; and, secondly, the Rev. Balthazar Gardeman. She died January 15, 1757, æt. 96 years, 4 months. *M.I.*

[2] Apparently a servant of Mr. Somerset's.

[3] Sir Theophilus Jones had represented the county of Dublin in Parliament, and served as a colonel in the Commonwealth army.

[4] Lord Sandwich's family of daughters.

8th. (Lord's day.) To church, and coming home again, found our new mayd Doll asleep, that she could not hear to let us in, so that we were fain to send a boy in at a window to open the door to us. Begun to look over my accounts, and, upon the whole, I do find myself, by what I can yet see, worth near £600, for which God be blessed.

9th. To Salisbury Court play-house, where was acted the first time, "'Tis pity shee's a W—e,"[1] a simple play, and ill acted, only it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenious lady, which pleased me much. To the Dolphin, to drink the 30*s.* that we got the other day of Sir W. Pen about his tankard. Here was Sir R. Slingsby, Holmes, Captain Allen, Mr. Turner, his wife and daughter, my Lady Batten, and Mrs. Martha, &c., and an excellent company of fiddlers; so we exceeding merry till late; and then we begun to tell Sir W. Pen the business, but he had been drinking to-day, and so is almost gone, that we could not make him understand it, which caused us more sport.

11th. To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes: and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; that if the tip of the tail hangs out, he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper, which is very strange; and he tells me, that he do believe he hath killed above 100 cats. Home to my house to dinner, where I found my wife's brother Balty,[2] as fine as hands could make him, and his servant, a Frenchman, to wait on him, and come to have my wife visit a young lady which he is a servant to, and have hope to trepan, and get for his wife. I did give way for my wife to go with him. Walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields, observed at the Opera a new play, "Twelfth Night," was acted there, and the King there: so I, against my own mind and resolution, could not forbear to go in, which did make the play seem a burthen to me; and I took no pleasure at all in it: and so, after it was done, went home with my mind troubled for my going thither, after my swearing to my wife that I would never go to a play without her. My wife was with her brother to see his mistress to-day, and says she is young, rich, and handsome, but not likely for him to get.

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[1] A Tragedy, by John Forde.

[2] Balthazar St. Michel.

12th. To my Lady's to dinner at the Wardrobe; and in my way upon the Thames, I saw the King's new pleasure-boat that is come now for the King to take pleasure in above bridge, and also two Gundaloes,[1] that are lately brought, which are very rich and fine. Called at Sir W. Batten's, and there hear that Sir W. Pen do take our jest of the tankard very ill, which I am sorry for.

13th. I was sent for by my uncle Fenner to come and advise about the buriall of my aunt,[2] the butcher, who died yesterday. Thence to the Wardrobe, where I found my wife, and thence she and I to the water to spend the afternoon in pleasure, and so we went to old George's, and there eat as much as we would of a hot shoulder of mutton, and so to boat again and home.

14th. Before we had dined comes Sir R. Slingsby, and his lady, and a great deal of company, to take my wife and I out by barge, to shew them the King's and Duke's yachts. We had great pleasure, seeing all four yachts, viz., these two, and the two Dutch ones.

15th. (Lord's day.) To my aunt Kite's in the morning, to help my uncle Fenner to put things in order against anon for the burial. After sermon, with my wife to the burial of my aunt Kite, where, besides us and my uncle Fenner's family, there was none of any quality, but poor and rascally people So we went to church with the corps, and there had service read at the grave, and back again with Pegg Kite, who will be, I doubt, a troublesome carrion[3] to us executors, but if she will not be ruled, I shall fling up my executorship.

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[1] "Two long boats that were made in Venice, called gondolas, were by the Duke of Venice (Dominico Contareni), presented to His Majesty, and the attending watermen, being four, were in very rich clothes, crimson satin; very big were their breeches and doublets; they wore also very large shirts of the same satin, very richly laced."—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[2] Mrs. Kite.

[3] A fling at the butcher's trade.

16th. Word is brought me from my brother's, that there is a fellow come from my father out of the country, on purpose to speak with me, and he made a story how he had lost his letter, but he was sure it was for me to come into the country, which I believed, but I afterwards found that it was a rogue that did use to play such tricks to get money of people, but he got none of me. Letters from my father informing me of the Court,[1] and that I must come down and meet him at Impington, which I presently resolved to do.

17th. Got up, telling my wife of my journey, and she got me to hire her a horse to go along with me. So I went to my Lady's, and of Mr. Townsend did borrow a very fine side-saddle for my wife, and so, after all things were ready, she and I took coach to the end of the towne towards Kingsland, and there got upon my horse, and she upon her pretty mare that I hired her, and she rides very well. By the mare at one time falling, she got a fall, but no harm; so we got to Ware, and there supped, and went to bed.

18th. Up early, and begun our march; the way about Puckridge very bad, and my wife, in the very last dirty place of all, got a fall, but no hurt, though some dirt. At last, she begun, poor wretch, to be tired, and I to be angry at it, but I was to blame; for she is a very good companion as long as she is well. In the afternoon, we got to Cambridge, where I left my wife at my cozen Angier's, while I went to Christ's College, and there found my brother in his chamber, and talked with him, and so to the barber's and then to my wife again, and remounted for Impington, where my uncle received me and my wife very kindly.

19th. Up early, and my father and I alone talked about our business, and then we all horsed away to Cambridge, where my father and I, having left my wife at the Beare, with my brother, went to Mr. Sedgewicke, the steward of Gravely, and there talked with him, but could get little hopes from anything that he would tell us; but at last I did give him a fee, and then he was free to tell me what I asked, which was something, though not much comfort. From thence to our horses, and, with my wife, went and rode through Sturbridge fayre, but the fayre was almost done. Set out for Brampton, where we come in very good time.

20th. Will Stankes and I set out in the morning betimes for

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[1] The manorial Court of Graveley, in Huntingdon, to which Impington owed suit or service, and under which the Pepys's copyhold estates were held. See July 8, 1661, *ante*.

Gravely, where to an alehouse and drank, and then, going to the Court House, met my uncle Thomas and his son Thomas, with Bradly, the rogue that had betrayed us, and one Young, a cunning fellow, who guides them. I said little, till by and by that we come to the Court, which was a simple meeting of a company of country rogues, with the Steward, and two Fellows of Jesus College, that are lords of the towne; and I producing no surrender, though I told them I was sure there is and must be one somewhere, they found my uncle Thomas heire at law,[1] as he is; and so my uncle was admitted, and his son also in reversion. The father paid a year and a half for his fine, and the son half a year, in all, £48, besides about £3 fees; so that I do believe the charges of his journeys, and what he gives those two rogues, and other expences herein, cannot be less than £70, which will be a sad thing for him, if a surrender be found. After all was done, I openly wished them joy in it.

21st. After dinner, (there coming this morning my aunt Hanes and her son from London, that is to live with my father), I rode to Huntingdon, and so to Hinchingbroke, where Mr. Barnwell shewed me the condition of the house, which is yet very backward, and I fear will be very dark in the cloyster when it is done.

22d. (Lord's day.) To church, where we had common prayer, and a dull sermon by one Mr. Case, who yet I heard sing very well.

23d. We took horse, and got early to Baldwick, where there was a fair, and we put in, and eat a mouthfull of porke, which they made us pay 14*d.* for, which vexed me much. And so away to Stevenage, and staid till a showre was over, and so rode easily to Welling. We supped well, and had two beds in the room, and so lay single.

24th. We rose, and set forth, but found a most sad alteration in the roade, by reason of last night's rains, they being now all dirty and washy, though not deep. So we rode easily through, and only drinking at Holloway, at the sign of a woman with cakes in one hand, and a pot of ale in the other,[2] which did give good occasion of mirth, resembling her to the mayd that served us, we got home very timely and well, and finding there all well, and letters from sea, that speak of my Lord's being well; and his Action, though not considerable of any side, at Algiers.[3]

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[1] To Robert Pepys, of Brampton.

[2] Probably the original of the well-known Mother Red-Cap.

[3] These actions at Algiers have been engraved.

25th. Sir. W. Pen told me that I need not fear any reflection upon my Lord for their ill successe at Argier, for more could not be done. Meeting Sir R. Slingsby in St. Martin's Lane, he and I in his coach through the Mewes, which is the way that now all coaches are forced to go, because of a stop at Charing Crosse, by reason of digging of a drayne there to clear the streets. To my Lord Crewe's, and dined with him, where I was used with all imaginable kindness both from him and her. And I see that he is afraid my Lord's reputacon will a little suffer in common talk by this late successe; but there is no help for it now. The Queen of England, as she is now owned and called, I hear, doth keep open court, and distinct at Lisbone. To the Theatre, and saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ill done.

26th. With my wife by coach to the Theatre, to shew her "King and no King," it being very well done.

27th. At noon, met my wife at the Wardrobe; and there dined, where we found Captain Country,[1] my little Captain, that I loved, who carried me to the Sound, with some grapes and millons from my Lord at Lisbone, the first that ever I saw; but the grapes are rare things. In the afternoon comes Mr. Edward Montagu, by appointment this morning, to talk with my Lady and me about the provisions fit to be bought and sent to my Lord along with him. And told us, that we need not trouble ourselves how to buy them, for the King would pay for all, and that he would take care to get them: which put my Lady and me into a great deal of ease of mind. Here we stayed and supped too; and, after my wife had put up some of the grapes in a basket for to be sent to the King, we took coach and home, where we found a hamper of millons sent to me also.

28th. Sir W. Pen and his daughter, and I and my wife, to the Theatre, and there saw "Father's owne Son,"[2] a very good play, and the first time I ever saw it.

29th. (Lord's day.) What at dinner and supper I drink, I know not how, of my own accord, so much wine, that I was even almost foxed, and my head aked all night; so home and to bed, without prayers, which I never did yet, since I come to the house, of a Sunday night: I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was.

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[1] Richard Country, Captain of the Hind, in the fleet at Scheveling.

[2] The only mention of this play occurs in an enumeration of plays belonging to Will. Beeston, as Governor of the Cockpit, in Drury Lane. This list is dated 10th Aug., 1639.—See Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, ii., 92.

30th. This morning up by moon-shine, at five o'clock, to Whitehall, to meet Mr. Moore at the Privy Seale, and there I heard of a fray between the two Embassadors of Spaine[1] and France;[2] and that, this day, being the day of the entrance of an Embassador from Sweden,[3] they intended to fight for the precedence.[4] Our King, I heard, ordered that no Englishman should meddle in the business,[5] but let them do what they would. And to that end all the soldiers in the town were in arms all the day long, and some of the train-bands in the City; and a great bustle through the City all the day. Then we took coach, which was the business I come for, to Chelsey, to my Lord Privy Seale, and there got him to seal the business. Here I saw by day-light two very fine pictures in the gallery, that a little while ago I saw by night; and did also go all over the house, and found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life. So back again; and at White Hall light, and saw the soldiers and people running up and down the streets. So I went to the Spanish Embassador's and the French, and there saw great preparations on both sides; but the French made the most noise and ranted most, but the other made no stir almost at all; so that I was afraid the other would have too great a conquest over them. Then to the Wardrobe, and dined there, and then abroad and in Cheapside hear that the Spanish hath got the best of it, and killed three of the French coach-horses and several men, and is gone through the City next to our King's coach; at which, it is strange to see how all the City did rejoice. And indeed we do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French. But I, as I am in all things curious, presently got to the water-side, and there took oares to Westminster Palace, and run after them through all the dirt and the streets full of people; till at last, at the Mewes, I saw the Spanish coach go, with fifty drawn swords at least to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy. And so I followed the coach, and then met it at York House, where the Embassador lies; and there it went in with great state. So then I went to the French house, where I observe still that there is no men in the world of a more insolent spirit where they do well, nor before they begin a matter, and more abject if they do miscarry, than these people are; for they all look like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads. The truth is, the Spaniards were not only observed to fight most desperately, but also they did outwitt them; first, in lining their own harnesse with chains of iron that they could not be cut, then in setting their coach in the most advantageous place, and to appoint men to guard every one of their horses, and others for to guard the coach, and others the coachmen. And, above all, in setting upon the French horses and killing them, for by that means the French were not able to stir. There were several men slain of the French, and one or two of the Spaniards, and one Englishman by a bullet.[1] Which is very observable, the French were at least four to one in number,[2] and had near 100 case of pistols among them, and the Spaniards had not one gun among them; which is for their honour for ever and the others' disgrace. So, having been very much daubed with dirt, I got a coach, and home; where I vexed my wife in telling of her this story, and pleading for the Spaniards against the French. So ends this month; myself and family in good condition of health, but my head full of my Lord's and my own and the office business; where we are now very busy about sending forces to Tangier, and the fleet of my Lord of Sandwich, who is now at Lisbone to bring over the Queen. The business of Algiers hath of late troubled me, because my Lord hath not done what he went for, though he did as much as any man in the world could have done. The want of money puts all things, and above all, the Navy, out of order; and yet I do not see that the King takes care to bring in any money, but thinks of new designs to lay out money.

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[1] The Baron de Batteville.

[2] Godefroi d'Estrades, Marshal of France, and Viceroy of America. He proved himself, upon many occasions, an able diplomatist, and particularly at the conferences of Nimeguen, when acting as ambassador in 1673. Ob. 1686, æt. suæ 79.

[3] The Count Brahé.

[4] This had been a frequent source of contention, and many absurd incidents had occurred. In 1618, Gaspar Dauvet, Comte des Marets, Ambassador to James I., left our Court in dissatisfaction upon a point of precedence claimed by him over Gondomar, which was not allowed by James. The question now came to a crisis, and was settled. See Evelyn's account, drawn up by Royal command, printed at the end of his *Diary*.

[5] The Comte de Brienne insinuates, in his Memoirs, that Charles purposely abstained from interfering, in the belief that it was for his interest to let France and Spain quarrel, in order to further his own designs in the match with Portugal. Louis certainly held that opinion; and he afterwards instructed d'Estrades to solicit from the English Court the punishment of those Londoners who had insulted his Ambassador, and to demand the dismissal of de Batteville. Either no Londoner had interfered, or Louis's demand had not in England the same force as in Spain; for no one was punished. The latter part of his request it was clearly not for Charles to entertain, much less enforce.

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[1] This fray was the occasion of a good joke at the French Court, thus related in the *Menagiana*, vol. ii., p. 336:—"Lors qu'on demandoit, 'Que fait Batteville en Angleterre?' on repondoit, '*Il bat L'Estrade.*'" This expression, as is well known, means "battre le campagne avec de la cavalerie pour avoir des nouvelles des ennemis."—Chambaud's *Dictionary*.

[2] The French accounts swell the number of the Spanish Ambassador's attendants to 2000: 200 would, perhaps, be the truth.

October 2d. We went to the Theatre, but coming late, and sitting in an ill place, I never had so little pleasure in a play in my life, yet it was the first time that I ever saw it—"Victoria Corombona."[1] Methinks, a very poor play.

4th. By coach to White Hall with Sir W. Pen. So to Mr. Montagu, where his man, Monsieur Eschar, makes a great complaint against the English, that they did help the Spaniards against the French the other day; and that their Embassador do demand justice of our King,[2] and that he do resolve to be gone for France the next week; which I, and all that I met with, are glad of. I found my wife vexed at her people for grumbling to eate Suffolk cheese, which I also am vexed at.[1]

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[1] The White Devil; or, the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Courtesan, by John Webster.

[2] The Courier sent by d'Estrades to Paris, with the news of his discomfiture, arrived at the hôtel of the Comte de Brienne (Louis-Henri de Lomenie, who had succeeded his father, Henri-Auguste, as Secretary of State) at eleven at night. Brienne instantly repaired to the King, then at supper with the Queen-Mother, his own Queen, and his brother, Philippe of Anjou (Monsieur); and, requesting Louis to appear composed before the numerous spectators, he told him that the Spanish Ambassador's people had cut the traces of his Ambassador's coach, killed two coachmen, and cut the horses' bridles, and that the Spanish Ambassador's coach had taken precedence of that of d'Estrades, whose own son had also been wounded in the affray. In spite of the caution which he had received, Louis rose up in such agitation, as nearly to overturn the table; seized Brienne by the arm, led him into the Queen-Mother's chamber, and bade him read d'Estrades's despatch. The Queen-Mother followed in haste. "What is the matter?" said she.—"It is," replied the King, "an attempt to embroil the King of Spain and myself." The Queen-Mother begged him to return to the company. "I have supped, madame," said he, raising his voice. "I will be righted in this affair, or I will declare war against the King of Spain; and I will force him to yield precedence to my Ambassadors in every Court in Europe."—"Oh, my son!" replied the Queen-Mother, "break not a peace which has cost me so dear; and remember, that the King of Spain is my brother."—"Leave me, madame," rejoined Louis, "to hear d'Estrades's despatch. Return to the table, and let some fruit only be prepared for me." Anne of Austria having retired, Louis listened to the despatch, and instantly gave his commands to Brienne, which were, in substance, to order the Conde de Fuensaldagna, the Spanish Ambassador, to quit France instantly, and to forbid the Marques de las Fuentes, his intended successor, to set foot on the French territory—to recall his Commissioners on the boundary question, as well as the Archbishop of Embrun, his Ambassador at Madrid—to demand from the King of Spain an apology proportionable to the offence; that de Batteville should be punished in person; and that, in all the Courts of Europe, the Spanish Ambassador should give place to the French: and, on refusal of any part of his demands, to declare war. Louis gained all and every point. After much paper war, and many protocols, Spain gave way. The Baron de Batteville was recalled: the Marques de las Fuentes was sent Ambassador Extraordinary to Paris, to tender apologies; and, on

6th. (Lord's day.) To church in the morning: Mr. Mills preached, who, I expect, should take it in snuffe that my wife did not come to his child's christening the other day. The winter coming on, many of the parish ladies are come home, and appear at church again: among others, the three sisters of the Thornburys, very fine, and the most zealous people that ever I saw in my life, even to admiration, if it were true zeal. There was also my pretty black girl, Mrs. Dekins, and Mrs. Margaret Pen, this day come to church, in a new flowered satin suit, that my wife helped to buy her the other day. To church in the afternoon to St. Gregory's by Paul's, where I heard a good sermon of Dr. Buck's,[2] one I never heard before. A very able man.

7th. Troubled in my mind till I can hear from Brampton how things go on at Sturtlow, at the Court,[3] which I was cleared in at night by a letter, which tells me that my cozen Tom was there to be admitted, in his father's name, as heire-at-law; but that was opposed, and I was admitted by proxy, which puts me out of a great trouble of mind.

8th. After office done, went and eat some Colchester oysters with Sir W. Batten, and there, with some company, dined, and staid there talking all the afternoon, and late after dinner took Mrs. Martha out by coach, and carried her to the

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March 24, 1662, in the presence of twenty-seven Ambassadors and Envoys from various Courts of Europe, the Marques de las Fuentes declared to Louis XIV. that the King, his master, had sent orders to all his Ambassadors and Ministers to abstain from all rivalry with those of Louis. Louis, turning to the foreign Ministers, desired them to communicate this declaration to their masters. The Dutch Ambassador drily remarked that he had heard of Embassies to tender obedience to the Pope, but that he had never before known of such from one prince to another. An amusing volume might be written on the absurd punctilios of the Ambassadors of the seventeenth century. A medal was struck by the French to commemorate this great event.

[1] This prejudice extended to the days of Pope, whose country mouse entertained his courtly guest with

> "Cheese *such as men in Suffolk make*,
> But wished it Stilton for his sake."
> *Imitations of Horace*, Sat. 6, B. 2d.

See also Shadwell's *Works*, vol. iv., p. 350.

[2] James Buck, afterwards preacher at the Temple, a man of great learning, and rector of St. James's Garlickhithe, from 1661 till his death, at an advanced age, in 1685.

[3] See Sept. 16, 1661, *ante*.

Theatre in a frolique, to my great expence, and there shewed her part of the "Beggar's Bush," without much pleasure, and so home again.

9th. Thinking to go with Sir Williams both to dinner, by invitation, to Sir W. Rider's,[1] at home I found Mrs. Pierce, la belle, and Madam Clifford, with whom I was forced to stay, and made them the most welcome I could; and I was (God knows) very well pleased with their beautiful company. Frank Bagge tells me a story of Mrs. Pepys, that lived with my Lady Hardy,[2] Mr. Montagu's sister, a good woman, that she had been very ill, and often asked for me; that she is in high condition, and that nobody could get her to make her will; and that now she is well she desires to have a chamber at my house. Now, I do not know whether this is a trick of Bagge's, or a good will of her's to do something for me; but I will not trust her, but told him I should be glad to see her, and that I would be sure to do all that I could to provide a place for them.

10th. Sir W. Pen, and my wife and I, to the Theatre, where the King come to-day, and there was "The Traytor,"[3] most admirably acted; and a most excellent play it is.

13th. (Lord's day.) This day left off half-skirts, and put on a wastecoate, and my false taby wastecoate with gold lace.

14th. To Mr. Pim's, my Lord's taylour's, and there he went out with us to the Fountaine taverne, and it being the Duke of York's birthday, we drank the more to his health.

17th. Captain Cock, a man of great observation and repute, did tell me, that he was confident that the Parliament, when it comes the next month to sit again, would bring trouble with it, and enquire how the King had disposed of offices and money, before they will raise more; which, I fear, will bring all things to ruin again. Dined with Captain Lambert and his father-in-law, and had much talk of Portugall, from whence he is lately come, and he tells me it is a very poor dirty place; I mean, the City and Court of Lisbone; that the King is a very rude and simple fellow; and, for reviling of somebody a little while ago, had been killed, had he not told them that he was their King. That there are no glass windows, nor will they have any; which makes sport among our merchants there to talk of an English factor that, being newly come thither, writ into England that glasse would be a good commodity to send thither, &c. That the King has his meat sent up by a dozen of lazy guards and in pipkins, sometimes, to his own table; and sometimes nothing but fruits, and, now and then, half a hen. And that now the Infanta is become our Queen, she is come to have a whole hen or goose to her table.

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[1] At Bethnal Green; mentioned June 26, 1663.

[2] A mistake for Harvey.

[3] A Tragedy, by James Shirley.

18th. To White Hall, to Mr. Montagu's, where I met with Mr. Pierce, the purser, to advise about the things to be sent to my Lord for the Queene's provision; now there is all haste made, for the fleet's going.

19th. At the office all morning, and at noon Mr. Coventry, who sat with us all this morning, and Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen, and myself, by coach to Captain Marshe's at Limehouse, to a house that hath been their ancestors for this 250 years, close by the lime-house, which gives the name to the place. Here they have a designe to get the King to hire a docke for the herring busses, which is now the great design on foot, to lie up in. We had a very good and handsome dinner and excellent wine. I not being neat in clothes, which I find a great fault in me, could not be so merry as otherwise, and at all times I am, and can be, when I am in good habitt, which makes me remember my father Osborne's rule for a gentleman, to spare in all things rather than that.

20th. (Lord's day.) Much offended in mind at a proud trick my man Will hath got, to keep his hat on in the house, but I will not speak of it to him to-day, but I fear I shall be troubled with his pride and lazinesse, though in other things he is good enough. To church in the afternoon, where a sleepy Presbyter preached, and then to Sir W. Batten, who is to go to Portsmouth to-morrow to wait upon the Duke of York, who goes to take possession, and to set in order the garrison there.

21st. By coach to Chelsey, to my Lord Privy Seale's, but have missed of coming time enough. Mr. Paynter, the goldsmith, did make good sport of his losing so much by the King's coming in, he having bought much of Crowne lands, of which, God forgive me! I am very glad. To the Opera, which is now newly begun to act again, after some alteration of their scene, which do make it very much worse; but the play, "Love and Honour,"[1] being the first time of their acting it, is a very good plot, and well done.

22d. At the office all the morning, where we had a deputation from the Duke in his absence, he being gone to Portsmouth, for us to have the whole disposal and ordering of the Fleet.

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[1] A Tragi-Comedy, by Sir W. Davenant, first acted at the Black Friars.

23d. To the Opera, and there I saw again "Love and Honour," and a very good play it is. This day all our office is invited against Tuesday next, my Lord Mayor's day, to dinner with him at Guildhall.

25th. I did give my man Will a sound lesson about his forbearing to give us the respect due to a master and mistress.

26th. This morning Sir W. Pen and I should have gone out of town with my Lady Batten, to have met Sir William coming back from Portsmouth, at Kingston, but could not, by reason that my Lord of Peterborough,[1] who is to go governor of Tangier,[2] come this morning, with Sir G. Carteret, to advise with us about completing of the affairs and preparacions for that place. My wife and I to the Theatre, and there saw "The Country Captaine," the first time it hath been acted this twenty-five years, a play of my Lord Newcastle's, but so silly a play as in all my life I never saw. News was brought that Sir R. Slingsby, our Comptroller, who hath this day been sick a week, is dead; which put me into so great a trouble of mind, that all the night I could not sleep, he being a man that loved me, and had many qualitys that made me to love him, above all the officers and commissioners in the Navy.

27th. (Lord's day.) At church in the morning, where in the pew both Sir Williams [3] and I had much talk about the death of Sir Robert, which troubles me much; and them in appearance, though I do not believe it; because I know that he was a cheque to their engrossing the whole trade of the Navy-office. To church, my wife with me, whose mourning is now grown so old that I am ashamed to go to church with her.

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[1] Henry Mordaunt, second Earl of Peterborough, a Privy Councillor, and in 1685 made Groom of the Stole. He was also K.G., and died in 1697.

[2] This place, so often mentioned, was first given up to the English Fleet under Lord Sandwich, by the Portuguese, January 30, 1662; and Lord Peterborough left Governor, with a garrison. The greatest pains were afterwards taken to preserve the fortress, and a fine mole was constructed, at a vast expense, to improve the harbour. At length, after immense sums of money had been wasted there, the House of Commons expressed a dislike to the management of the garrison, which they suspected to be a nursery for a Popish army, and seemed disinclined to maintain it any longer. The King, consequently, in 1683, sent Lord Dartmouth to bring home the troops, and destroy the works; which he performed so effectually, that it would puzzle all our engineers to restore the harbour. It were idle to speculate on the benefits which might have accrued to England, by its preservation and retention; Tangier fell into the hands of the Moors, its importance having ceased with the demolition of the mole. Many curious views of Tangier were taken by Hollar, during its occupation by the English; and his drawings are preserved in the British Museum. Some have been engraved by himself; but the impressions are of considerable rarity.

[3] Sir W. Pen and Sir W. Batten, so styled *passim*

28th. To the Theatre, and there saw "Argalus and Parthenia," where a woman acted Parthenia, and come afterwards on the stage in men's clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw, and I was very well pleased with it. Thence to the King's alehouse, and thither sent for a belt-maker, and bought of him a handsome belt for second mourning, which cost me 24*s.* and is very neat.

29th. This day I put on my half cloth black stockings and my new coate of the fashion, which pleases me well, and with my bever[1] I was, after office was done, ready to go to my Lord Mayor's feast, as we are all invited; but the Sir Williams were both loth to go, because of the crowd, and so none of us went. My mind not pleased, because I had proposed a great deal of pleasure to myself this day at Guildhall. This Lord Mayor, it seems, brings up again the custom of Lord Mayors going the day of their instalment to Paul's, and walking round about the Crosse, and offering something at the altar.

30th. At Sir W. Batten's heard how he had been already at Sir R. Slingsby's, as we were all invited and I intended this night to go, [to his funeral] and there he finds all things out of order, and no such thing done to-night, but pretending that the corps stinks, they will bury it to-night privately, and so will unbespeak all their guests, and there shall be no funerall, which I am sorry for, that there should be nothing done for the honour of Sir Robert, but I fear he hath left his family in great distraction. Sir Henry Vane, Lambert, and others, are lately sent suddenly away from the Tower, prisoners to Scilly; but I do not think there is any plot, as is said, but only a pretence; as there was once pretended often against the Cavaliers.

31st. With my mind full of trouble, to my uncle Fenner's, when at the alehouse I found him drinking, and very jolly and youthsome, and as one that I believe will in a little time get him a wife.

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[1] Doubtless the same mentioned June 27, 1661. It was a "*chapeau de poil,*" a mark of some distinction in those days, and which gave name to Rubens's famous picture, now in Sir Robert Peel's collection, of a lady in a beaver hat, or "*chapeau de poil.*" This having been corrupted into "*chapeau de paille,*" has led to much ignorant conjecture.

November 1st. To the Theatre, to "The Jovial Crew." At my house Sir William sent for his son, Mr. William Pen,[1] lately come from Oxford.

2d. At the office all the morning; where Sir John Minnes, our new comptroller, was fetched by Sir William Pen and myself from Sir William Batten's, and led to his place in the office: the first time that he had come thither, and he seems in a good fair condition, and one that I am glad hath the office.

3d. (Lord's day.) At night, my wife and I had a good supper by ourselves of a pullet hashed, which pleased me much to see my condition come to allow ourselves a dish like that.

4th. With my wife to the Opera, where we saw "The Bondman," which of old we both did so doate on, and do still; though to both our thinking not so well acted here, having too great expectations, as formerly at Salisbury Court. But for Betterton,[2] he is called by us both the best actor in the world.

5th. To the Dolphin, where Armiger and I, and Captain Cocke, sat late and drank much, seeing the boys in the streets flying their crackers. This day being kept all the day very strictly in the city.

7th. I met with letters at home from my Lord at Lisbone, which speak of his being well; and he tells me he had seen at the court there, the day before he wrote this letter, the Jeugo de Toro.[3] Peg Kite now hath declared she will have the beggarly rogue the weaver, and so we are resolved neither to meddle nor make with her.

8th. This morning up early, and to my Lord Chancellor's, with a letter to him from my Lord, and did speak with him; and he did ask me whether I was son to Mr. Talbot Pepys[4] or no, (with whom he was once acquainted in the Court of Requests) and spoke to me with great respect. To the Sun in New Fish Street, where Sir J. Minnes, Sir William Batten, and we all were to dine, and by discourse found Sir J. Minnes a fine gentleman and a very good scholler.

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[1] The celebrated Quaker, and founder of Pennsylvania.

[2] Thomas Betterton, the celebrated actor, born in 1635, was the son of an under-cook to Charles I., and first appeared on the stage at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, in 1659. After the Restoration, two distinct theatres were established by royal authority; one in Brydges Street, Drury Lane, called the King's Company, under a patent granted to Killigrew: the other in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, styled the "Duke's Company," the patentee of which was Sir W. Davenant, who engaged Betterton in 1662. The site was recently Alderman Copeland's Staffordshire Pottery Warehouse, since pulled down. Betterton died in 1710, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

[3] A bull-fight. See May 24, 1662.

[4] Of Impington, great-uncle to our author.

9th. With my Lady all the afternoon. My Lady did mightily urge me to lay out money upon my wife, which I perceived was a little more earnest than ordinary, and so I seemed to be pleased with it, and do resolve to bestow a lace upon her.

10th. (Lord's day.) At St. Gregory's, where I hear our Queen Katherine the first time by name publickly prayed for.[1] And heard Dr. Buck[2] upon "Woe unto thee, Corazin," &c., where he started a difficulty, which he left to another time to answer, about why God should give means of grace to those people which he knew would not receive them, and deny to others, which he himself confesses, if they had had them, would have received them, and they would have been effectuall too. I would I could hear him explain this, when he do come to it.

11th. Captain Ferrers carried me the first time that ever I saw any gaming-house, to one, entering into Lincolne's-Inn-Fields, at the end of Bell Yard, where strange the folly of men to lay and lose so much money, and very glad I was to see the manner of a gamester's life, which I see is very miserable, and poor, and unmanly. And thence he took me to a dancing schoole in Fleet Streete, where we saw a company of pretty girles dance, but I do not in myself like to have young girls exposed to so much vanity. So to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lady had agreed upon a lace for my wife at £6, which I seemed much glad of that it was no more, though in my mind I think it too much, and I pray God to keep me so to order myself, and my wife's expences, that no inconvenience in purse or honour follow this my prodigality.

12th. My wife and I to "Bartholomew Fayre," with puppets, which I had seen once before, and the play without puppets often, but though I love the play as much as ever I did, yet I do not like the puppets at all, but think it to be a lessening to it. This day Holmes come to town; and we do expect hourly to hear what usage he hath from the Duke and the King about his late business of letting the Swedish Embassador[3] go by him, without striking his flag.[4]

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[1] The King's letter to the council for this purpose was read on November 19.

[2] Probably John Buck, D.D., who was Vicar of Stradbrook, Suffolk, and published in 1660, a Thanksgiving Sermon, preached at St. Paul's. —Watt's *Bibl. Britan.*

[3] The Count Brahé.

[4] And that, too, in the river Thames itself. The right of obliging ships of all nations to lower topsails, and strike their flag to the English, whilst

13th. By appointment, we all went this morning to wait upon the Duke of York, which we did in his chamber, as he was dressing himself in his riding suit to go this day by sea to the Downes. He is in mourning for his wife's grandmother,[1] which is thought a great piece of fondness [folly]. After we had given him our letter relating the bad condition of the Navy for want of money, he referred it to his coming back, and so we parted. Thence on foot to my Lord Crewe's; here I was well received by my Lord and Sir Thomas; with whom I had great talk: and he tells me in good earnest that he do believe the Parliament, which comes to sit again the next week, will be troublesome to the Court and Clergy, which God forbid! But they see things carried so by my Lord Chancellor and some others, that get money themselves, that they will not endure it. Home by coach, with my mind very heavy at this my expencefull life, which will undo me, I fear, after all my hopes, if I do not take up, for now I am coming to lay out a great deal of money in clothes for my wife, I must forbear other expences.

14th. To a dinner of young Mr. Bernard's for myself, Mr. Phillips, Davenport, Weaver, &c., where we had a most excellent dinner, but a pie of such pleasant variety of good things, as in all my life I never tasted.

15th. At noon with my wife to the Wardrobe to dinner, and there did show herself to my Lady in the handkercher that she bought the lace for the other day, and indeed it is very handsome. To the Opera, where I met my wife and Captain Ferrers,

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in the British seas, and even on the French coast, had up to this time, been rigidly enforced. When Sully was sent by Henry IV., in 1603, to congratulate James I. on his accession and in a ship commanded by a Vice-Admiral of France, he was fired upon by the English Admiral Mansel, for daring to hoist the flag of France in the presence of that of England, although within sight of Calais. The French flag was lowered, and all Sully's remonstrances could obtain no redress for the alleged injury. According to Rugge, Holmes had insisted upon the Swede's lowering his flag, and had even fired a shot to enforce the observance of the usual tribute of respect, but the Ambassador sent his secretary and another gentleman on board the English frigate, to assure the captain, *upon the word and honour of an Ambassador*, that the King, by a verbal order, had given him leave and a dispensation in that particular, and upon this false representation he was allowed to proceed on his voyage without further question. This want of caution, and disobedience to orders, fell heavily on Holmes, who was imprisoned for two months, and not re-appointed to the same ship. Brahé afterwards made a proper submission, for the fault he had committed, at his own Court. His conduct reminds us of Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an Ambassador—*that he is an honest man sent to* lie *abroad for the good of his country*. A pun upon the term *lieger*—Ambassador.

[1] The absurd story that she was a brewer's daughter, is well refuted in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii., p. 211.

and Madamoiselle Le Blanc, and there did see the second part of "The Siege of Rhodes" very well done; and so by coach set her home, and the coach driving down the hill through Thames Street, which I think never any coach did before from that place to the bridge-foot, but going up Fish Street Hill, his horses were so tired, that they could not be got to go up the hill, though all the street boys and men did beat and whip them. At last, I was fain to send my boy for a linke, and so light out of the coach till we got to another, at the corner of Fenchurch Street, and so home.

17th. (Lord's day.) To our own church, and at noon, by invitation, Sir W. Pen dined with me, and I took Mrs. Hester, my Lady Batten's kinswoman, to dinner from church with me, and we were very merry. To church; and heard a simple fellow upon the praise of church musique, and exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in the church. To church [again], but slept part of the sermon.

18th. At St. Paul's, where I saw the quiristers in their surplices going to prayers, and a few idle people and boys to hear them, which is the first time I have seen them, and am sorry to see things done so out of order. To the Theatre to see "Philaster,"[1] (which I never saw before) but I found it far short of my expectations.

19th. Took coach as far as my cozen Scott's, and my wife and I staid there at the christening of my cozen's boy, where my cozen Samuel Pepys of Ireland and I were godfathers, and I did name the child Samuel. There was a company of pretty women there in the chamber, but we staid not, but went with the minister into another room, and eat and drank—my she-cousin Stradwick being godmother. It cost me 20*s.* between the midwife and the two nurses to-day.

20th. To Westminster Hall by water in the morning, where I saw the King going in his barge to the Parliament House; this being the first day of their meeting again; and the Bishops, I hear, do take their places in the Lords' House this day. I walked longe in the Hall, but hear nothing of newes, but what Ned Pickering tells me, which I am troubled at, that Sir J. Minnes should send word to the King, that if he did not remove all my Lord Sandwich's captains out of this fleet, he believed the King would not be master of the fleet at its coming again: and so do endeavour to bring disgrace upon my Lord; but I hope all that will not do, for the King loves him. To the Wardrobe, and dined with my Lady—my Lady Wright[1] being there too, whom I find to be a witty but very conceited woman and proud. Lay long reading "Hobbs his Liberty and Necessity," and a little but very shrewd piece.

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[1] "Philaster; or Love lies a-bleeding," a tragedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

21st. Mr. Moore showed me his old Camden's "Britannica," which I intend to buy of him, and took it away with me, and left it at St. Paul's Churchyard to be bound. At the office all the afternoon; it being the first afternoon that we have sat, which we are now to do always, so long as the Parliament sits, who this day have voted the King £1,200,000, to be raised to pay his debts.

22d. At noon with my wife, by appointment, to dinner at the Dolphin, where Sir W. Batten, and his lady and daughter Matt,[2] and Captain Cook and his lady, a German lady, but a very great beauty, and we dined together, at the spending of some wagers won and lost between him and I; and there we had the best musique and very good songs, and were very merry, and danced, but I was most of all taken with Madam Cook and her little boy, which in mirth his father had given to me. But after all our mirth comes a reckoning of £4, besides 4*s.* of the musicians, which did trouble us, but it must be paid, and so I took leave, and left them there about eight at night.

23d. To Cheapside, to one Savill,[3] a painter, who I intend shall do my picture and my wife's.

24th. (Lord's day.) Up early, and by appointment to St. Clement's Danes[4] to church, and there to meet Captain Cook, who had often commended Mr. Alsopp, their minister, to me, who is indeed an able man, but as to all things else did not come up to my expectation. His text was, that all good and perfect things are from above.

25th. To Westminster with Captain Lambert, and there he did at the Dog give me, and some other friends of his, his foy,[5] he being to set sail to-day toward the Streights. Here we had oysters and good wine. With Sir W. Pen, and Major-General Massy, who I find by discourse to be a very ingenious man, and among other things a great master in the surveys of powder and fireworks, and another knight to dinner, at the Swan, in the Palace-Yard, and our meat brought from the Legg; and after dinner to the Theatre, and there saw "The Country Captain;"

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[1] See March 27, 1660, *ante.* Lady Wright lived till 1708.

[2] Martha Batten.

[3] No notice of this artist has been discovered.

[4] So called, because Harold, the Danish king, and others of his countrymen, were there buried.

[5] A merrymaking given at parting.—Halliwell's *Dictionary.*

and that being done, I left Sir W. Pen with his songs, and went to the Opera, and saw the last act of "The Bondman," and there found Mr. Sanchy and Mrs. Mary Archer, sister to the fair Betty, whom I did admire at Cambridge, and thence took them to the Fleece[1] in Covent Garden: but Mr. Sanchy could not by any argument get his lady to trust herself with him into the taverne, which he was much troubled at, and so we returned immediately into the city by coach, and then set her at her uncle's in the Old Jury.

27th. To Savill's, the painter, and there sat the first time for my face with him: thence to dinner with my Lady; and so after an hour or two's talk in divinity with my Lady, Captain Ferrers, and Mr. Moore and I, to the Theatre, and there saw "Hamlett" very well done.

28th. Letters from my Lord Sandwich, from Tangier;[2] where he continues still, and hath done some execution upon the Turks, and retaken an Englishman from them,[3] one Mr. Parker, a merchant in Marke Lane. To the Chancellor's, and there met with Mr. Dugdale, and with him and one Mr. Simons, I think that belongs to my Lord Hatton,[4] and Mr. Kipps and others, to the Fountaine taverne.

29th. I lay long in bed, till Sir Williams both sent me word that we were to wait upon the Duke of York to-day; and that they would have me to meet them at Westminster Hall, at noon: so I rose and went thither; and there I understand that they are gone to Mr. Coventry's lodgings, in the Old Palace Yard, to dinner, the first time that I knew he had any;[5] and there I met them, and Sir G. Carteret, and had a very fine dinner, and good welcome, and discourse; and so, by water, after dinner, to White Hall, to the Duke, who met us in his closet; and there he did discourse upon the business of Holmes, and did desire of us to know what hath been the common practice about making of forrayne ships to strike sail to us, which they did all do as much as they could; but I could say nothing to it, which I was sorry for. After we were gone from the Duke, I told Mr. Coventry that I had heard

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[1] See the account of this tavern, Dec. 1, 1660, *ante.*

[2] Lord Sandwich's Journal has been printed by Kennett. See note to Feb. 20, 1661–62.

[3] The Ironmongers' Company possess in trust an enormous sum for the redemption of Christian slaves in Barbary. Since Lord Exmouth's expedition, no claims have arisen upon the fund, which is now administered for other purposes, under the direction of the Court of Chancery.

[4] Christopher, first Lord Hatton. Ob. 1670.

[5] This may be dinner or lodgings.

Mr. Selden[1] often say, that he could prove that in Henry the 7th's time, he did give commission to his captains to make the King of Denmark's ships to strike to him[2] in the Baltique. Sir W. Pen and I to the Theatre, but it was so full that we could hardly get any room, so we went up to one of the boxes, and into the 18*d.* places, and there saw "Love at First Sight," a play of Mr. Killigrew's, and the first time that hath been acted since before the troubles, and great expectation there was, but I found the play to be a poor thing, and so I perceive every body else do. Home, calling at St. Paul's Churchyard for a Mare Clausum, having it in my mind to write a little matter, what I can gather, about the business of striking sayle, and present it to the Duke, which I now think will be a good way to make myself known.

30th. The old condemned judges of the late King have been brought before the Parliament, and like to be hanged. I am deep in Chancery with Tom Trice. God give a good issue. This is the last day for the old State coyne to pass in common payments, but they say it is to pass in publique payments to the King three months still.

December 1st. (Lord's day.) Mr. Sanchy should have brought his mistress, Mrs. Mary Archer, of Cambridge, but she could not come; but we had a good dinner for him. Cut a brave coller of brawne from Winchcombe, which proves very good, and also opened the glass of girkins which Captain Cock[3] did give my wife the other day, which are rare things. There hath lately been great clapping up of some old statesmen, such as Ireton, Moyer,[4] and others, and they say, upon a great plot, but I believe no such thing; but it is but justice that they should be served as they served the poor Cavaliers; and I believe it will oftentimes be so, as long as they live, whether there be cause or no.

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[1] See Selden's *Mare Clausum.*

[2] The tables were in vain attempted to be turned in May, 1670, when Arthur Capel, the first Earl of Essex, sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to Denmark in a ship of war, was thrice fired upon with shot by Major-General Holke, who commanded the Castle of Cronenburg, which Essex had neglected or refused to salute. Charles did not submit tamely to this insult. Essex was ordered to obtain the fullest reparation, and he did so promptly. On the 19th of the same month, Sir John Trevor, Secretary of State, acknowledged the good success which Lord Essex had had "about the flagg. His Majesty received your letter with great satisfaction, which came seasonably to be declared here before the French court. The satisfaction you have gained is absolute, and a full renounce to all that pretence on their part."

[3] Cook.

[4] Samuel Moyer, one of the Council of State, 1653.

2d. Called on by Mr. Sanchy and his mistress, and with them by coach to the Opera, to see "The Madd Lover,"[1] but not much pleased with the play.

3d. To the paynter's,[2] and sat and had more of my picture done, but it do not please me, for I fear it will not be like me.

4th. I saw a man lie dead upon Westminster Stairs that had been drowned yesterday.

6th. To White Hall, where, at Sir G. Carteret's, Sir Williams both and I dined very pleasantly; and after dinner, by appointment, came the Governors of the East India Company,[3] to sign and seal the contract between us, in the King's name, and them. And, that done, we all went to the King's closet, and there spoke with the King and the Duke of York, who promise to be very careful of the India trade to the utmost.

7th. This morning comes Captain Ferrers and the German, Emanuel Luffe, who goes as one of my Lord's footmen, though he deserves a much better preferment, to take their leave of me, and here I got the German to play upon my theorbo. Within a quarter of an hour after they were gone, comes the German back again, all of a goare of blood, which I wondered at, and tells me that he is afraid that the Captain is killed by the watermen at Tower Stayres; so I presently went thither, and found that upon some rude pressing of the watermen to ply the Captain, he struck one of them with his cane,[4] which they would not take, but struck him again, and then the German drew his sword, and run at one of them, but they were both soundly beaten. The Captain is, however, got to the hoy that carries him and the pages to the Downes, and I went into the alehouse at the Stayres, and got them to deliver the Captain's feathers, which one from the Captain was come to demand. Home again, and there found my wife dressing of the German's head, and so did [give] him a cravett for his neck, and a crowne in his purse, and sent him away again. To the Privy Seale, and sealed there; and, among other things that passed, there was a patent for Roger Palmer, Madame Palmer's husband, to be Earle of Castlemaine[5] and Baron of Limbricke in Ireland; but the honor is tied up to the males got of the body of this wife, the Lady Barbary: the reason whereof everybody knows. That done, by water to the office, where I found Sir W. Pen, and with him Captain Holmes, who had wrote his case, and gives me a copy, as he hath many among his friends, and presented the same to the King and Council, which I have made use of in my attempt of writing something concerning the business of striking sail, which I am now about;[1] but he do cry out against Sir John Minnes, as the veriest knave and rogue and coward in the world.

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[1] By John Fletcher.

[2] Savill. See 23rd Nov., 1661.

[3] The important charter had been granted to the Company in the April previous. Bombay, just acquired, as part of Queen Katherine's dowry, was not made over to the Company by Charles until 1668.

[4] See a similar outrage, committed by Captain Ferrers, 12th Sept., 1662. Swords were usually worn by footmen. See 4th May, 1662, *post*.

[5] Ob. July, 1705.

8th. (Lord's day.) Good discourse with my Lady of the great christening yesterday at Mr. Rumbell's, and courtiers and pomp that was there, which I wonder at.

9th. At noon to dinner at the Wardrobe; where my Lady Wright was, who did talk much upon the worth and the desert of gallantry; and that there was none fit to be courtiers, but such as have been abroad and know fashions; which I endeavoured to oppose; and was troubled to hear her talk so, though she be a very wise and discreet lady in other things.

10th. To dinner to my Lord Crewe's, by coach, and in my way had a stop of above an houre and a half, which is great trouble this Parliament time, but it cannot be helped. However, I got thither before my Lord come from the House, and so dined with him.

11th. My wife by coach to Clerkenwell, to see Mrs. Margaret Pen, who is at schoole there.

12th. Dined with my Lady, where her brother, Mr. John Crewe, dined also, and a strange gentlewoman dined at the table as a servant of my Lady's; but I knew her not, and so I was afraid that poor Mademoiselle[2] was gone; but I since understand that she is come as housekeeper to my Lady, and is a married woman.

13th. With my wife to the painter's,[3] and there she sat the first time to be drawn, while I all the while stood looking on a pretty lady's picture, whose face did please me extremely. At last, he having done, I found that the dead colour of my wife is good, above what I expected, which pleased me exceedingly.

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[1] Pepys does not seem to be aware that Sir John Burroughs, Keeper of the Records, *temp.* Car. I., had written a Treatise on the Sovereignty of the British Seas, copies of which, both in Latin and English, are common, and one of which is in the Pepysian Library; neither had he discovered that William Ryley, the Herald, Deputy Keeper of the Records, whom he knew personally, had also written on the subject, and had made extracts from the Records. Ryley's collections appear to have belonged to James II., and were probably made for him at this time. The Duke of Newcastle afterwards possessed them, and they are now in the British Museum.

[2] See Nov. 15, 1661, *ante*.

[3] Savill's.

15th. (Lord's day.) I am now full of study about writing something about our making of strangers strike to us at sea; and so am altogether reading Selden and Grotius, and such other authors to that purpose.

16th. After dinner to the Opera, where there was a new play, Cutter[1] of Coleman Street, made in the year 1658, with reflections much upon the late times; and it being the first time, the pay was doubled, and so to save money, my wife and I went into the gallery, and there sat and saw very well; and a very good play it is—it seems, of Cowley's making.

21st. To White Hall, to the Privy Seale, as my Lord Privy Seale did tell me he could seale no more this month, for he goes thirty miles out of towne, to keep his Christmas. At which I was glad, but only afraid lest any thing of the King's should force us to go after him to get a seale in the country. Taken by some Exchequer men to the Dogg, where, it being St. Thomas's day, by custome, they have a general meeting at dinner. There I was, and all very merry. I spoke to Mr. Falconberge to look whether he could, out of Domesday Book,[2] give me any thing concerning the sea, and the dominion thereof; which he says he will look after. This evening my wife come home from christening Mrs. Hunt's son, his name John, and a merchant in Marke Lane come along with her, that was her partner.

22d. (Lord's day.) My wife and I to Church, and there in the pew, with the rest of the company, was Captain Holmes, in his gold-laced suit, at which I was troubled.

23d. Lighting at my bookseller's [Kirton's], in St. Paul's churchyard, I met there with Mr. Cromlum, and the second master of Paul's School, and thence I took them to the Starr, and there we sat and talked, and I had great pleasure in their company, and very glad I was of meeting him so accidentally, I having omitted too long to go to see him. Here in discourse of books I did offer to give the schoole what booke he would choose of £5. So we parted.

25th. In the morning to church, where at the door of our pew I was fain to stay, because that the sexton had not opened the door. A good sermon of Mr. Mills.

26th. After dinner, Sir William came to me, and he and his son and daughter, and I and my wife, by coach to Moor

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[1] *Cutter*, in old English, means a swagger: hence the title of the play. It was originally called "The Guardian," when acted before royalty at Cambridge.

[2] What idea could Pepys have formed of Doomsday Book?

Fields to walk, but it was most foule weather, and so we went into an alehouse, and there eat some cakes and ale, and a washeall and bowle[1] woman and girl come to us, and sung to us.

27th. In the morning to my bookseller's, to bespeak a Stephens' Thesaurus, for which I offer £4, to give to Paul's School, and from thence to Paul's Church; and there I did hear Dr. Gunning preach a good sermon upon the day, being St. John's day, and did hear him tell a story, which he did persuade us to believe to be true, that St. John and the Virgin Mary did appear to Gregory, a Bishopp, at his prayer to be confirmed in the faith, which I did wonder to hear from him.

28th. At home all the morning; and in the afternoon all of us at the office, upon a letter from the Duke for the making up of a speedy estimate of all the debts of the Navy, which is put into good forwardness.

29th. (Lord's day.) To the Abbey, and there meeting with Mr. Hooper, he took me in among the quire, and there I sang with them their service. To the Wardrobe, and supped, and staid very long talking with my Lady, who seems to doat every day more and more upon us.

30th. With my wife and Sir W. Pen to see our pictures, which do not much displease us. With my wife to the play, and saw "D'Ambois,"[2] which I never saw.

31st. My wife and I this morning to the paynter's [Savill's], and there she sat the last time, and I stood by, and did tell him some little things to do, that now her picture I think will please me very well; and after her, her little black dogg sat in her lap, and was drawn, which made us very merry: so home to dinner. To the office; and there late finishing our estimate of the debts of the Navy to this day; and it come to near £374,000. So home, and after supper and my barber had trimmed me, I sat down to end my journell for this year, and my condition at this time, by God's blessing, is that my health is very good, and so my wife's, in all respects: my servants, W. Hewer, Sarah, Nell, and Wayneman: my house at the Navy Office. I suppose myself to be worth about £500 clear in the world, and my goods of my house my owne, and what is coming to me from Brampton, when my father dies, which God defer. But, by my uncle's death, the whole care and trouble, and settling of all, lies upon me, which is very great, because of lawsuits, especially that with T. Trice, about the interest of £200, which will, I hope, be ended soon. My chiefest thoughts is now to get a good wife for Tom, there being one offered by the Joyces, a cousin of theirs, worth £200 in ready money. I am upon writing a little treatise to present to the Duke, about our privilege in the seas, as to other nations striking their flags to us. But my greatest trouble is, that I have for this last half year been a very great spendthrift in all manner of respects, that I am afraid to cast up my accounts, though I hope I am worth what I say above. But I will cast them up very shortly. I have newly taken a solemn oath about abstaining from plays and wine, which I am resolved to keep, according to the letter of the oath which I keep by me. The fleete hath been ready to sail for Portsmouth, but hath lacked wind this fortnight, and by that means my Lord is forced to keep at sea all this winter, till he brings home the Queen, which is the expectation of all now, and the greatest matter of publique talk.

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[1] "The wenches with their wassall bowls
About the streets are singing."—Wither's *Christmas Carol.*

The old custom of carrying the wassall bowls from door to door, with songs and merriment, in Christmas week, is still observed in some of our rural districts.

[2] A Tragedy, by George Chapman.

1661–62.

January 1st. Waking this morning out of my sleep on a sudden, I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and neck, which waked her with pain, at which I was sorry, and to sleep again. We went by coach to see the play of the Spanish Curate;[1] and a good play it is, only Diego the Sexton did overdo his part too much.

2d. An invitation sent us before we were upp from my Lady Sandwich's, to come and dine with her: so at the office all the morning, and at noon thither to dinner, where there was a good and great dinner, and the company, Mr. William Montagu and his lady, but she seemed so far from the beauty that I expected her from my Lady's talk to be, that it put me into an ill humour all day, to find my expectation so lost. I went forth, by appointment, to meet with Mr. Grant, who promised to bring me acquainted with Cooper,[2] the great limner in little, but they deceived me. Sir Richard Fanshaw is come suddenly from Portugall, and nobody knows what his business is about.

3d. To Faithorne's,[3] and there bought some pictures of him; and while I was there, comes by the King's life-guard, he being gone to Lincoln's Inne this afternoon to see the Revells there; there being, according to an old custome, a prince and all his nobles, and other matters of sport and charge.

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[1] By John Fletcher. Pepys saw it at the Duke's Theatre.
[2] Samuel Cooper, the celebrated miniature painter. Ob. 1672.
[3] William Faithorne, the well-known engraver. Ob. 1691.

4th. At home, hanging up pictures, and seeing how my pewter sconces that I have bought will become my stayres and entry. With Mr. Chetwin, who had a dog challenged of him, by another man, that said it was his, but Mr. Chetwin called the dog, and the dog at last would follow him, and not his old master.

5th. (Lord's day.) My brother Tom tells me how he hath seen the father and mother of the girle which my cozen Joyces would have him to have for a wife, and they are much for it, but we are in a great quandary what to do therein—£200 being but a little money; and I hope, if he continues as he begins, he may look for one with more. To church, and before sermon, there was a long psalm, and half another sung out, while the Sexton gathered what the church would give him for this last half year, I gave him 3*s*., and have the last week given the Clerke 2*s*., which I set down, that I may know what to do the next year, if it please the Lord that I live so long; but the jest was, the Clerk begins the 25th psalm, which hath a proper tune to it, and then the 116th, which cannot be sung with that tune, which seemed very ridiculous.

6th. To dinner to Sir W. Pen's, it being a solemn feast day with him—his wedding day,[1] and we had, besides a good chine of beef and other good cheer, eighteen mince pies in a dish, the number of years that he hath been married,[2] where Sir W. Batten and his lady and daughter was, and Colonel Treswell and Major[3] Holmes, who I perceive would fain get to be free and friends with my wife, but I shall prevent it, and she herself hath also a defyance against him.

8th. This night come about £100 from Brampton by carrier to me, in holsters from my father, which made me laugh.

10th. To White Hall, and there spoke with Sir Paule Neale,[4] about a mathematical request of my Lord's to him, which I did deliver to him, and he promised to employ somebody to answer it—something about observation of the moone and stars, but what I did not mind. An injuncon is granted in Chancery against T. Trice, at which I was very glad, being before in some trouble for it. To meet my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to gossip with her, which we did alone, and were very merry, and did give her a cup and spoon for my wife's god-child.

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[1] Lady Penn was Margaret, daughter of Sir John Jasper, of Rotterdam.—*Life of Penn*, ii., 572.

[2] The same custom is noticed, Feb. 3, 1661–62.

[3] See June 16, 1660, and note.

[4] Sir Paul Neile, of White Waltham, Berks, son of Neile, Archbishop of York, an active member of the Royal Society.

11th. To the Exchange, and there all the news is of the French and Dutch joyning against us; but I do not think it yet true. In the afternoon, to Sir W. Batten's, where in discourse I heard the custome of the election of the Duke of Genoa,[1] who for two years is every day attended in the greatest state, and four or five hundred men always waiting upon him as a king; and when the two years are out, and another is chose, a messenger is sent to him, who stands at the bottom of the stairs, and he at the top, and says "V^a. Illustrissima Serenita sta finita, ed puede andar en casa."—"Your serenity is now ended; and now you may be going home:" and so claps on his hat. And the old Duke, having by custom sent his goods home before, walks away, it may be with but one man at his heels; and the new one brought immediately in his room, in the greatest state in the world. Another account was told us, how the Dukedom of Ragusa, in the Adriatique, a state that is little, but more ancient, they say, than Venice, and is called the mother of Venice, and the Turkes lie round about it, that they change all the officers of their guard, for fear of conspiracy, every twenty-four hours, so that nobody knows who shall be captain of the guard to-night; but two men come to a man, and lay hold of him as a prisoner, and carry him to the place; and there he hath the keys of the garrison given him, and he presently issues his orders for that night's watch: and so always from night to night. Sir William Rider told the first of his own knowledge; and both he and Sir W. Batten confirmed the last.

13th. Before twelve o'clock comes, by appointment, Mr. Peter and the Dean, and Colonel Honiwood, brothers,[2] to dine with me; but so soon, that I was troubled at it. Mr. Peter did show us the experiment, which I had heard talke of, of the chymicall glasses,[1] which break all to dust by breaking off a little small end; which is a great mystery to me. My aunt Wright and my wife and I to cards, she teaching of us to play at gleeke,[2] which is a pretty game; but I have not my head so free as to be troubled with it.

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[1] Readers will find a good account of the origin of the Ducal Government of Genoa in Hallam's *Middle Ages*, vol. i., p. 468.

[2] These three brothers were the sons of Robert Honywood, of Charing, Kent, who had purchased the estate of Mark's Hall, in Essex; and whose mother, Mary Attwaters, after fourty-four years of widowhood, died at ninety-three, having lived to see three hundred and sixty-seven of her own lawful descendants. Colonel Honywood and Peter seem, from subsequent notices in the *Diary*, to have been both knighted; but we find no particulars of their history. Michael Honywood, D.D., was rector of Kegworth, co. Leicester, and seeking refuge at Utrecht during the Rebellion, was, on his return, made Dean of Lincoln, and died in 1681, aged 85, having been generally considered a learned and holy man. The widow of Dean Honywood left his library to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln. Many early printed books of great variety contained in this collection were

14th. This day, my brave vellum covers to keep pictures in, come in, which pleases me very much.

15th. This morning, Mr. Berkenshaw[3] come again, and after he had examined me and taught me something in my work, he and I went to breakfast in my chamber upon a collar of brawn; and after we had eaten, asked me whether we had not committed a fault in eating to-day; telling me, that it is a fast-day ordered by the Parliament,[4] to pray for more seasonable weather; it having hitherto been summer weather, that it is, both as to warmth and every other thing, just as if it were the middle of May or June, which do threaten a plague, as all men think, to follow, for so it was almost the last winter; and the whole year after hath been a very sickly time to this day.[5]

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dispersed under the auspices of Dean Gordon in 1817, and replaced by the purchase of modern works comparatively of no value. See Botfield's *Account of our Cathedral Libraries*. In the *Topographer and Genealogist*, No. V., there is a printed account of "Mary Honywood and her posterity," taken from a MS. of Peter Le Neve's, in the Lansdowne Collection, in the British Museum.

[1] They are formed by dropping melted glass into water. These drops are still called after Prince Rupert, who brought them out of Germany, where they were named "Lacrymæ Batavicæ." They consist of glass drops with long and slender tails, which burst to pieces on the breaking off those tails in any part. The invention is thus alluded to in *Hudibras*:—

"Honour is like that glass bubble
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part cracked, the whole does fly,
And wits are cracked to find out why."
Part II., canto ii., line 385.

[2] A game at cards played by three persons, each hand having twelve cards, and the rest being left for the stock.—Halliwell's *Dictionary*. "Whatever games stirring at places where he retired, as gammon, *gleek*, piquet, or even the merry main, he made one."—*Life of Lord Keeper Guildford*, vol. i., p. 17. See Feb. 17, 1661-62, *post*.

[3] Pepys's music-master.

[4] On the 8th, a Proclamation was issued for a general fast to be observed in London and Westminster on the 15th, and in the rest of England on the 22nd, with prayers on occasion of "the present unseasonableness of the weather." William Lucy, Bishop of St. David's, preached before the House of Lords. Dr. Samuel Bolton and Dr. Bruno Ryves preached at St. Margaret's, before the House of Commons.

[5] The old proverb says truly, that "a green yule maketh a fat kirkyard." Apples were growing at this time.

16th. Towards Cheapside; and in Paul's Churchyard saw the funeral of my Lord Cornwallis,[1] late Steward[2] of the King's House, go by. And thence I to the paynter's, and there paid him £6 for the two pictures, and 36*s.* for the two frames. Stoakes told us that notwithstanding the country of Gambo[3] is so unhealthy, yet the people of the place live very long, so as the present King there is 150 years old, which they count by rains: because every year it rains continually four months together. He also told us, that the kings there have above 100 wives a-piece.

17th. To Westminster, with Mr. Moore, and there I met with Lany, the Frenchman, who told me that he had a letter from France last night, that tells him that my Lord Hinchingbroke is dead, and that he did die yesterday was se'nnight, which do surprise me exceedingly, though we know that he hath been sick these two months, so I hardly ever was in my life; but being fearfull that my Lady should come to hear it too suddenly, he and I went up to my Lord Crewe's, and there I dined with him, and after dinner we told him, and the whole family is much disturbed by it: so we consulted what to do to tell my Lady of it; and at last we thought of my going first to Mr. George Montagu's, to hear whether he had any news of it, which I did, and there found all his house in great heavinesse for the death of his son, Mr. George Montagu, who did go with our young gentlemen into France, and that they hear nothing at all of our young lord: so believing that thence comes the mistake, I returned to my Lord Crewe, in my way to the Piazza seeing a house on fire, and all the streets full of people to quench it, and told them of it, which they are much glad of, and conclude, and so I hope, that my Lord is well; and so I went to my Lady Sandwich and told her all, and after much talk I parted thence, with my wife, who had been there all the day, and so home to my musique, and then to bed.

18th. Comes Mr. Moore to give me an account how Mr. Montagu[4] was gone away of a sudden with the fleet, in such haste, that he hath left behind some servants, and many things of consequence; and among others, my Lord's commission for Embassador. Whereupon he and I took coach, and to White Hall to my Lord's lodgings, to have spoke with Mr. Ralph Montagu, his brother, and here staid talking with Sarah and the old man; but by and by hearing he was in Covent Garden, we went thither: and at my Lady Harvy's, his sister, I spoke with him, and he tells me that the commission is not left behind.

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[1] See *ante*, April 23, 1661, note.

[2] This should be Treasurer.

[3] Gambia, on the western coast of Africa, then recently possessed by the English. Its unhealthy character is still, alas! well proved by our cruisers against the slave trade.

[4] Edward Montagu, noticed 20th April, 1660, dying unmarried, *v.p.*, his brother Ralph succeeded, as third Lord Montagu of Boughton, and was created an Earl in 1689, and in 1705 Duke of Montagu. He was Ambassador to France from 1668 to 1672; and some of his letters were used for the impeachment of the Earl of Danby, afterwards Duke of Leeds. He died in 1709. His sister Elizabeth had married Sir Daniel Harvey, who was knighted by Charles II. at his first landing, and was sent, in 1668, Ambassador to Constantinople.

19th. (Lord's day.) Into the Old Bayly by appointment to speak with Mrs. Norbury, who lies (it falls out) next door to my uncle Fenner's; but, as God would have it, we having no desire to be seen by his people, he having lately married a midwife, that is old and ugly, and that hath already brought home to him a daughter and three children, we were let in at a back doore. And here she offered me the refusall of some lands of hers at Brampton, if I have a mind to buy. Thence to my uncle Wright's, and there we supped, and were merry, though my uncle hath lately lost 2 or 300 at sea, and I am troubled to hear that the Turkes do take more and more of our ships in the Straights, and that our merchants here in London do daily break, and are still likely to do so.

20th. This day did divide the two butts, which we four did send for, of sherry from Cales, and mine was put into a hogshead, and the vessel filled up with four gallons of Malaga wine; what it will stand us in I know not; but it is the first great quantity of wine that I ever bought.

21st. Home, to practice my composition of musique. We have heard nothing yet how far the fleet hath got toward Portugall.

22d. After musique-practice, to White Hall, and thence to Westminster, in my way calling at Mr. George Montagu's,[1] to condole on the loss of his son, who was a fine gentleman; and it is no doubt a great discomfort to our two young gentlemen, his companions in France. After this discourse, he told me, among other news, the great jealousys that are now in the Parliament House. The Lord Chancellor, it seems, taking occasion from this late plot to raise fears in the people, did project the raising of an army forthwith, besides the constant militia, thinking to make the Duke of York General thereof. But the House did, in very open termes, say, they were grown too wise to be fooled again into another army; and said they had found how that man that hath the command of an army is not beholden to any body to make him King. There are factions, private ones at Court, about Madam Palmer; but what it is about I know not. But it is something about the King's favour to her now that the Queen is coming. He told me, too, what sport the King and Court do make at Mr. Edward Montagu's leaving his things behind him. But the Chancellor, taking it a little more seriously, did openly say to my Lord Chamberlaine,[1] that had it been such a gallant as my Lord Mandeville[2] his son, it might have been taken as a frolique; but for him, that would be thought a grave coxcombe, it was very strange. Thence to the Hall, where I heard the House had ordered all the King's murderers that remain to be executed, but Fleetwood and Downes.

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[1] Henry Montagu, first Earl of Manchester, had numerous issue by his first lady; but George, here mentioned, was the eldest son of Margaret Crouch, the earl's third wife. See also 7th March, 1660, *ante*.

23d. By invitacon to my uncle Fenner's, where I found his new wife, a pitiful, old, ugly, ill-bred woman, in a hatt, a midwife. Here were many of his, and as many of her relations, sorry, mean people; and after choosing our gloves, we all went over to the Three Crane taverne,[3] and, though the best room of the house, in such a narrow dogg-hole we were crammed, and I believe we were near forty, that it made me loath my company and victuals; and a sorry, poor dinner it was too. After dinner, I took aside the two Joyces, to thank them for their kind thoughts for a wife for Tom; but that, considering the possibility there is of my having no child, and what then I shall be able to leave him, I do think he may expect in that respect a wife with more money, and so desired them to think no more of it.

24th. To the Wardrobe, where very merry with my Lady, and after dinner I went for the pictures[4] thither, and mine is well liked; but she is much offended with my wife's; and I am of her opinion, that it do much wrong her; but I will have it altered.

25th. At home and the office all the morning. Walking in the garden[5] to give the gardener directions what to do this year, for I intend to have the garden handsome, Sir W. Pen come to me, and did break a business to me about removing his son from Oxford to Cambridge to some private college. I proposed Magdalene, but cannot name a tutor at present; but I shall think and write about it. Thence with him to the Trinity-house to dinner; where Sir Richard Brown,[1] one of the clerkes of the Council, and who is much concerned against Sir N. Crisp's project[2] of making a great sasse[3] in the King's lands about Deptford, to be a wett-dock to hold 200 sail of ships. But the ground, it seems, was long since given by the King to Sir Richard. After the Trinity-house men had done their business, the master, Sir William Rider, come to bid us welcome; and so to dinner. Comes Mr. Moore with letters from my Lord Sandwich, speaking of his lying still at Tangier, looking for the fleet; which, we hope, is now in a good way thither.

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[1] The Earl of Manchester.

[2] Robert Montagu, Viscount Mandeville, was a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II. He became third Earl of Manchester on his ather's death, and died at Paris in 1682.

[3] In Upper Thames Street.

[4] Painted by Savill.

[5] "I remember your honour very well, when you newly came out of France, and wore pantaloon breeches; at which time your late honoured ather [Sir W. Penn] dwelt in the Navy Office, in that apartment the Lord Viscount Brouncker dwelt in afterwards, which was on the north part of the Navy Office garden."—P. Gibson of Penn, y^e Quaker, *Life of Penn*, i., 616.

26th. (Lord's day.) Thanks be to God, since my leaving drinking of wine, I do find myself much better, and do mind my business better and do spend less money, and less time lost in idle company.

27th. This morning, both Sir Williams and I by barge to Deptford-yard to give orders in business there; and called on several ships, also to give orders. Going to take water upon Tower Hill, we met with three sleddes standing there to carry my Lord Monson[4] and Sir H. Mildmay[5] and another,[6] to the gallows and back again, with ropes about their necks; which is to be repeated every year, this being the day of their sentencing the King.

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[1] He had been gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles I., and Resident in France for that monarch. He was created a baronet 1st September, 1649, and died 10th February, 1683. Much is said of him in the *Diary* of John Evelyn, who married his only child and heir; and thus became possessor of Sayes Court. Part of Deptford Dockyard is still held under the Evelyn family. The plans, on a large scale, of Sayes Court, and Deptford Dockyard, executed by Joel Gascoyne, in 1692, probably for Evelyn himself, are in the British Museum, together with plans of the dockyard, as it existed in 1688, 1698, and in 1774, respectively; and also other plans of the docks made for the Evelyns.

[2] Sir N. Crisp was magnificent in all his projects.

[3] "Sasse, a sluice, or lock, used in water-works."—Bailey's *Dictionary*. This project is mentioned by Evelyn, 16th Jan., 1661–62, and Lysons, *Environs*, vol. iv., p. 392.

[4] William, second son of Sir Thomas Monson, Bart.; created, by Charles I., Viscount Monson of Castlemaine of the kingdom of Ireland. Notwithstanding this act of favour, he was instrumental in the King's death: and in 1661, being degraded of his honours, was sentenced, with Sir Henry Mildmay and Robert Wallop, to undergo the punishment here described. None of their names were subscribed to the King's sentence. An account of this ceremony was printed at the time, entitled "The Traytor's Pilgrimage from the Tower to Tyburn, being a true relation of the drawing of William Lord Mounson, Sir Henry Mildmay, and 'Squire Wallop . . with the

28th. With my wife to the paynter's, where we staid very late to have her picture mended, which at last is come to be very like her, and I think well done; but the paynter, though a very honest man, I found to be very silly as to matter of skill in shadowes.

30th. Fast-day for the murthering of the late King. I went to Church, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon upon David's words, "Who can lay his hands upon the Lord's Anoynted and be guiltlesse?"

31st. All the morning in my cellar ordering some alteracons therein, being much pleased with my new doore into the back-yard.

February 1st. This morning with Commissioner Pett to the office; and he staid there writing, while I and Sir W. Pen walked in the garden talking about his business of putting his son to Cambridge; and to that end I intend to write to-night to Fairebrother, to give me an account of Mr. Burton of Magdalene. Thence with Mr. Pett to the paynter's; and he likes our pictures very well, and so do I. Thence he and I to the Countesse of Sandwich, to lead him to her to kiss her hands: and dined with her, and told her the news, which Sir W. Pen told me to do, that expresse is come from my Lord with letters, that by a great storm and tempest the mole of Algiers is broken down, and many of their ships sunk into the mole. So that God Almighty hath now ended that unlucky business for us; which is very good news.

2d. (Lord's day.) To church in the morning, and then home, and dined with my wife, and so both of us to church

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manner of the proceedings at Tyburn, in order to the degrading and divesting of them of their former titles of honour, and their declaratory speeches to both the right worshipful Sheriffs of London and Middlesex." The late Lord Monson and the present Lord Sondes, are descended from the eldest son of Sir Thomas Monson. Viscount Monson left one son by his second wife, Beston Monson, who died *s.p.* in 1674.—Collins's *Peerage*.

[5] Sir Henry Mildmay, third son of Sir Humphrey Mildmay, had enjoyed he confidence of Charles I., who made him Master of the Jewels; but he sat a few days as one of the King's Judges. He died at Antwerp. His estate of Wansted was confiscated, and was given to Sir Robert Brookes; and by him, or his heirs, or creditors, alienated in 1667 to Sir Josiah Childe, ancestor of the Earl Tylney. See May 14, 1665. It is now Lord Mornington's, in right of his first wife. Sir Henry Mildmay's other estates were saved by being settled on his marriage.

[6] Robert Wallop, the direct ancestor of the present Earl of Portsmouth. He died in the Tower, November 16th, 1667.

again, where we had an Oxford man give us a most impertinent sermon upon "Cast your bread upon the waters," &c.

3d. After musique-practice, I dined with Sir W. Batten with many friends more, it being his wedding-day, and among other froliques, it being their 3rd year, they had three pyes, whereof the middlemost was made of an ovall form in an ovall hole within the other two, which made much mirth, and was called the middle piece; and above all the rest, we had great striving to steal a spooneful out of it; and I remember Mrs. Mills, the minister's wife, did steal one for me, and did give it me; and to end all, Mrs. Shippman did fill the pie full of white wine, it holding at least a pint and a half, and did drink it off for a health to Sir William and my Lady—it being the greatest draught that ever I did see a woman drink in my life. I went along with my Lady and the rest of the gentlewomen to Major Holmes's, and there we had a fine supper—among others, excellent lobsters, which I never eat at this time of the year before. The Major hath good lodgings at the Trinity House. At last home, and, being in my chamber, we do hear great noise of mirth at Sir William Batten's, tearing the ribbands[1] from my Lady and him.

4th. To Westminster Hall, where it was full terme. Here all the morning, and at noon to my Lord Crewe's, where one Mr. Templer,[2] an ingenious man and a person of honour he seems to be, dined; and, discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and do feed upon larkes, which they take thus:—They observe, when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there they place themselves with their mouth uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject poyson upon the bird; for the bird do suddenly come down again in its course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange. He is a great traveller; and, speaking of the tarantula, he says that all the harvest long, about which times they are most busy, there are fiddlers go up and down the fields every where, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung. This afternoon, going into the office, one met me, and did serve a subpœnâ upon me for one Field, whom we did commit to prison[3] the other day for some ill words he did give the office. The like he had for others, but we shall scoure him for it.

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[1] As if newly married. See note to Jan. 24, 1659-60.

[2] Probably Benjamin Templer, rector of Ashby, in Northamptonshire.

[3] Which afterwards caused Pepys much trouble.

5th. To the Playhouse, and there saw "Rule a Wife and have a Wife;" very well done. And here also I did look long upon my Lady Castlemaine, who, notwithstanding her sickness, continues a great beauty.

6th. After dinner, my barber trimmed me, and so to the office, where I do begin to be exact in my duty there, and exacting my privileges.

7th. I hear the prisoners in the Tower that are to die, are come to the Parliament-house this morning. To the Wardrobe, to dinner with my Lady; where a civitt cat, parrot, apes, and many other things, are come from my Lord by Captain [William] Hill, who dined with my Lady with us to-day. Thence to the paynter's [Savill's], and am well pleased with our pictures.

9th. (Lord's day.) I took physique this day, and was all day in my chamber, talking with my wife about her laying out of £20, which I had long since promised her to lay out in clothes against Easter for herself, and composing some ayres, God forgive me! At night to prayers and to bed.

10th. To Paul's Church-yard, and there I met with Dr. Fuller's "England's Worthys," the first time that I ever saw it; and so I sat down reading in it; being much troubled that, though he had some discourse with me about my family and armes, he says nothing at all, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolke. But I believe, indeed, our family were never considerable.

11th. At the office in the afternoon; so home to musique: my mind being full of our alteracons in the garden. At night begun to compose songs, and begin with "Gaze not on swans."[1]

12th. This morning till four in the afternoon I spent abroad, doing of many and very considerable businesses: so home, with my mind very highly contented with my day's work, wishing I could do so every day.

13th. Mr. Blackburne do tell me plain of the corruption of all our Treasurer's officers, and that they hardly pay any money under ten per cent.; and that the other day, for a mere assignation of £200 to some counties, they took £15, which is very strange. Last night died the Queen of Bohemia.[2]

[1] The poetry of the song, "Gaze not on Swans," is by H. Noel, and set to music by H. Lawes, in his *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653.

[2] At Leicester House, on the north side of the present Leicester Square, to which she had removed only five days previously from Drury House, in Drury Lane, the residence of Lord Craven, to whom it has been asserted that she was married.

14th. (Valentine's day.) I did this day purposely shun to be seen at Sir W. Batten's, because I would not have his daughter to be my Valentine, as she was the last year, there being no great friendship between us now, as formerly. This morning in comes W. Bowyer, who was my wife's Valentine, she having, at which I made good sport to myself, held her hands all the morning, that she might not see the paynters that were at work in gilding my chimney-piece and pictures in my dining-room.

15th. With the two Sir Williams to the Trinity House;[1] and there, in their society, had the business debated of Sir Nicholas Crisp's sasse[2] at Deptford. After dinner, I was sworn a Younger Brother, Sir W. Rider being Deputy-Master for my Lord of Sandwich; and after I was sworn, all the Elder Brothers shake me by the hand; it is their custom, it seems. No news yet of our fleet gone to Tangier, which we now begin to think long.

16th. (Lord's day.) To church this morning. In the afternoon, I walked to St. Bride's to church, to hear Dr. Jacomb preach upon the recovery, and at the request, of Mrs. Turner, who come abroad this day, the first time since her long sickness. He preached upon David's words, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord," and made a pretty good sermon, though not extraordinary. After sermon, I led her home, and sat with her, and there was the Dr. got before us; but strange what a command he hath got over Mrs. Turner, who was so carefull to get him what he would, after his preaching, to drink, and he, with a cunning gravity, knows how to command and had it, and among other things told us that he heard more of the Common Prayer this afternoon (while he stood in the vestry, before he went up into the pulpitt) than he had heard this twenty years.

17th. This morning, both Sir Williams, myself, and Captain Cocke, and Captain Tinker of the Convertine,[3] which we are going to look upon, (being intended [to go] with these ships fitting for the East Indys) down to Deptford; and thence, after being on ship-board, to Woolwich, and there eat something. The Sir Williams being unwilling to eat flesh,[4] Captain

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[1] In Water Lane.

[2] See Jan. 25, 1661–2.

[3] A fourth-rate, of 48 guns; in 1665 it was commanded by Captain John Pierce.

[4] In Lent, of which the observance, intermitted for nineteen years, was now reviving. We have seen that Pepys, as yet, had not cast off all show of puritanism. "In this month the Fishmongers' Company petitioned the King that Lent might be kept, because they had provided abundance of fish for this season, and their prayer was granted."—Rugge.

Cock and I had a breast of veale roasted. Going and coming, we played at gleeke,[1] and I won 9*s.* 6*d.* clear, the most that ever I won in my life. I pray God it may not tempt me to play again.

18th. Having agreed with Sir W. Pen to meet him at the Opera, and finding by my walking in the streets, which were every where full of brick-battes and tyles flung down by the extraordinary winde the last night,[2] such as hath not been in memory before, unless at the death of the late Protector, that it was dangerous to go out of doors; and hearing how several persons had been killed to-day by the fall of things in the streets, and that the pageant in Fleet Streete is most of it blown down, and hath broke down part of several houses, among others Dick Brigden's; and that one Lady Sanderson,[3] a person of quality in Covent-Garden, was killed by the house, in her bed, last night; I sent my boy to forbid Sir W. Pen to go forth. But he bringing me word that he is gone, I went to the Opera, and saw "The Law against Lovers,"[4] a good play and well performed, especially the little girl's, whom I never saw act before, dancing and singing; and were it not for her, the losse of Roxalana[5] would spoil the house.

19th. Musique practice: then to the Trinity-House to conclude upon our report of Sir N. Crisp's project, who come to us to answer objections, but we did give him no eare, but are resolved to stand to our report.

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[1] See Jan. 13, 1661–2, *ante.*

[2] "A dreadful storm of wind happened one night in February, anno 1661–2, which, though general, (at least, all over England) yet was remarkable at Oxford in these two respects. 1. That though it forced the stones inwards into the cavity of Allhallows' spire, yet it overthrew it not. And 2. That in the morning, when there was some abatement of its fury, it was yet so violent, that it laved water out of the river Cherwell, and cast it quite over the bridge at Magdalen College, above the surface of the water, near twenty foot high: which passage, with advantage of holding by the College wall, I had then curiosity to go to see myself, which otherwise perhaps I should have as hardly credited, as some other persons now may do."—Plot's *Natural History of Oxfordshire*, p. 5.

[3] This was not the mother of the maids.

[4] A tragi-comedy, by Sir William Davenant; taken from "Measure for Measure," and "Much Ado about Nothing."

[5] This actress, so called from the character she played in the "Siege of Rhodes," was Elizabeth Davenport. Evelyn saw her on the 9th Jan., 1661–2, she being soon after taken to be "My Lord Oxford's Miss"; but she returned to the stage within a year. See May 20th, *post.* She was induced to marry the Earl of Oxford, after indignantly refusing to become his mistress, and discovered, when too late, that the nuptial ceremony had been performed by the Earl's trumpeter, in the habit of a priest. For more of her history, see *Mémoires de Grammont.* Ashmole records the birth of the Earl of Oxford's son, by Roxalana, 17th April, 1664, which shows that the *liaison* continued after her return to the stage. (Cat. p. 205.) The child was called Aubrey Vere.—Ward's *Diary*, p. 131.

20th. Letters from Tangier from my Lord, telling me how, upon a great defete given to the Portuguese there by the Moors, he had put in three hundred men into the towne,[1] and so he is in possession, of which we are very glad, because now the Spaniards' designs of hindering our getting the place are frustrated. I went with the letter inclosed to my Lord Chancellor to the House of Lords, and did give it him in the House. Went by promise to Mr. Savill's, and there sat the first time for my picture in little, which pleaseth me well.

21st. Packing up glass to send into the country to my father, and books to my brother John, and then to my Lord Crewe's to dinner.

22d. Come Mr. Savill with the pictures, and we hung them up in our dining-room. It comes now to appear very handsome with all my pictures. This evening I wrote letters to my father; among other things acquainted him with the unhappy accident which hath happened lately to my Lord of Dorset's two oldest sons, who, with two Belasses and one Squire Wentworth, were lately apprehended for killing and robbing of a tanner about [Stoke] Newington on Wednesday last, and are all now in Newgate. I am much troubled for it, and for the grief and disgrace it brings to their familys and friends.[2]

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[1] "*Sunday*, Jan. 12. This morning, the Portuguese, 140 horse in Tangier, made a salley into the country for booty, whereof they had possessed about 400 cattle, 30 camels, and some horses, and 35 women and girls, and being six miles distant from Tangier, were intercepted by 100 Moors with harquebusses, who in the first charge killed the Aidill with a shot in the head, whereupon the rest of the Portuguese ran, and in the pursuit 51 were slain, whereof were 11 of the Knights, besides the Aidill: the horses of the 51 were also taken by the Moors, and all the booty relieved.

"*Tuesday*, Jan. 14. This morning, Mr. Mules came to me from the Governor, for the assistance of some of our men into the Castle.

"*Thursday*, Jan. 16. About 80 men out of my own ship, and the Princess, went into Tangier, into the lower castle, about 4 of the clock in the afternoon.

"*Friday*, Jan. 17. In the morning, by 8 o'clock, the Martyn came in from Cales (*Cadiz*) with provisions, and about ten a clock I sent Sir Richard Stayner, with 120 men, besides officers, to the assistance of the Governor into Tangier."—Lord Sandwich's *Journal*, in Kennett's *Register*.

On the 23rd, Lord Sandwich put one hundred more men into Tangier; on the 29th and 30th, Lord Peterborough and his garrison arrived from England, and received possession from the Portuguese; and, on the 31st, Sir Richard Stayner and the seamen re-embarked on board Lord Sandwich's fleet.

[2] The following account of this transaction is abridged from the *Mercurius Publicus* of the day:—"Charles Lord Buckhurst, Edward

23d. (Lord's day.) My cold being increased, I staid at home all day, pleasing myself with my dining-room, now graced with pictures, and reading of Dr. Fuller's Worthys: so I spent the day. This day, by God's mercy, I am 29 years of age, and in very good health, and like to live and get an estate; and if I have a heart to be contented, I think I may reckon myself as happy a man as any in the world, for which God be praised. So to prayers and to bed.

24th. Long with Mr. Berkenshaw in the morning at my musique practice, finishing my song of "Gaze not on swans," in two parts, which pleases me well, and I did give him £5 for this month or five weeks that he hath taught me, which is a great deal of money, and troubled me to part with it. Thence to the paynter's, and set again for my picture in little. Called Will up, and chid him before my wife, for refusing to go to church with the maids yesterday, and telling his mistress that he would not be made a slave of.

25th. Great talk of the effects of this late great wind; and I heard one say that he had five great trees standing together blown down; and beginning to lop them, one of them, as soon as the lops were cut off, did, by the weight of the root, rise again and fasten. We have letters from the forest of Deane, that above 1000 oakes and as many beeches are blown down in one walke there. And letters from my father tell me of £20 hurt done to us at Brampton. This day in the news-booke I find that my Lord Buckhurst[1] and his fellows have printed their case as they did give it in upon examination to a Justice of the Peace, wherein they make themselves a very good tale that they were in pursuit of thieves, and that they took this man for one of them, and so killed him; and that he himself confessed it was the first time of his robbing; and that he did pay dearly for it, for he was a dead

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Sackville, Esq., his brother; Sir Henry Belasyse, K.B., eldest son of Lord Belasyse; John Belasyse, brother to Lord Faulconberg; and Thomas Wentworth, Esq., only son of Sir G. Wentworth, whilst in pursuit of thieves near Waltham Cross, mortally wounded an innocent tanner named Hoppy, whom they had endeavoured to secure, suspecting him to have been one of the robbers; and as they took away the money found on his person, under the idea that it was stolen property, they were soon after apprehended on the charges of robbery and murder; but the Grand Jury found a bill for manslaughter only." And it would seem, from an allusion to their trial, in the *Diary*, 1st July, 1663, that they were acquitted.

[1] Charles, Lord Buckhurst, eldest son of Richard Sackville, fifth Earl of Dorset; created Lord Cranfield and Earl of Middlesex soon after his uncle's death, in 1675, and succeeded his father as Earl of Dorset in 1677 Ob. 1705-6.

man. But I doubt things will be proved otherwise than they say.

27th. Come Mr. Berkenshaw, and in our discourse we fell to angry words, so that in a pet he flung out of my chamber, and I never stopped him, being intended to put him off to-day, whether this had happened or no, because I think I have all the rules that he hath to give.

28th. The boy failing to call us up as I commanded, I was angry, and resolved to whip him for that, and many other faults, to-day. Early with Sir W. Pen by coach to White Hall, to the Duke of Yorke's chamber, and there I presented him from my Lord a fine map of Tangier, done by one Captain Beckman,[1] a Swede, that is with my Lord. We staid looking it over a great while with the Duke after he was ready. I and Will get me a rod, and he and I called the boy up to one of the upper rooms of the Comptroller's house towards the garden, and there I reckoned all his faults, and whipped him soundly, but the rods was so small that I fear they did not much hurt to him, but only to my arm, which I am already, within a quarter of an houre, not able to stir almost.

March 1st. My wife and I by coach, first to see my little picture that is a-drawing, and thence to the Opera, and there saw "Romeo and Juliet,"[2] the first time it was ever acted, but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do, and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less. I do find that I am £500 beforehand in the world, which I was afraid I was not, but I find that I had spent above £250 this last half year.

2d. (Lord's day.) Talking long in bed with my wife, about our frugall life for the time to come, proposing to her what I could and would do, if I were worth £2000, that is, be a knight, and keep my coach,[3] which pleased her. To church in the morning: none in the pew but myself.

3d. I do find a great deal more of content in these few days, that I do speed well about my business, than in all the pleasure of a whole week. I am told that this day the Parliament hath voted *2s.* per annum for every chimney in England, as a constant revenue for ever to the Crown.

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[1] Afterwards Sir Martin Beckman, many of whose plans are in the British Museum. He became chief engineer, and was knighted 20th March, 1685. The Map of Tangier here mentioned is in the Collection of George III. at the British Museum.

[2] Betterton played Romeo, and his wife Juliet.

[3] This reminds me of a story of my father's, when he was at Merton College, and heard Bowen the porter wish that he had £100 a-year, to enable him to keep a couple of hunters and a pack of foxhounds.

4th. Sir W. Pen and I and my wife in his coach to Moore Fields, where we walked a great while, though it was no fair weather and cold, and after our walk, we went to Pope's Head,[1] and eat cakes and other fine things.

5th. To the pewterer's to buy a poore's box, to put my forfeites in, upon breach of my late vows. To my office, and there sat looking over my papers of my voyage, when we fetched over the King, and tore so many of these that were worth nothing, as filled my closet as high as my knees.

6th. This night my new camelott riding coate to my coloured cloth suit came home. More news to-day of our losses at Brampton by the late storm.

7th. Early to White Hall, to the chapel, where by Mr. Blagrave's[2] means I got into his pew, and heard Dr. Creeton,[3] the great Scotchman, and chaplain in ordinary to the King, preach before the King, and Duke and Duchess, upon the words of Micah:—"Roule yourself in dust." He made a most learned sermon upon the words: but, in his application, the most comical man that ever I heard in my life. Just such a man as Hugh Peters; saying that it had been better for the poor Cavalier never to have come with the King into England again; for he that hath the impudence to deny obedience to the lawful magistrate, and to swear to the oath of allegiance, &c., was better treated now-a-days in Newgate, than a poor Royalist, that hath suffered all his life for the King, is at Whitehall among his friends.

8th. By coach with both Sir Williams to Westminster; this being a great day there in the House to pass the business for chimney-money, which was done. In the Hall I met with Surgeon Pierce; and he told me how my Lady Monk[4] hath disposed of all the places which Mr. Edward Montagu hoped to have had, as he was Master of the Horse to the Queen;

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[1] In Cornhill, where Pope's Head Alley still exists. See June 20, 1662.

[2] See Dec. 9, 1660, *ante;* and Sept. 11, 1664, *post.*

[3] Dr. Robert Creighton, originally of Trinity College, Oxford; but who afterwards, from 1627 to 1639, was Greek Professor and Public Orator at Cambridge. When Pepys heard him, Creighton was Dean of Wells. In 1670, he was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells. He died in 1672. His son, of the same name, was Greek Professor at Cambridge from 1662 to 1666, and died in 1678. Sir J. Hawkins says that Dr. Creighton (the son) died at Wells in 1736, æt. 97. The father and son have been sometimes confounded.

[4] She is called in the State Poems "the Monkey Duchess." The Duke was Master of the Horse to the King.

which I am afraid will undo him, because he depended much upon the profit of what he should make by these places. He told me, also, many more scurvy stories of him and his brother Ralph,[1] which troubles me to hear of persons of honour, as they are. Sir W. Pen and I to the office, whither afterward come Sir G. Carteret; and we sent for Sir Thomas Allen, one of the Aldermen of the City,[2] about the business of one Colonel Appesly, whom we had taken counterfeiting of bills with all our hands and the officers of the yards, so well that I should never have mistrusted them. We staid about this business at the office till ten at night, and at last did send him with a constable to the Counter, and did give warrants for the seizing of a complice of his, one Blinkinsopp.

9th. (Lord's day.) Church in the morning: dined at home, then to church again, and heard Mr. Naylor, whom I knew formerly of Keye's College, make a most eloquent sermon. To walk an houre with Sir W. Pen in the garden: then he into supper with me.

10th. At the office, doing business all the morning. Home and to bed, to-morrow being washing day.

12th. This morning we had news from Mr. Coventry, that Sir G. Downing,[3] like a perfidious rogue, though the action is good and of service to the King,[4] yet he cannot with a good conscience do it, hath taken Okey,[5] Corbet, and Barkestead at Delfe, in Holland, and sent them home in the Blackmore. Sir W. Pen, talking to me this afternoon of what a strange thing it is for Downing to do this, he told me of a speech he made to the Lords States of Holland, telling them to their faces that he observed that he was not received with the respect and observance now, that he was when he came from the traitor and rebell Cromwell:[6] by whom, I am sure, he hath got all he hath in the world,—and they know it too.

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[1] Afterwards Duke of Montagu.

[2] See April 12, 1661, *ante.*

[3] See note at p. 2 of this volume.

[4] ["And hail the treason though we hate the traitor."] On the 21st, Charles returned his formal thanks to the States for their assistance in the matter.

[5] John Okey, Miles Corbet, and John Barkstead, three of the regicides: executed April 19th following.

[6] The President Hénault mentions a similar speech made by Lockhart in France. "Une Ecossois, nommé Lockart, ambassadeur d'Angleterre en France, sous Cromwell, dont il avait epousé la nièce, et qui le fut aussi depuis sous Charles II., disoit qu'il n' etoit pas considéré en France, en qualité d'ambassadeur du roi, comme il l'avoit été du tems de Cromwel; cela devoit être parcequ'il y avoit bien de la difference entre celui qui obligea la France à prendre Dunkerque pour la lui remettre, et celui qui revendi

13th. All day busy about business. Having lately followed my business much, I find great pleasure in it, and a growing content.

14th. Home to dinner. In the afternoon, come the German, Dr. Knuffler, to discourse with us about his engine to blow up ships. We doubted not the matter of fact, it being tried in Cromwell's time, but the safety of carrying them in ships; but he do tell us, that when he comes to tell the King his secret, for none but the Kings, successively, and their heirs must know it, it will appear to be of no danger at all. We concluded nothing; but shall discourse with the Duke of York to-morrow about it.

15th. To the Exchange, to hire a ship for the Maderas. Troubled at my maid's being ill.

16th. (Lord's day.) This morning, till churches were done, I spent going from one church to another, and hearing a bit here and a bit there. Walked to White Hall; and an houre or two in the Parke, which is now very pleasant. Here the King and Duke come to see their fowle play. The Duke took very civil notice of me. At Tom's, giving him my resolution about my boy's livery. Walking in the garden with Sir W. Pen: his son William is at home, not well. But all things, I fear, do not go well with them—they look discontentedly, but I know not what ails them.

17th. Last night, the Blackmore pinke brought the three prisoners, Barkestead, Okey, and Corbet, to the Tower, being taken at Delfe in Holland; where, the Captain tells me, the Dutch were a good while before they could be persuaded to let them go, they being taken prisoners in their land. But Sir G. Downing would not be answered so, though all the world takes notice of him for a most ungrateful villaine for his pains.

18th. Sir W. Pen and I on board some of the ships now fitting for East Indys and Portugall, to see in what forwardness they are.

19th. This noon came a letter from T. Pepys, the turner, in answer to one of mine the other day to him, wherein I did cheque him for not coming to me, as he had promised, with

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cette place à la France quand il fut remonté sur le trône." Hénault's pithy remark expresses the truth. Nothing shows the degradation of Charles in a more striking light than this coincidence of opinion in two ambassadors. One might almost suppose, if the thing were possible, that Hénault had seen Pepys's *Diary*. The first edition of Hénault does not contain this passage.

his and his father's resolucion about the difference between us. But he writes to me in the very same slighting terms that I did to him, without the least respect at all, but word for word, as I did him, which argues a high and noble spirit in him, though it troubles me a little that he should make no more of my anger, yet I cannot blame him for doing so, he being the elder brother's son, and not depending upon me at all.[1]

21st. I went to see Sarah and my Lord's lodgings, which are now all in dirt, to be prepared against my Lord's coming from the sea with the Queen. To Westminster Hall; and there walked up and down, and heard the great difference that hath been between my Lord Chancellor and my Lord of Bristol, about a proviso that my Lord Chancellor would have brought into the Bill for Conformity, that it shall be in the power of the King, when he sees fit, to dispense with the Act of Conformity; and, though it be carried in the House of Lords, yet it is believed it will hardly pass in the Commons.[2]

22d. At noon, Sir Williams both and I by water down to "the Lewes," Captain Dekins his ship, a merchantman, where we met the owners, Sir John Lewes[3] and Alderman Lewes, and several other great merchants: among others, one Jefferys, a merry man, and he and I called brothers, and he made all the mirth in the company. We had a very fine dinner, and all our wives' healths, with seven or nine guns apiece; and exceeding merry we were, and so home by barge again.

23d. (Lord's day.) This morning was brought me my boye's fine livery, which is very handsome, and I do think to keep the black and gold lace upon gray, being the colour of my arms, for ever. To White Hall, and there met with Captain Isham, this day come from Lisbone, with letters from the Queen to the King, and he did give me letters which speak that our fleet is all at Lisbone: and that the Queen do not intend to embarque sooner than to-morrow come fortnight.

24th. Comes La Belle Pierce[4] to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of peruques of hair as the fashion now is for ladies to wear; which are pretty, and are of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them. After a good while's stay, I went to see if any play was acted, and I found none upon the post, it being Passion Weeke. To Westminster Hall, and there bought Mr. Grant's book of observations upon the weekly bills of mortality,[1] which appears to me, upon first sight, to be very pretty.

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[1] This elucidates in some degree the Pepys pedigree.
[2] It passed the House of Lords on the 9th April.
[3] He had been knighted at the Hague, and afterwards was created a Baronet.
[4] Wife of Surgeon Pierce.

26th. Up early. This being, by God's great blessing, the fourth solemne day of my cutting for the stone this day four years, and am, by God's mercy, in very good health, and like to do well; the Lord's name be praised for it! At noon come my good guest, Madam Turner, The., and cozen Norton, and a gentleman, one Mr. Lewin, of the King's Life-Guard, by the same token he told us of one of his fellows killed this morning in a duel. I had a pretty dinner for them; viz., a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowle of salmon, hot, for the first course; a tanzy,[2] and two neat's tongues, and cheese, the second. Merry all the afternoon, talking, and singing, and piping on the flageolette. We had a man-cook to dress dinner to-day, and sent for Jane to help us.

27th. We settled to pay "the Guernsey," a small ship that come to a great deal of money, it having been unpaid ever since before the King come in, by which means not only the King's peace wages, while the ship had lain still, but the poor men had been forced to borrow all the money due for their wages before they received it, and that at a dear rate, God knows: so that many of them had very little to receive at the table, which grieved me to see it. To dinner, very merry.

30th. (Easter-day.) Having my old black suit new furbished, I was pretty neat in clothes to-day; and my boy his old suit new trimmed, very handsome. To church in the morning, and so home, leaving the two Sir Williams to take the Sacrament, which I blame myself that I have hitherto neglected all my life, but once or twice at Cambridge.[3] My wife and I to church in the afternoon, and seated ourselves, she below me, and by that means the precedence of the pew, which my Lady Batten and her daughter takes, is confounded; and after sermon she and I did stay behind them in the pew, and went out by ourselves, a good while after them, which we judge a very fine project hereafter to avoyd contention; so my wife and I to walk an houre or two on the leads, which begins to be very pleasant, the garden being in good condition: so to supper, which is also well served in. We had a lobster to supper with a crabb Pegg Pen sent my wife this afternoon, the reason of which we cannot think, but something there is of plot or design in it; for we have a little while carried ourselves pretty strange to them.

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[1] Burnet remarks, *Own Times*, vol. i., p. 401, edit. 1823, that "Sir William Petty published his Observations on the Bills of Mortality, in the name of one Grant, a papist." This is confirmed by Evelyn, *Diary*, March 22, 1675.

[2] A kind of sweet dish made of eggs, cream, &c., flavoured with the juice of tansy, which is a species of odorous herb.

[3] This is not in exact accordance with the certificate of Dr. Milles, in the memoir of Pepys, at the beginning of this volume.

31st. To Sir Thomas Crewe's lodgings. He hath been ill, and continues so, under fits of appoplexy. Among other things, he and I did discourse much of Mr. Montagu's base doings, and to the dishonour that he will do my Lord, as well as cheating him of two or £3000, which is too true. Thence to the play, where coming late, and meeting with Sir W. Pen, who had got room for my wife and his daughter in the pit, he and I into one of the boxes, and there we sat and heard "The little Thiefe,"[1] a pretty play, and well done.

April 1st. To the Wardrobe, and dined. Here was Mr. Harbord, son to Sir Charles Harbord, that lately come with letters from my Lord Sandwich to the King. He and I, and the two young ladies [Montagu] and my wife, to the playhouse—the Opera—and saw "The Mayd in the Mill," a pretty good play; and that being done, in their coach I took them to Islington, and then, after a walk in the fields, I took them to the great cheese-cake house, and entertained them, and so home; and after an houre's stay with my Lady, their coach carried us home, and so weary to bed.

2d. Walked to the Spittle,[2] an houre or two before my Lord Mayor and the blewe-coate boys come, which at last they did, and a fine sight of charity it is, indeed. We got places, and staid to hear a sermon; but, it being a Presbyterian one, it was so long, that after above an hour of it we went away, and I home, and dined; and then my wife and I by water to the Opera, and there saw "The Bondman" most excellently acted; and though we had seen it so often, yet I never liked it better than to-day, Ianthe acting Cleron's part very well, now Roxalana[3] is gone. We are resolved to see no more plays till Whitsuntide, we having been three days together. Met Mr. Sanchy, Smithes, Gale, and Edlin, at the play; but having no great mind to spend money, I left them there.

4th. I was much troubled to-day, to see a dead man lie floating upon the waters, and had done (they say) these four days, and nobody takes him up to burry him, which is very barbarous.

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[1] By John Fletcher.

[2] Christ's Hospital, where the 'Spital Sermons are still preached annually on Easter Monday and Tuesday.

[3] See 20th May, 1662, *post.*

6th. (Lord's day.) By water to White Hall, to Sir G. Carteret, to give him an account of the backwardnesse of the ships we have hired to Portugall; at which he is much troubled. Thence to the Chapel, and there, though crowded, heard a very honest sermon before the King by a Canon of Christ Church, upon these words, "Having a form of godlinesse, but denying," &c. Among other things, he did much insist upon the sin of adultery: which methought might touch the King, and the more because he forced it into his sermon, besides his text. So up and saw the King at dinner; and thence with Sir G. Carteret to his lodgings to dinner, with him and his lady. All their discourse, which was very much, was upon their sufferings and services for the King. Yet not without some trouble, to see that some, that had been much bound to them, do now neglect them; and others again most civil that have received least from them: and I do believe that he hath been a good servant to the King. Thence to the Parke, where the King and Duke did walk.

7th. By water to White Hall, and thence to Westminster, and staid at the Parliament-door long to speak with Mr. Coventry, which vexed me. Thence to the Lords' House, and stood within the House, while the Bishops and Lords did stay till the Chancellor's coming, and then we were put out; and they to prayers. There comes a Bishop; and while he was rigging himself, he bid his man listen at the door, whereabout in the prayers they were; but the man told him something, but could not tell whereabouts it was in the prayers, nor the Bishop, neither, but laughed at the conceit; so went in: but, God forgive me! I did tell it by and by to people, and did say that the man said that they were about something of saving their souls, but could not tell whereabouts in the prayers that was. I sent in a note to my Lord Privy Seale,[1] and he come out to me; and I desired he would make another deputy for me, because of my great business of the Navy this month: but he told me he could not do it without the King's consent, which vexed me. The great talk is, that the Spaniards and the Hollanders do intend to set upon the Portuguese by sea, at Lisbone, as soon as our fleet is come away; and by that means our fleet is not likely to come yet these two or three months; which I hope is not true.

9th. Sir George[2] showed me an account in French of the great famine, which is to the greatest extremity in some part of France at this day; which is very strange.[1]

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[1] Lord Say and Sele, who died seven days afterwards.

[2] Carteret.

10th. Yesterday come Colonel Talbot[2] with letters from Portugall, that the Queen is resolved to embarque for England this week. Thence to the office all the afternoon. My Lord Windsor[3] come to us to discourse of his affairs, and to take his leave of us; he being to go Governor of Jamaica with this fleet that is now going.

11th. With Sir W. Pen by water to Deptford; and among the ships now going to Portugall with men and horse, to see them dispatched. So to Greenwich; and had a fine pleasant walk to Woolwich, having in our company Captain Minnes, whom I was much pleased to hear talk. Among other things, he and the Captains that were with us tell me that negros drowned look white, and lose their blackness, which I never heard before.[4] At Woolwich, up and down to do the same business; and so back to Greenwich by water. Sir William and I walked into the Parke, where the King hath planted trees and made steps in the hill up to the Castle, which is very magnificent. So up and down the house, which is now repayring in the Queen's lodgings.

13th. (Lord's day.) In the morning to Paul's, where I heard a pretty good sermon, and thence to dinner with my Lady at the Wardrobe; and after much talk with her, I went to the Temple Church, and there heard another: by the same tokens, a boy being asleep, fell down a high seat to the ground, ready to break his neck, but got no hurt. Thence to Graye's Inn Walkes; and there met Mr. [Edward] Pickering. His discourse most about the pride of the Duchess of York; and how all the ladies envy my Lord Castlemaine. He intends to go to Portsmouth to meet the Queen this week; which is now the discourse and expectation of the towne.

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[1] On the 5th of June following, Louis, notwithstanding the scarcity, gave that splendid carousal in the court before the Tuileries, from which the place has ever since taken its name.

[2] Richard Talbot, who figures conspicuously in Grammont's *Mémoires*. He married, first, Catherine Boynton, and secondly, Frances Jennings, elder sister of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Talbot was created Earl of Tyrconnel by James II., and made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and elevated by him to the Dukedom of Tyrconnel, after his abdication.

[3] Thomas Windsor, Baron Windsor, Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire; advanced to the Earldom of Plymouth, 1682. Ob. 1687.

[4] In the Ethiopian, the black colour does not reside in the cutis, or true skin, but in a texture superficial to, and between it and the cuticle. This texture, the *rete muscorum*, in which the dark pigment is situate, may be readily dissected off, along with the cuticle, from the true skin, which is then exposed, and is of a *whitish* colour. When the body of a negro has been long immersed in water, such a dissection is, as it were, performed by the putrefactive process; and the surface of the body being thus deprived of its two outer investments, does really look *white*.—Ex inform. Alexander Melville M'Whinnick, F.R.C.P.

15th. With my wife, by coach, to the New Exchange,[1] to buy her some things; where we saw some new-fashion petty-coats of sarcenett, with a black broad lace printed round the bottom and before, very handsome, and my wife had a mind to one of them.

17th. To Mr. Holliard's in the morning, thinking to be let blood, but he was gone out. Sir W. Batten sent for me to tell me that he had this day spoke to the Duke about raising our houses, and he hath given us leave to do it; at which, being glad, I went home merry.

18th. Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Batten and I, met at the office, and did conclude of our going to Portsmouth next week, in which my mind is at a great loss what to do with my wife; for I cannot persuade her to go to Brampton; and I am loth to leave her at home.

19th. This morning, before we sat, I went to Aldgate; and at the corner shop, a draper's,[2] I stood, and did see Barkstead, Okey, and Corbet, drawne towards the gallows at Tiburne; and there they were hanged and quartered. They all looked very cheerful; but I hear they all die defending what they did to the King to be just, which is very strange. In the evening did get a bever, an old one, but a very good one, of Sir W. Batten, for which I must give him something; but I am very well pleased with it.

20th. (Lord's day.) My intention being to go this morning to White Hall to hear South,[3] my Lord Chancellor's chaplain, the famous preacher and oratour of Oxford, who the last Lord's-day did sink down in the pulpit before the King, and could not proceed, it did rain, and the wind against me, that I could by no means get a boat or coach to carry me; and so I staid at Paul's, where the Judges did all meet, and heard a sermon, it being the first Sunday of the terme; but they have a very poor sermon.

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[1] In the Strand; built, under the auspices of James I., in 1608, out of he ruins of the stables of Durham House, the site of the present Adelphi. The New Exchange stood where Coutts's banking house now is. "It was built somewhat on the model of the Royal Exchange, with cellars beneath, a walk above, and rows of shops over that, filled chiefly with milliners, empstresses, and the like."

[2] Now actually Moses and Son's.

[3] This was the learned Robert South, then public orator at Oxford, and fterwards D.D., and Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Christ-hurch. The story, as copied from a contemporary tract, called *Annus Mirabilis Secundus*, is given with full details in Wood's *Athenæ* and Kennett's *Register*. It is by no means void of interest; but, having been o often printed, need not be here repeated. We may observe, however, hat South had experienced a similar qualm, whilst preaching at Oxford a ew months before; but these seizures produced no bad consequences, as e lived to be eighty-three.

21st. At noon dined with my Lord Crewe; and after dinner went up to Sir Thomas Crewe's chamber, who is still ill. He tells me how my Lady Duchess of Richmond[1] and Castlemaine had a falling out the other day; and she calls the latter Jane Shore, and did hope to see her come to the same end. Coming down again to my Lord, he told me that news was come that the Queen is landed; at which I took leave, and by coach hurried to White Hall, the bells ringing in several places; but I found there no such matter, nor anything like it.

22d. After taking leave of my wife, which we could hardly do kindly, because of her mind to go along with me, Sir W. Pen and I took coach, and so over the bridge to Lambeth; W. Bodham and Tom Hewet going as clerkes to Sir W. Pen, and my Will for me. Here we got a dish of buttered eggs, and there staid till Sir G. Carteret come to us from White Hall, who brought Dr. Clerke with him, at which I was very glad, and so we set out. We come to Gilford, and there passed our time in the garden, cutting up sparagus for supper—the best that ever I eat in my life but in the house last year. Supped well, and the Doctor and I to bed together, calling cozens, from his name and my office.[2]

23d. Up early, and to Petersfield; and thence got a countryman to guide us by Havant, to avoid going through the Forest; but he carried us much out of the way. Upon our coming, we sent away an express to Sir W. Batten, to stop his coming, which I did project to make good my oath, that my wife should come, if any of our wives come, which my Lady Batten did intend to do with her husband. The Doctor and I lay together at Wiard's, the chyrurgeon's, in Portsmouth: his wife a very pretty woman. We lay very well, and merrily; in the morning, concluding him to be of the eldest blood and house of the Clerkes, because that all the fleas come to him, and not to me.

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[1] Mary, daughter to George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham; wife of James, fourth Duke of Lennox, and third Duke of Richmond, who left her a widow secondly in 1655. She had previously married Charles Lord Herbert; and she took for her third husband Thomas Howard, brother of the Earl of Carlisle, who fought the duel with Jermyn. See Aug. 19, *post.*

[2] Clerk of the Acts.

24th. Up and to Sir George Carteret's lodgings, at Mrs. Stephens's, where we keep our table all the time we are here. Thence, all of us to the Pay-house; but the books not being ready, we went to church to the lecture, where there was my Lord Ormond[1] and Manchester,[2] and much London company, though not so much as I expected. Here we had a very good sermon upon this text: "In love serving one another;" which pleased me very well. No news of the Queen at all. So to dinner; and then to the Pay all the afternoon. Then W. Pen and I walked to the King's Yard, and there lay at Mr. Tippets's, where exceeding well treated.

25th. All the morning at Portsmouth, at the Pay, and then to dinner, and again to the Pay; and at night got the Doctor to go lie with me, and much pleased with his company; but I was much troubled in my eyes, by reason of the healths I have this day been forced to drink.

26th. Sir George[3] and I, and his clerk, Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Holt, our guide, over to Gosport; and so rode to Southampton. In our way, besides my Lord Southampton's[4] parks and lands, which in one viewe we could see £6000 per annum, we observed a little churchyard, where the graves are accustomed to be all sowed with sage. At Southampton, we went to the Mayor's, and there dined, and had sturgeon of their own catching the last week, which do not happen in twenty years, and it was well ordered. They brought also some caveare, which I attempted to order, but all to no purpose, for they had neither given it salt enough, nor are the seedes of the roe broke, but are all in berryes. The towne is one most gallant street, and is walled round with stone, &c., and Bevis's picture upon one of the gates; many old walls of religious houses, and the keye, well worth seeing. After dinner, to horse again, being in nothing troubled but the badness of my hat, which I borrowed to save my beaver.

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[1] The Duke of Ormond, as Lord High Steward.

[2] As Lord Chamberlain.

[3] Carteret, who was M.P. for Portsmouth, and Vice-Chamberlain to the King.

[4] Titchfield House, erected by Sir Thomas Wriothesley, on the site of an Abbey of Premonstratenses, granted to him with their estates, 29th Henry VIII. Upon the death of his descendant, Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the Lord Treasurer, without male issue, the house and manor were allotted to his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, wife of Edmund Noel, first Earl of Gainsborough; and their only son dying *s. p. m.*, the property devolved to his sister Elizabeth, married to Henry Bentinck, first Duke of Portland, whose grandson, the third Duke, alienated it to Mr. Delme. The Duke's second title is taken from this place.

27th. (Sunday.) Sir W. Pen got trimmed before me, and so took the coach to Portsmouth, to wait on my Lord Steward [Ormond] to church, and sent the coach for me back again: so I rode to church, and met my Lord Chamberlaine [Manchester] upon the walls of the garrison, who owned and spoke to me. I followed him in the crowde of gallants through the Queen's lodgings to chapel; the rooms being all rarely furnished, and escaped hardly being set on fire yesterday. At chapel we had a most excellent and eloquent sermon. By coach to the Yard, and then on board the Swallow in the dock, where our navy chaplain preached a sad sermon, full of nonsense and false Latin; but prayed for the Right Honourable the principall officers. Visited the Mayor, Mr. Timbrell, our anchor-smith, who showed us the present they have for the Queen; which is a salt-sellar of silver, the walls christall, with four eagles and four greyhounds standing up at the top to bear up a dish; which indeed is one of the neatest pictures of plate that ever I saw, and the case is very pretty, also. This evening come a merchantman in the harbour, which we hired at London to carry horses to Portugall; but, Lord! what running there was to the seaside, to hear what news, thinking it had come from the Queen.

28th. The Doctor and I begun philosophy discourse exceeding pleasant. He offers to bring me into the college of virtuosoes,[1] and my Lord Brouncker's acquaintance, and show me some anatomy, which makes me very glad; and I shall endeavour it, when I come to London. Sir W. Pen much troubled upon letters come last night. Showed me one of Dr. Owen's[2] to his son, whereby it appears his son is much perverted in his opinion by him; which I now perceive is one thing that hath put Sir William so long off the hookes.

30th. After dinner comes Mr. Stephenson, one of the burgesses of the towne, to tell me that the Mayor and burgesses did desire my acceptance of a burgess-ship, and were ready at the Mayor's to make me one. So I went, and there they were all ready, and did with much civility give me my oath, and after the oath, did by custom shake me all by the hand: so I took them to a tavern, and made them drink, and paying the reckoning, went away. It cost me a piece in gold to the Town Clerke, and 10*s.* to the Bayliffes, and spent 5*s.*

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[1] The Royal Society.

[2] John Owen, D.D., a learned Nonconformist divine, and a voluminous theological writer, made Dean of Christ Church in 1653, by the Parliament, and ejected in 1659–60. He died at Ealing, in 1683.

May 1st. Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen, and myself, with our clerks, set out this morning from Portsmouth very early, and got by noon to Petersfield; several officers of the Yard accompanying us so far. At dinner comes my Lord Carlingford[1] from London, going to Portsmouth: tells us that the Duchess of York is brought to bed of a girle,[2] at which I find nobody pleased; and that Prince Rupert and the Duke of Buckingham are sworne of the Privy Councell.

2d. To Dr. Clerke's lady, and give her her letter and token. She is a very fine woman; and what with her person, and the number of fine ladies that were with her, I was much out of countenance, and could hardly carry myself like a man among them; but, however, I staid till my courage was up again, and talked to them, and viewed his house, which is most pleasant, and so drank and good night.

3d. To the Duke's chamber, who had been a-hunting this morning, and is come back again. To dinner to my Lady Sandwich; and Sir Thomas Crewe's children coming thither, I took them and all my Ladys to the Tower, and showed them the lions, and all that was to be shown; Sir Thomas Crewe's children being as pretty, and the best behaved that ever I saw of their age. Thence, at the goldsmith's, took my picture in little, which is now done, home with me, and pleases me exceedingly, and my wife.

4th. Mr. Holliard come to me, and let me blood, about sixteen ounces, I being exceeding full of blood, and very good. I begun to be sick; but, lying upon my back, I was presently well again, and did give him 5*s.* for his pains. After dinner, my arm tied up with a black ribbon, I walked with my wife to my brother Tom's; our boy waiting on us with his sword,[3] which this day he begins to wear, to outdo Sir W. Pen's boy, who this day, and Sir W. Batten's, do begin to wear new liverys; but I do take mine to be the neatest of them all. I led my wife to Mrs. Turner's pew, the church being full, it being to hear a Doctor who is to preach a probacon sermon. When Church was done, my wife and I walked to Graye's Inne, to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes.

5th. My arme not being well, my wife to buy some things for herself, and a gowne for me to dress myself in.

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[1] Theobald Taafe, second Viscount Taafe, created Earl of Carlingford, in Ireland, 1661-2.

[2] Mary, afterwards Queen of England.

[3] See 7th Dec., 1661, *ante.*

6th. Got my seat set up on the leads, which pleases me well.

7th. Walked to Westminster; where I understand the news that Mr. Montagu is last night come to the King with news, that he left the Queen and fleete in the Bay of Biscay, coming this wayward; and that he believes she is now at the Isle of Scilly. Thence to Paul's Church Yard; where, seeing my Ladys Sandwich and Carteret, and my wife, who this day made a visit the first time to my Lady Carteret,[1] come by coach, and going to Hide Parke, I was resolved to follow them; and so went to Mrs. Turner's: and thence at the Theatre, where I saw the last act of the "Knight of the Burning Pestle,"[2] which pleased me not at all. And so after the play done, she and The. Turner and Mrs. Lucin,[3] and I, in her coach to the Parke; and there found them out, and spoke to them; and observed many fine ladies, and staid till all were gone almost.

8th. Sir G. Carteret told me, that the Queen and the fleet were in Mount's Bay on Monday last; and that the Queen endures her sickness pretty well. He also told me how Sir John Lawson hath done some execution upon the Turkes in the Straight, of which I was glad, and told the news the first on the Exchange, and was much followed by merchants to tell it. Sir G. Carteret, among other discourse, tells me that it is Mr. Coventry that is to come to us as a Commissioner of the Navy; at which he is much vexed, and cries out upon Sir W. Pen, and threatens him highly. And looking upon his lodgings, which are now enlarging, he in a passion cried, "Guarda mi spada;[4] for, by God, I may chance to keep him in Ireland, when he is there!" for Sir W. Pen is going thither with my Lord Lieutenant. But it is my design to keep much in with Sir George; and I think I have begun very well towards it.

9th. To Mr. de Cretz, and there saw some good pieces that he hath copyed of the King's pieces—some of Raphael and Michæll Angelo; and I have borrowed an Elizabeth of his copying to hang up in my house. With Mr. Salisbury, who I met there, into Covent Garden, to an alehouse, to see a picture that hangs there, which is offered for 20*s*., and I offered fourteen, but it is worth much more money, but did not buy it, I having no mind to break my oath. Thence to see an Italian puppet play, that is within the rayles there—the best that ever I saw, and great resort of gallants. The Duke of York went last night to Portsmouth; so that I believe the Queen is near.

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[1] Elizabeth, who married her cousin, Sir George Carteret, and was the daughter of Sir Philip Carteret.

[2] A Comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[3] Query, Lukyn.

[4] *Sic* orig.

10th. At noon to the Wardrobe; there dined. My Lady told me how my Lady Castlemaine do speak of going to lie in at Hampton Court; which she and all our ladies are much troubled at, because of the King's being forced to show her countenance in the sight of the Queen when she comes. In the evening, Sir G. Carteret and I did hire a ship for Tangier, and other things together; and I find that he do single me out to join with me apart from the rest, which I am much glad of.

11th. (Lord's day.) To our church in the morning. In the afternoon to White Hall; and there walked an houre or two in the Parke, where I saw the King, now out of mourning,[1] in a suit laced with gold and silver, which, it is said, was out of fashion. Thence to the Wardrobe; and there consulted with the ladies about our going to Hampton Court to-morrow.

12th. Mr. Townsend called us up by four o'clock; and by five the three ladies, my wife and I, and Mr. Townsend, his son and daughter, were got to the barge and set out. We walked from Mortlake to Richmond, and so to boat again. And from Teddington to Hampton Court Mr. Townsend and I walked again. And then met the ladies, and were showed the whole house by Mr. Marriot;[2] which is indeed nobly furnished, particularly the Queen's bed, given her by the States of Holland; a looking-glasse sent by the Queen-mother from France, hanging in the Queen's chamber, and many brave pictures. And so to barge again; and got home about eight at night very well. Took leave of my ladies, and home by a hackney-coach, the easiest that ever I met with.

14th. Dined at the Wardrobe; and after dinner, sat talking an hour or two alone with my Lady. She is afraid that my Lady Castlemaine will keep in still with the King. To my brother's, and, finding him in a lie about the lining of my new morning gowne, saying that it was the same with the outside, I was very angry with him, and parted so.

15th. To Westminster; and at the Privy Seale I saw Mr. Coventry's seal for his being Commissioner with us, at which I know not yet whether to be glad or otherwise. At night, all the bells of the towne rung, and bonfires were made for the joy of the Queen's arrival, who landed at Portsmouth last night.[3] But I do not see much true joy, but only an indifferent one, in the hearts of people, who are much discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court, and running in debt.

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[1] For his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia.

[2] The Housekeeper.

[3] Rugge, in his *Diurnal*, tells us that the Queen attired herself in the English fashion soon after she landed.

17th. To the Wardrobe to dinner, where dined Mrs. Sanderson,[1] the mother of the mayds. After dinner, my Lady and she and I on foot to Pater Noster Rowe, to buy a petticoat against the Queen's coming for my Lady, of plain satin, and other things; and, being come back again, we there met Mr. Nathaniel Crewe at the Wardrobe, with a young gentleman, a friend and fellow-student of his, and of a good family, Mr. Knightly, and known to the Crewes, of whom my Lady privately told me she hath some thoughts of a match for my Lady Jemimah. I like the person very well, and he hath £2,000 per annum. I walked to my brother Tom's to see a velvet cloake, which I buy of Mr. Moore. It will cost me £8 10*s.*; he bought it for £6 10*s.*; but it is worth my money.

18th. (Whitsunday.) By water to White Hall, and there to chapel in my pew, belonging to me as Clerke of the Privy Seale; and there I heard a most excellent sermon of Dr. Hacket,[2] Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, upon these words: "He that drinketh this water shall never thirst." We had an excellent anthem, sung by Captain Cooke and another, and brave musique. And then the King come down and offered, and took the sacrament upon his knees; a sight very well worth seeing. After dinner to chapel again; and there had another good anthem of Captain Cooke's. Thence to the Councell-chamber; where the King and Councell sat till almost eleven o'clock at night, and I forced to walk up and down the gallerys till that time of night. They were reading all the bills over that are to pass to-morrow at the House, before the King's going out of towne and proroguing the House.[3] At last, the

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[1] See May 10, 1660, *ante.*

[2] John Hacket, elected Bishop of that See 1661. Ob. 1670.

[3] To ears accustomed to the official words of speeches from the throne at the present day, the familiar tone of the following extracts from Charles's speech to the Commons on the first of March will be amusing:—"I will conclude with putting you in mind of the season of the year, and the convenience of your being in the country, in many respects, for the good and welfare of it; for you will find much tares have been sowed there in your absence. The arrival of my wife, who I expect some time this month, and the necessity of my own being out of town to meet her, and to stay some time before she comes hither makes it very necessary that the Parliament be adjourned before Easter, to meet again in the winter. . . . The mention of my wife's arrival puts me in mind to desire you to put that compliment upon her, that her entrance into the town may be with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be. and, to that purpose, I pray you would

Councell risen, Sir G. Carteret told me what the Councell hath ordered about the ships designed to carry horse from Ireland to Portugall, which is now altered.

19th. Up, and put on my riding-cloth suit and a camelott coat new, which pleases me well enough—the shops being but some shut and some open. I hear that the House of Commons do think much that they should be forced to huddle over business this morning against afternoon, for the King to pass their Acts, that he may go out of towne. But he, I hear since, was forced to stay till almost nine o'clock at night before he could have done, and then prorogued them; and so to Gilford, and lay there. My wife walking and singing upon the leades till very late, it being pleasant and moonshine, and so to bed.

20th. Sir W. Pen and I did a little business at the office, and so home again. Then comes Dean Fuller; and I am most pleased with his company and goodness. My wife and I by coach to the Opera, and there saw the 2nd part of "The Siege of Rhodes," but it is not so well done as when Roxalana[1] was there, who, it is said, is now owned by my Lord of Oxford.

21st. My wife and I to my Lord's lodging; where she and I staid walking in White Hall Garden. And in the Privy-garden saw the finest smocks and linnen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, laced with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them. Sarah[2] told me how the King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped, every day and night the last week; and that the night that the bonfires were made for joy of the Queen's arrivall, the King was there; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street; which was much observed: and that the King and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another; and she, being with child,[3] was said to be the heaviest. But she is now a most disconsolate creature, and comes not out of doors, since the King's going. But we went to the Theatre, to the French Dancing Mistress,[4]

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quickly pass such laws as are before you, in order to the amending those ways, and that she may not find Whitehall surrounded with water." Such a Bill passed the Commons on the 24th June.—From *Charles's Speech*, 1st March, 1662.

[1] See Feb. 18th, 1661-2, and note.

[2] Lord Sandwich's Housekeeper.

[3] The Duke of Southampton, Lady Castlemaine's son by the King, was born in May, 1662.

[4] Pepys should have written "The French Dancing Master," acted by Killigrew's Company, 11th March, 1661-2. See Sir Henry Herberts, Register of Plays performed at the Restoration, in Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii., p. 275.

and there with much pleasure we saw and gazed upon Lady Castlemaine; but it troubles us to see her look dejectedly, and slighted by people already. The play pleased us very well; but Lacy's part, the Dancing mistress, the best in the world.[1]

22d. This morning comes an order from the Secretary of State, Nicholas, for me to let one Mr. Lee, a Councellor, view what papers I have relating to passages of the late times. wherein Sir H. Vane's hand is employed, in order to the drawing up his charge; which I did. At noon, he, with Sir W. Pen and his daughter, dined with me, and he to his work again, and we by coach to the Theatre, and saw "Love in a Maze."[2] The play hath little in it, but Lacy's part of a country-fellow, which he did to admiration. This night we had each of us a letter from Captain Teddiman from the Streights, of a peace made upon good terms, by Sir J. Lawson, with the Algiers men,[3] which is most excellent news. He hath also sent each of us some anchovies, olives, and muscatt; but I know not yet what that is, and am ashamed to ask. After supper, home and to bed, resolving to make up this week in seeing plays and pleasure, and so full of business next week again for a great while.

23d. To the Wardrobe, reading of the King's and Chancellor's late speeches at the proroguing of the Houses of Parliament. And while I was reading, news was brought me that my Lord Sandwich is come, and gone up to my Lady's chamber; which by and by he did, and looks very well. He very merry, and hath left the King and Queen at Portsmouth, and is come up to stay here till next Wednesday, and then to meet the King and Queen at Hampton Court. So to dinner; and my Lord mighty merry; among other things, saying that the Queen is a very agreeable lady, and paints well. After dinner, I showed him my letter from Teddiman about the news from Algiers, which pleases him exceedingly; and he writ one to the Duke of York about it, and sent it express.[1] There coming much company after dinner to my Lord, my wife and I slunk away to the Opera, where we saw "Witt in a Constable,"[2] the first time that it is acted; but so silly a play I never saw I think in my life. After it was done, my wife and I to the puppet play in Covent Garden, which I saw the other day, and indeed it is very pleasant. Here, among the fiddlers, I first saw a dulcimere[3] played on with sticks knocking of the strings, and is very pretty.

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[1] No wonder that Lacy performed his part so well, as he had been brought up a dancing-master. He afterwards procured a Lieutenant's commission in the army, which he soon quitted for the stage, and was the author of four plays. Ob. 1681, and buried in the churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

[2] "Love in a Maze" is the second title of Shirley's play of "The Changes."

[3] The articles of peace between Charles II. and Algiers, concluded 30th Aug., 1664, by Admiral Thomas Allen, according to instructions from the Duke of York, being the same articles concluded by Sir John Lawson, 23rd April, 1662, and confirmed 10th November following. They were reprinted in Somers's *Tracts*, vol. vii., p. 554, Sir W. Scott's edition.

24th. To the Wardrobe, and there again spoke with my Lord, and saw W. Howe, who is grown a very pretty, and is a sober fellow. Abroad with Mr. Creed, of whom I informed myself of all I had a mind to know. Among other things, the great difficulty my Lord hath been in all this summer, for lack of good and full orders from the King: and I doubt our Lords of the Councell do not mind things as the late powers did, but their pleasure or profit more. That the Juego de Toros[4] are a simple sport, yet the greatest in Spaine. That the Queen hath given no rewards to any of the captains or officers, but only to my Lord Sandwich; and that was a bag of gold, which was no honorable present, of about £1,400 sterling. How recluse the Queen hath ever been, and all the voyage never come upon the deck, nor put her head out of her cabin; but did love my Lord's musique, and would send for it down to the state-room, and she sit in her cabin within hearing of it. But my Lord was forced to have some clashing with the Council of Portugall about payment of the portion, before he could get it; which was, besides Tangier and a free trade in the Indys, two millions of crownes, half now, and the other half in twelve months. But they have brought but little money; but the rest in sugars and other commoditys, and bills of exchange. That the King of Portugall is a very foole almost, and his mother do all, and he is a very poor Prince.

25th. (Lord's day.) To trimming myself, which I have this week done every morning, with a pumice stone, which I learnt of Mr. March, when I was last at Portsmouth; and I find it very easy, speedy, and cleanly, and shall continue the practice of it. To church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Woodcocke's at our church; only in his latter prayer for a woman in childbed, he prayed that God would deliver her from the hereditary curse of childe-bearing, which seemed a pretty strange expression. Looked into many churches—among others, Mr. Baxter's, at Blackfryers. Out with Captain Ferrers to Charing Cross; and there at the Triumph taverne he showed me some Portugall ladys, which are to come to towne before the Queen. They are not handsome, and their farthingales a strange dress. Many ladies and persons of quality come to see them. I find nothing in them that is pleasing; and I see they have learnt to kiss and look freely up and down already, and I do believe will soon forget the recluse practice of their own country. They complain much for lack of good water to drink. The King's guards and some City companies do walk up and downe the towne these five or six days; which makes me think, and they do say, there are some plots in laying.

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[1] "I came to the Wardrobe in London to my family, where I met a letter from Captain Teddiman to Mr. Samuel Pepys, showing the news of Sir John Lawson's having made peace with Algiers, they agreeing not to search our ships."—Lord Sandwich's *Journal*, 23rd May.

[2] A Comedy, by Henry Glapthorne.

[3] For a description of the different musical instruments mentioned by Pepys, see Burney's and Hawkins's *History of Music*.

[4] See 7th Nov., 1661, *ante*.

26th. Up at four o'clock in the morning, and fell to the preparing of some accounts for my Lord of Sandwich. By and by, by appointment, comes Mr. Moore, and, by what appears to us at present, we found that my Lord is above £7000 in debt, and that he hath money coming into him that will clear all, and so we think him clear, but very little money in his purse. So to my Lord's, and, after he was ready, we spent an hour with him, giving him an account thereof; and he having some £6000 in his hands, remaining of the King's, he is resolved to make use of that, and get off of it as well as he can. To the Trinity House; where the Brethren have been at Deptford choosing a new Master; which is Sir J. Minnes, notwithstanding Sir W. Batten did contend highly for it; at which I am not a little pleased, because of his proud lady. I seated myself close to Mr. Prin, who, in discourse with me, fell upon what records he hath of the lust and wicked lives of the nuns heretofore in England, and showed me out of his pocket one wherein thirty nuns, for their lust, were ejected of their house, being not fit to live there, and, by the Pope's command, to be put for ever into other nunnerys. To the Redd Bull,[1] where we saw "Dr. Faustus,"[2] but so wretchedly and poorly done, that we were sick of it. Homewards by coach, through Moore-fields, where we stood a while, and saw the wrestling.

29th. At home all the morning. At noon to the Wardrobe, and dined with my Lady, and, after dinner, staid long talking

[1] See 23rd March, 1681, *ante*, and note.

[2] "Dr. Faustus," a tragical history, by Christopher Marlow.

with her; then homeward, and, in Lumbard Streete, was called out of a window by Alderman Backwell, where I went, and saluted his lady, a very pretty woman. Here was Mr. Creed, and it seems they have been under some disorder in feare of a fire at the next door, and had been removing their goods, but the fear was over before I come. Thence home, and with my wife and the two maids and the boy took boat and to Fox-hall, where I had not been a great while. To the old Spring Garden, and there walked long, and the wenches gathered pinks. Here we staid, and seeing that we could not have any thing to eate but very dear, and with long stay, we went forth again without any notice taken of us, and so we might have done if we had had anything. Thence to the New one, where I never was before, which much exceeds the other; and here we also walked, and the boy crept through the hedge, and gathered abundance of roses, and after a long walk, passed out of doors as we did in the other place, and so to another house that was an ordinary house, and here we had cakes and powdered beef and ale, and so home again by water, with much pleasure. This day, being the King's birth-day was very solemnly observed; and the more, for that the Queen this day comes to Hampton Court. In the evening, bonfires were made, but nothing to the great number that was heretofore at the burning of the Rump.

30th. This morning I made up my accounts, and find myself clear worth about £530, and no more, so little have I encreased it since my last reckoning, but I confess I have laid out much money in clothes. Upon a suddaine motion, I took my wife and Sarah and Will by water, with some victuals with us, as low as Gravesend, intending to have gone into the Hope to the Royal James, to have seen the ship and Mr. Shepley, but meeting Mr. Shepley in a hoy, bringing up my Lord's things, she and I went on board, and sailed up with them as far as half-way tree, very glad to see Mr. Shepley. Here we saw a little Turke and a negroe, which are intended for pages to the two young ladies [Montagu]. Many birds and other pretty noveltys there was, but I was afraid of being louzy, and so took boat again, and got to London before them, all the way, coming and going, reading in the "Wallflower"[1] with great pleasure. So home, and thence to the Wardrobe, where Mr. Shepley was come with the things. Here I staid talking with my Lady, who is preparing to go to-morrow to Hampton Court. So home, and at ten o'clock at night Mr. Shepley come to sup with me: so we had a dish of mackerell and pease, and so he bid us good night, going to lie on board the hoy.

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[1] A very singular book by Dr. Thomas Bayly—*Herba Parietis;* or the Wall-flower, as it grew out of the Stone Chamber belonging to Newgate. Lond. 1650, folio.

31st. Had Sarah to comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering and other troubles, that I am resolved to try how I can keep my head dry without powder; and I did also in a sudden fit cut off all my beard, which I had been a great while bringing up, only that I may with my pumice stone do my whole face as I now do my chin, and so save time, which I find a very easy way, and gentile. She also washed my feet in a bath of herbes, and so to bed. The Queen is brought a few days since to Hampton Court; and all people say of her to be a very fine and handsome lady, and very discreet; and that the King is pleased enough with her: which, I fear, will put Madame Castlemaine's nose out of joynt. The Court is wholly now at Hampton. A peace with Algiers is lately made; which is also good news. My Lord Sandwich is lately come with the Queen from sea, very well and in good repute. The Act for Uniformity is lately printed, which, it is thought, will make mad work among the Presbyterian ministers. People of all sides are very much discontented; some thinking themselves used, contrary to promise, too hardly; and the other, that they are not rewarded so much as they expected by the King.

June 1st. (Lord's day.) At church in the morning, a stranger made a very good sermon. Mr. Spong came to see me: so he and I sat down a little to sing some French psalms. To church again, where a Presbyter made a sad and long sermon, which vexed me.

2d. Spoke to my Lord about exchange of the crusados[1] into sterling money. This day, my wife put on her slashed wastecoate, which is very pretty.

3d. Up by four o'clock, and to my business in my chamber, to even accounts with my Lord and myself, and very fain I would become master of £1000, but I have not above £530 towards it yet. At the office, and Mr. Coventry brought his patent and took his place with us this morning. Upon our making a contract, I went, as I use to do, to draw the heads thereof, but Sir W. Pen most basely told me that the Comptroller is to do it, and so begun to employ Mr. Turner about it, at which I was much vexed, and begun to dispute; and what with the letter of the Duke's orders, and Mr. Barlow's letter, and the practice of our predecessors, which Sir G. Carteret knew best when he was Comptroller, it was ruled for me. What Sir J. Minnes will do, when he comes, I knowe not, but Sir W. Pen did it like a base raskall, and so I shall remember him while I live. To the Tower wharfe, where Mr. Creed and Shepley was ready with three chests of the crusados, being about £6000, ready to bring on shore to my house, which they did, and put it in my further cellar. I to my father and Dr. Williams, and Tom Trice, by appointment, in the Old Bayly, to Short's, the alehouse, but could come to no terms with T. Trice. Thence to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lady come from Hampton Court, where the Queen hath used her very civilly, and my Lady tells me is a most pretty woman. Yesterday, Sir R. Ford told me, the Aldermen of the City did attend her in their habits, and did present her with a gold cupp and £1000 in gold therein. But, he told me, that they are so poor in their Chamber, that they were fain to call two or three Aldermen to raise fines to make up this sum, among which was Sir W. Warren. Home and to bed, my mind troubled about the charge of money that is in my house, which I had forgot, but I made the maids to rise and light a candle, and set it in the dining-room, to scare away thieves.

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[1] The coin in which part of the Queen's portion was paid.

4th. Povy[1] and Sir W. Batten and I by water to Woolwich; and there saw an experiment made of Sir R. Forde's Holland's yarne, about which we have lately had so much stir; and I have much concerned myself for our rope-maker, Mr. Hughes, who represented it so bad, and we found it to be very bad, and broke sooner than, upon a fair triall, five threads of that against four of Riga yarne; and also that some of it had old stuffe that had been tarred, covered over with new hempe, which is such a cheat as hath not been heard of. I was glad of this discovery, because I would not have the King's workmen discouraged (as Sir W. Batten do most basely do) from representing the faults of merchants' goods, when there is any. To my Lord's, who I find resolved to buy Brampton Manor of Sir Peter Ball, at which I am glad.

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[1] Thomas Povy, who had held, under Cromwell, a high situation in the Office of Plantations, was appointed in July, 1660, Treasurer and Receiver-General of the Rents and Revenues of James, Duke of York; but his Royal Master's affairs falling into confusion, he surrendered his patent on the 27th July, 1668, for a consideration of £2000. He was also First Treasurer for Tangier, which office he resigned to Pepys. Povy had apartments at Whitehall, besides his lodgings in Lincoln's Inn, and a villa near Hounslow, called the Priory, which he had probably inherited from Justinian Povy, who purchased it in 1625. He was one of the sons of Justinian Povy, Auditor-General to Queen Anne of Denmark in 1614, whose father was John Povy, citizen and embroiderer of London. Justinian obtained a grant of arms: sable, a bend engrailed between six cinque-foils, or, with an amulet for difference. Thomas Povy had two brothers—Richard, who was Commissioner-General of Provisions at Jamaica, and William, Provost-Marshal at Barbadoes. Evelyn describes Thomas Povy, then one of the Masters of Requests, [*Diary*, 29th February, 1675] as "a nice contriver of all elegancies, and extremely formal." By Pepys's report, he was a "wretched accountant." His letter-books are in the British Museum.

5th. To Alderman Backwell's, to see some thousands of my Lord's crusados weighed, and we find that 3,000 comes to about £530 or 40 generally.

6th. The smith being with me did open a chest, that hath stood ever since I come, in my office, and there we found a modell of a fine ship.

7th. To the office. I find Mr. Coventry is resolved to do much good, and to enquire into all the miscarriages of the office. At noon with him and Sir W. Batten to dinner at Trinity House; where, among others, Sir J. Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, was, who says that yesterday Sir H. Vane had a full hearing at the King's Bench, and is found guilty; and that he did never hear any man argue more simply than he in all his life, and so others say. Sent for to Sir G. Carteret's. I perceive, as he told me, were it not that Mr. Coventry had already feathered his nest in selling of places, he do like him very well, and hopes great good from him. But he complains so of lack of money, that my heart is very sad, under the apprehension of the fall of the office.

8th. (Lord's day.) To church, and there Mr. Mills preached but a lazy sermon. Walked to my Lady's, and merry with the parrott which my Lord hath brought from sea, which speaks very well, and cries Pall so pleasantly, that made my Lord give it my Lady Paulina, but my Lady her mother do not like it. Home, and observe my man Will to walk with his cloak flung over his shoulder, which, whether it was that he might not be seen to walk along with the footboy I know not, but I was vexed at it; and coming home, and after prayers, I did ask him where he learned that immodest garb; and he answered me, that it was not immodest, or some such slight answer, at which I did give him two boxes on the eares, which I never did before.

9th. At the office with Mr. Hater, making my alphabet of contracts. Greatorex recommended Bond of our end of the towne to teach me to measure timber.

10th. All the morning much business; and great hopes of bringing things, by Mr. Coventry's means, to a good condition in the office.

11th. Savill the painter come, and did varnish over my wife's picture and mine, and I paid him for my little picture £3, and so am clear with him.

12th. I tried on my riding-cloth suit with close knees, the first that ever I had; and I think they will be very convenient, if not too hot to wear any other open knees after them. At the office all the morning. Among other businesses, I did get a vote signed by all concerning my issuing of warrants, which they did not smell the use I intend to make of it; but it is to plead for my clerks to have their right of giving out all the warrants. A great difference happened between Sir G. Carteret and Mr. Coventry about passing the Victuallers' account, and whether Sir George is to pay the Victualler his money, or the Exchequer; Sir George claiming it to be his place to save his threepences. It ended in anger, and I believe will come to be a question before the King and Council. A note come from my brother Tom to tell me that my cozen Anne Pepys of Worcestershire her husband is dead and [she] married again, and her second husband[1] in town, and intends to come and see me to-morrow.

13th. Up by 4 o'clock in the morning, and read Cicero's Second Oration against Catiline, which pleased me exceedingly; and more I discern therein than ever I thought was to be found in him; but I perceive it was my ignorance, and that he is as good a writer as ever I read in my life. By and by to Sir G. Carteret's, to talk with him about yesterday's difference at the office; and offered my service to look into any old books or papers that I have, that may make for him. He was well pleased therewith, and did much inveigh against Mr. Coventry; telling me how he had done him service in the Parliament, when Prin had drawn up things against him for taking of money for places; that he did at his desire, and upon his letters, keep him off from doing it. And many other things he told me, as how the King was beholden to him, and in what a miserable condition his family would be, if he should die before he hath cleared his accounts. Upon the whole, I do find that he do much esteem of me, and is my friend, and I may make good use of him.

14th. Up by four o'clock in the morning, and upon business at my office. Then we sat down to business, and about 11 o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went out to the Tower-hill; and there, over against the scaffold, made on purpose this day, saw Sir Henry Vane[1] brought. A very great press of people. He made a long speech, many times interrupted by the Sheriffe and others there; and they would have taken his paper out of his hand, but he would not let it go. But they caused all the books of those that writ after him[2] to be given the Sheriffe; and the trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he might not be heard. Then he prayed, and so fitted himself, and received the blow; but the scaffold was so crowded that we could not see it done. But Boreman,[3] who had been upon the scaffold, told us, that first he began to speak of the irregular proceeding against him; that he was, against Magna Charta, denied to have his exceptions against the indictment allowed; and that there he was stopped by the Sheriffe. Then he drew out his paper of notes, and begun to tell them first his life; that he was born a gentleman; he had been, till he was seventeen years old, a good fellow, but then it pleased God to lay a foundation of grace in his heart, by which he was persuaded, against his worldly interest, to leave all preferment and go abroad, where he might serve God with more freedom. Then he was called home, and made a member of the Long Parliament; where he never did, to this day, any thing against his conscience, but all for the glory of God. Here he would have given them an account of the proceedings of the Long Parliament, but they so often interrupted him, that at last he was forced to give over: and so fell into prayer for England in generall, then for the churches in England, and then for the City of London: and so fitted himself for the block, and received the blow. He had a blister, or issue, upon his neck, which he desired them not to hurt: he changed not his colour or speech to the last, but died justifying himself and the cause he had stood for; and spoke very confidently of his being presently at the right hand of Christ; and in all things appeared the most resolved man that ever died in that manner, and showed more of heate than cowardice, but yet with all humility and gravity. One asked him why he did not pray for the King. He answered, "You shall see I can pray for the King: I pray God bless him!" The King had given his body to his friends; and, therefore, he told them that he hoped they would be civil to his body when dead; and desired they would let him die like a gentleman and a Christian, and not crowded and pressed as he was. So to the office a little, and to the Trinity-House, and there all of us to dinner; and to the office again all the afternoon till night. This day, I hear, my Lord Peterborough is come unexpected from Tangier, to give the King an account of the place, which, we fear, is in none of the best condition. We had also certain news to-day that the Spaniard is before Lisbone with thirteen sayle; six Dutch, and the rest his own ships; which will, I fear, be ill for Portugall. I writ a letter of all this day's proceedings to my Lord, at Hinchingbroke, who, I hear, is very well pleased with the work there.

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[1] Fisher. See the 15th of this month.

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[1] See Burnet's account of his conduct, *History of His Own Time*, vol. i., p. 277, edit. 1823.

[2] *i.e.*, the reporters.

[3] Sir William Boreman, Clerk to the Board of Green Cloth.

15th. (Lord's day.) To church. Come my brother Tom and Mr. Fisher, my cozen, Nan Pepys's 2nd husband, who, I perceive, is a very good-humoured man, an old cavalier, and I am glad she hath light of so good a man.

16th. To the Wardrobe, and dined there; and in the afternoon with all the children by water to Greenwich, where I showed them the King's yacht, the house, and the parke, all very pleasant; and so to the taverne, and had the musique of the house, and so merrily home again.

17th. At Sir W. Batten's, where all met by chance, and talked, and they drink wine, but I forebore all their healths. Sir John Minnes, I perceive, is most excellent company.

18th. Up early; and, after reading a little in Cicero, to my office. To my Lord Crewe's, and dined with him; where I hear the courage of Sir H. Vane at his death is talked on every where as a miracle. I walked to Lilly's,[1] the painter's, where I saw, among other rare things, the Duchess of York, her whole body, sitting in state in a chair, in white sattin, and another of the King, that is not finished; most rare things. I did give the fellow something that showed them us, and promised to come some other time, and he would show me Lady Castlemaine's, which I could not then see, it being locked up! Thence to Wright's,[2] the painter's: but, Lord! the difference that is between their two works. After some merry discourse in the kitchen with my wife and maids, as I now-a-days often do, I being well pleased with both my maids, to bed.

19th. With the last chest of crusados to Alderman Backwell's, by the same token his lady going to take coach stood in the shop, and having a gilded glass-full of perfumed comfits given her by Don Duarte de Silon, the Portugall merchant that is come over with the Queen, I did offer at a taste, and so she poured some out into my hand, and though good, yet pleased me the better coming from a pretty lady.

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[1] Sir Peter Lely. See 22nd October, 1660.

[2] Michael Wright, a native of Scotland, and portrait-painter of some note, settled in London.

20th. Up by four or five o'clock, and to the office, and there drew up the agreement between the King and Sir John Winter[1] about the Forrest of Deane; and, having done it, he come himself, (I did not know him to be the Queen's Secretary before, but observed him to be a man of fine parts); and we read it, and both liked it well. That done, I turned to the Forrest of Deane, in Speede's Mapps, and there he showed me how it lies; and the Lea-Bayly,[2] with the great charge of carrying it to Lydny, and many other things worth my knowing; and I do perceive that I am very short in my business by not knowing many times the geographical part of my business. I went to the Exchange, and I hear that the merchants have a great fear of a breach with the Spaniard; for they think he will not brook our having Tangier, Dunkirke, and Jamaica; and our merchants begin to draw home their estates as fast as they can. To Pope's Head Ally, and there bought me a pair of tweezers cost me 14*s*., the first thing like a bawble I have bought a good while. In the evening, my wife and I and Jane over the water to the half-way house—a pretty, pleasant walk, but the wind high.

21st. At noon, Sir W. Pen and I to the Trinity House, where was a feast made by the Wardens. Great good cheer, and much but ordinary company. The Lieutenant of the Tower, upon my demanding how Sir H. Vane died, told me that he died in a passion; but all confess with so much courage as never man did.

22d. (Lord's day.) I first put on my slasht doublet. By and by my Lord come from church, and I dined, with some others, with him—he very merry; and after dinner took me aside, and talked of state and other matters. This day I am told of a Portugall lady, at Hampton Court, that hath dropped a child already since the Queen's coming, and the King would not have them searched whose it is; and so it is not commonly known yet. Coming home to-night, I met with Will. Swan, who do talk as high for the Fanatiques as ever he did in his life; and do pity my Lord Sandwich and me, that we should be given up to the wickedness of the world; and that a fall is coming upon us all; for he finds that he and his company are the true spirit of the nation, and the greater part of the nation too, who will have liberty of conscience in spite of this "Act of Uniformity," or they will die; and if they may not preach abroad, they will preach in their own houses. He told me that certainly Sir H. Vane must be gone to Heaven, for he died as much a martyr and saint as ever man did; and that the King hath lost more by that man's death, than he will get again a good while. At all which I know not what to think; but, I confess, I do think that the Bishops will never be able to carry it so high as they do.

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[1] Secretary and Chancellor to the Queen Dowager.

[2] A hamlet in the parish of Newland, Gloucestershire.

23d. Meeting with Frank Moore, my Lord Lambert's man formerly, we, and two or three friends of his, did go to a taverne; and there they drank, but I nothing but small beer. In the next room one was playing very finely of the dulcimer, which, well played, I like well; but one of our company, a talking fellow, did in discourse say much of this Act against Seamen, for their being brought to account; and that it was made on purpose for my Lord Sandwich, who was in debt £100,000, and hath been forced to have pardon oftentimes from Oliver for the same: at which I was vexed.

24th. (Midsummer day.) Come to me my cozen Harry Alcocke, whom I much respect, to desire (by a letter from my father to me, where he had been some days) my help for him to some place. I proposed the sea to him, and I think he will take it, and I hope do well. At night, news is brought me that Field,[1] the rogue, hath this day cast me at Guildhall in £30 for his imprisonment, to which I signed his commitment with the rest of the officers; but they having been Parliament-men, he do begin the law with me, but threatens more.

25th. Into Thames Street, and there enquire among the ships the price of tarre and oyle, and do find great content in it, and hope to save the King money by this practice.

26th. Mr. Nicholson,[2] my old fellow-student at Magdalene, come, and we played three or four things upon the violin and basse.

27th. To my Lord, who rose as soon as he heard I was there; and in his night-gown and shirt stood talking with me alone two hours, I believe, concerning his greatest matters of state and interest. Among other things, that his greatest design is, first, to get clear of all debts to the King for the Embassy money, and then a pardon. Then, to get his land settled; and then to discourse and advise what is best for him,

[1] See Feb. 4, 1661–2, *ante.*

[2] Thomas Nicholson, A.M., 1672

whether to keep his sea employment longer or no; for he do discern that the Duke would be willing to have him out, and that by Coventry's means. And here he told me, how the terms at Algiers were wholly his; and that he did plainly tell Lawson and agree with him, that he would have the honour of them, if they should ever be agreed to; and that accordingly they did come over hither entitled, "Articles concluded on by Sir J. Lawson, according to instructions received from His Royal Highness James Duke of York, &c., and from His Excellency the Earle of Sandwich;"—which however was more than needed; but Lawson tells my Lord, in his letter, that it was not he, but the Council of War, that would have "His Royal Highness" put into the title, though he did not contribute one word to it. But the Duke of York did yesterday propose them to the Council, to be printed with this title: "Concluded on by Sir J. Lawson, Knt." and my Lord quite left out. Here I find my Lord very politique; for he tells me, that he discerns they design to set up Lawson as much as they can: and that he do counterplot them by setting him up higher still; by which they will find themselves spoiled of their design, and at last grow jealous of Lawson. This he told me with much pleasure; and that several of the Duke's servants, by name my Lord Barkeley, [of Stratton,] Mr. Talbot, and others, had complained to my Lord, of Coventry, and would have him out. My Lord do acknowledge that his greatest obstacle is Coventry. He did seem to hint such a question as this: "Hitherto I have been supported by the King and Chancellor against the Duke; but what if it should come about, that it should be the Duke and Chancellor against the King:" which, though he said it in several plain words, yet I could not fully understand it; but may more hereafter. My Lord did also tell me, that the Duke himself at Portsmouth did thank my Lord for all his pains and care; and that he perceived it must be the old Captains that must do the business; and that the new ones would spoil all. And that my Lord did very discreetly tell the Duke, (though quite against his judgement and inclination) that, however, the King's new Captains ought to be borne with a little and encouraged. By which he will oblige that party, and prevent, as much as may be, their envy; but he says certainly things will go to rack if ever the old Captains should be wholly out, and the new ones only command. I met Sir W. Pen:[1] he told me the day now was fixed for his going into Ireland; and that whereas I had mentioned some service he

[1] Penn was Governor of Kinsale.

could do a friend of mine there, Samuel Pepys,[1] he told me he would most readily do what I would command him. Comes Sir J. Minnes, and some Captains with him, who had been at a Councill of Warr to-day, who tell us they have acquitted Captain Hall, who was accused of cowardice in letting of old Winter, the Algiers pyrate, go away from him with a prize or two; and also Captain Diamond of the murder laid to him of a man that he had struck, but he lived many months after, till being drunk, he fell into the hold, and there broke his jawe and died.

28th. Great talk there is of a fear of a war with the Dutch; and we have order to pitch upon twenty ships to be forthwith set out; but I hope it is but a scare-crow to the world, to let them see that we can be ready for them; though, God knows! the King is not able to set out five ships at this present without great difficulty, we neither having money, credit, nor stores. My mind is now in a wonderful condition of quiet and content, more than ever in all my life, since my minding the business of my office, which I have done most constantly; and I find it to be the very effect of my late oaths against wine and plays, which, if God please, I will keep constant in; for now my business is a delight to me, and brings me great credit, and my purse encreases too.

29th. (Lord's day.) Up by four o'clock, and to the settling of my own accounts; and I do find upon my monthly ballance that I am worth £650. To church with my wife, who this day put on her green petticoate of flowred sattin, with fine white and black gimp lace of her own putting on, which is very pretty. To supper to Sir W. Pen. It was an invitation in order to his taking leave of us to-day, he being to go for Ireland in a few days.

30th. To my office, where I fell upon boring holes for me to see from my closet into the great office, without going forth, wherein I please myself much. Told my Lady [Carteret] how my Lady Fanshaw[2] is fallen out with her only for speaking in behalf of the French, which my Lady wonders at, they having been formerly like sisters. Thence to my house, where I took great pride to lead her through the Court by the hand, she being very fine, and her page carrying up her train, she staying a little at my house, and then walked through the garden, and took water, and went first on board the King's pleasure-boat, which pleased her much. Then to Greenwiche Parke; and with much ado she was able to walk up to the top of the hill, and so down again, and took boat, and so through bridge to Blackfryers, and home, she being much pleased with the ramble in every particular of it. So we supped with her, and then walked home, and to bed.

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[1] Mentioned elsewhere as "My cousin in Ireland."

[2] Anne, daughter of Sir John Harrison, of Balls, in Hertfordshire, wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, see 29th June, 1660. She wrote *Memoirs* of her life, which have been published, and are extremely interesting.

OBSERVATIONS.

This I take to be as bad a juncture as ever I observed. The King and his new Queen minding their pleasures at Hampton Court. All people discontented; some that the King do not gratify them enough; and the others, Fanatiques of all sorts, that the King do take away their liberty of conscience; and the height of the Bishops, who I fear will ruin all again. They do much cry up the manner of Sir H. Vane's death, and he deserves it. Much clamour against the chimney-money; and the people say, they will not pay it without force. And in the mean time, like to have war abroad; and Portugall to assist, when we have not money to pay for any ordinary layings-out at home. All in dirt about building of my house, and Sir W. Batten's, a story higher. Into a good way, fallen on minding my business and saving money, which God encrease; and I do take great delight in it, and see the benefit of it. In a longing mind of going to see Brampton, but cannot get three days time, do what I can. In very good health, my wife and myself.

July 1st. Talking with my wife, who was afraid I did intend to go with my Lord to fetch the Queen hither over, in which I did clear her doubts. I went to bed by daylight, in order to my rising early.

2d. Up while the chimes went four, and so put down my journal. So to my office, to read over such instructions as concern the officers of the Yard; for I am much upon seeing into the miscarriages there. By and by, by appointment, comes Commissioner Pett; and then a messenger from Mr. Coventry, who sits in his boat expecting us. So we down to him at the Tower, and there took water all, and to Deptford, he in our passage taking notice how much difference there is between the old Captains for obedience and order, and the King's new Captains, which I am very glad to hear him confess; and there we went into the Store-house, and viewed first the provisions there, and then his books, but Mr. Davis himself was not there, he having a kinswoman in the house dead, for which, when by and by I saw him, he do trouble himself most ridiculously, as if there was never another woman in the world; in which so much laziness, as also in the Clerkes of the Cheque and Survey, as that I do not perceive that there is one-third of their duties performed; but I perceive, to my great content, Mr. Coventry will have things performed. To the Pay againe, where I did relieve several of my Lord Sandwich's people, but was sorry to see them so peremptory, and at every word would complain to my Lord, as if they shall have such a command over my Lord. In the evening come Mr. Lewis to me, and very ingenuously did enquire whether I ever did look into the business of the Chest[1] at Chatham; and after my readiness to be informed did appear to him, he did produce a paper, wherein he stated the government of the Chest to me; and upon the whole did tell me how it hath ever been abused, and to this day is; and what a meritorious act it would be to look after it; which I am resolved to do, if God bless me; and do thank him very much for it.

3d. Dined with the officers of the Ordnance; where Sir W. Compton,[2] Mr. O'Neal,[3] and other great persons were. After dinner, was brought to Sir W. Compton a gun to discharge seven times; the best of all devices that ever I saw, and very serviceable, and not a bawble; for it is much approved of, and many thereof made.

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[1] See Pepys's own account of the institution of the Chest, Nov. 13, 1662, *post*.

[2] See May 6, 1660, and note.

[3] The best account of this person is given in his monumental inscription, in Boughton-Malherbe Church:—"Here lies the body of Mr. Daniel O'Neale, who descended from that greate, honoura^ble^, and antient family of the O'Neales, in Ireland, to whom he added new luster by his owne merit, being rewarded for his courage and loyalty in the civil warrs, under King Charles the First and Charles the Second, w^th^ the offices of Post-master General of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Master of the Powder, and Groome of His Maj^tyes^ Bedchamber. He was married to the right honourable Katherine Countess of Chesterfeild, who erected him this monument, as one of the last markes of her kindness, to show her affection longer than her weak breath would serve to express it. He died A.D. 1663, aged 60." In the *Letters of Philip, Second Earl of Chesterfield*, p. 6, it is stated that he died on the 9th April, 1667; but the date of the year should be 1663. The "Great O'Neale," whose death Pepys records as having occurred on the 24th October, 1664, many months later, could not be the same person, if the dates are correct.

4th. Up by five o'clock, and after my journall put in order, to my office about my business, which I am resolved to follow. Comes Mr. Cooper, mate of the Royall Charles, of whom I intend to learn mathematiques, and do begin with him to-day, he being a very able man, and no great matter, I suppose, will content him. After an houre's being with him at arithmetique, my first attempt being to learn the multiplication-table: then we parted till to-morrow.

5th. At noon, had Sir W. Pen, who I hate with all my heart, for his base treacherous tricks, but yet I think it not policy to declare it yet, and his son William, to my house to dinner, where was also Mr. Creed, and my cousin Harry Alcocke. I having some vension given me a day or two ago, and so I had a shoulder roasted, another baked, and the umbles baked in a pie, and all very well done. We were merry as I could be in that company.

6th. (Lord's day.) Settled my accounts with my wife for housekeeping, and do see that my kitchen, besides wine, fire candle, sope, and many other things, comes to about 30*s.* a week, or a little over. To church, where Mr. Mills made a lazy sermon. To supper with my Lady [Sandwich]; who tells me, with much trouble, that my Lady Castlemaine is still as great with the King, and that the King comes as often to her as ever he did. Jack Cole, my old friend, found me out at the Wardrobe; and, among other things, he told me that certainly most of the chief ministers of London would fling up their livings; and that, soon or late, the issue thereof would be sad to the King and Court.

7th. Comes Mr. Cooper: so he and I to our mathematiques.

8th. To the Wardrobe; where all alone with my Lord above an hour; and he do seem still to have his old confidence in me; and tells me, to boot, that Mr. Coventry hath spoke of me to him to great advantage; wherein I am much pleased. By and by comes in Mr. Coventry to visit my Lord and so my Lord and he and I walked together in the great chamber a good while; and I found him a most ingenuous man and good company.

9th. Up by four o'clock, and at my multiplicacion-table hard, which is all the trouble I meet with at all in my arithmetique. Sir W. Pen come to my office to take his leave of me, and, desiring a turn in the garden, did commit the care of his building to me,[1] and offered all his services to me in all matters of mine. I did, God forgive me! promise him all my service and love, though the rogue knows he deserves none from me, nor do I intend to show him any; but as he dissembles with me, so must I with him. Come Mr. Mills, the minister, to see me, which he hath rarely done to me, though every day almost to others of us, but he is a cunning fellow, and knows where the good victuals is, and the good drink, at Sir W. Batten's. However, I used him civilly, though I love him as I do the rest of his coat.

11th. Up by four o'clock, and hard at my multiplicacion-table, which I am now almost master of. To Deptford first: then to Woolwich, and viewed well all the houses and stores there, which lie in very great confusion, for want of store-houses. So by water back again, about five in the afternoon, to White Hall, and so to St. James's; and at Mr. Coventry's chamber, which is very neat and fine, we had a pretty neat dinner.

12th. Put things in order to be laid up, against my workmen come on Monday, to take down the top of my house. At night with Cooper at arithmetique.

13th. (Lord's day.) To Deptford, on purpose to sign and seal a couple of warrants, as justice of peace in Kent, against one Annis, who is to be tried next Tuesday, at Maidstone Assizes, for stealing some lead out of Woolwich Yard.

14th. Dr. T. Pepys come to me to dinner, where by chance comes Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, and then Mr. Battersby, the minister, and then Mr. Dun, and it happened that I had a haunch of venison boiled, and so they were very wellcome and merry; but my simple Dr. do talk so like a fool, that I am weary of him. This night I found the pageant in Cornhill taken downe, which was pretty strange.

15th. About bed-time, it fell a-raining, and the house being all open at top, it vexed me, but there was no help for it.

16th. In the morning, I found all my ceilings spoiled with rain last night, so that I fear they must be all new whited when the work is done. Mr. Moore to me, drawing up a fair state of all my Lord's accounts, which being settled, he went away: at noon, to my Lord's with it, but found him at dinner, and some great company with him—Mr. Edward Montagu and his brother, and Mr. Coventry, and after dinner went out with them; and so I lost my labour, but dined with Mr. Moore and the people below, who, after dinner, fell to talk of Portugall rings, and Captain Ferrers offered five or six to sell, and I seeming to like a ring made of a coco-nutt, with a stone done in it, he did offer and would give it me. This day I was told that my Lady Castlemaine, being quite fallen out with her husband, did yesterday go away from him, with all her plate, jewels, and other best things; and is gone to Richmond to a brother of her's; which, I am apt to think, was a design to get out of town, that the King might come at her the better.

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[1] They had been allowed to raise their houses.

17th. To my office, and by and by to our sitting; where much business. Mr. Coventry took his leave, being to go with the Duke over for the Queen-Mother.

18th. It comes into my head to have my dining-[room] wainscoated, which will be very pretty. Comes Cooper for my mathematiques, but, in good earnest, my head is so full of business, that I cannot understand it as otherwise I should do.

19th. In the afternoon I went upon the river: it raining hard upon the water, I put ashore and sheltered myself, while the King come by in his barge, going down towards the Downes to meet the Queen: the Duke being gone yesterday. But methought it lessened my esteem of a king, that he should not be able to command the rain.

21st. Up early. I did take boat and down to Greenwich, to Captain Cocke's, who hath a most pleasant seat, and neat. Here I drank wine, and eat some fruit off the trees; and he showed a great rarity, which was, two or three of a great number of silver dishes and plates, which he bought of an embassador that did lack money, in the edges and basins of which was placed silver and gold medalls very ancient. To Woolwich to the Rope-yard; and there looked over several sorts of hemp, and did fall upon my great survey of seeing the working and experiments of the strength and the charge in the dressing of every sort; and I do think have brought it to so great a certainty, as I have done the King some service in it: and do purpose to get it ready against the Duke's coming to town to present to him. I see it is impossible for the King to have things done as cheap as other men.

22d. I had letters from the Downes from Mr. Coventry; who tells me of the foul weather they had last Sunday, that drove them back from near Boulogne, whither they were going for the Queen, back again to the Downes, with the loss of their cables, sayles, and masts; but are all safe, only my Lord

Sandwich, who went before with the yacht: they know not what is become of him, which do trouble me much; but I hope he got ashore before the storm begun; which God grant!

23d. A little vexed that my brother Tom, by his neglect, do fail to get a coach for my wife and maid this week, by which she will not be at Brampton feast, to meet my Lady at my father's. Much disturbed, by reason of the talk up and downe the towne, that my Lord Sandwich is lost; but I trust in God the contrary.

24th. I hear, to my great content, that my Lord Sandwich is safe landed in France.

25th. Reading Mr. Holland's[1] discourse of the Navy, lent me by Mr. Turner, and am much pleased with them—they hitting the very diseases of the Navy, which we are troubled with now-a-days.

26th. I had a letter from Mr. Creed, who hath escaped narrowly in the King's yacht, and got safe to the Downes after the late storm; and he says that the King do tell him, that he is sure my Lord is landed at Callis safe, of which being glad, I sent news thereof to my Lord Crewe, and by the post to my Lady in the country. This afternoon I went to Westminster; and there hear that the King and Queen intend to come to White Hall from Hampton Court next week, for all winter. Thence to Mrs. Sarah, and there looked over my Lord's lodgings, which are very pretty; and White Hall Garden and the Bowling-ally, where lords and ladies are now at bowles, in brave condition. Mrs. Sarah told me how the falling out between my Lady Castlemaine and her Lord was about christening of the child[2] lately, which he would have, and had done by a priest: and, some days after, she had it again christened by a minister; the King, and Lord of Oxford,[3] and Duchess of Suffolk[4] being witnesses: and christened with a proviso, that it had not already been christened. Since that, she left her Lord, carrying away every thing in the house; so much as every dish, and cloth, and servant, but the porter. He is gone discontented into France, they say, to enter a monastery; and now she is coming back again to her house in King Streete. But I hear that the Queen did prick her out of the list presented Her by the King; desiring that She might have that favour done Her, or that he would send Her from whence She come: and that the King was angry, and the Queen discontented a whole day and night upon it; but that the King hath promised to have nothing to do with her hereafter. But I cannot believe that the King can fling her off so, he loving her too well: and so I writ this night to my Lady to be my opinion; she calling her my lady, and the lady I admire. Here I find that my Lord hath lost the garden to his lodgings, and that it is turning into a tennis-court.

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[1] John Holland, whose work is in the British Museum.

[2] The first son whom Lady Castlemaine bore to Charles II. was Charles Fitzroy, born in June 1662, and afterwards created Duke of Southampton.

[3] Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford of that family. Ob. 1702–3 *s. p.*

[4] There was no Duchess of Suffolk at this time; the lady meant must have been Barbara, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, widow of Richard Wenman, eldest son of Philip, third Viscount Wenman, an Irish peer, and second wife of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk. She was Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, who might well feel annoyed at her own servant being selected for the office of sponsor to the King's base-born son. Lady Castlemaine was niece to Lady Suffolk, who perhaps had been her god-mother, as they both bore the same christian name.

27th. (Lord's day.) I to walk in the Parke, which is now every day more and more pleasant, by the new works upon it.

28th. Up early, and by six o'clock, after my wife was ready, I walked with her to the George at Holborne Conduit, where the coach stood to carry her and her maid to Bugden: so I took a troubled though willing good bye, because of the sad condition of my house, to have a family in it. Walked to the water side, and there took boat for the Tower; hearing that the Queen-Mother is come this morning already as high as Woolwich: and that my Lord Sandwich was with her; at which my heart was glad.

29th. Early up, and brought all my money, which is near £300, out of my house, into this chamber; and so to the office, and there we sat all the morning, Sir George and Mr. Coventry being come from sea.

30th. By water to White Hall, and there waited upon Lord Sandwich; and joyed him, at his lodgings, of his safe coming home after all his danger, which he confesses to be very great. And his people do tell me how bravely my Lord did carry himself, while my Lord Crofts[1] did cry; and I perceive all the town talk how poorly he carried himself. But the best was of one Mr. Rawlins,[2] a courtier that was with my Lord; and in the greatest danger cried, "My Lord, I won't give you three-pence for your place now." But all ends in the honour of the pleasure-boats; which, had they not been very good boats, could never have endured the sea as they did. To Woolwich, expecting to find Sir W. Batten there upon his survey, but he is not come, and so we got a dish of steaks at the White Hart, while his clarkes and others were feasting of it in the best room of the house, and after dinner playing at shuffle-board. God help the King! What surveys shall be taken after this manner!

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[1] William Crofts, created Baron Crofts, of Saxham, in Suffolk, 1658, and died *s. p.* 1677.

[2] Giles Rawlings occurs in an old household book of James, Duke of York, at Audley End, as Gentleman of the Privy Purse to his Royal Highness, with a salary of £400 per annum. See 19th August, *post*.

31st. At noon, Mr. Coventry and I by his coach to the Exchange together; and in Lombard Streete met Captain Browne of the Rosebush: at which he was cruel angry; and did threaten to go to-day to the Duke at Hampton Court, and get him turned out because he was not sailed.

August 2d. Up early, and got me ready in my riding clothes, and took boat with Will, and down to Greenwich, where, Captain Cocke not being at home, I was vexed, and went to walk in the Park till he come thither to me: and Will, forgetting to bring my boots in the boat, did also vex me; for I was forced to send the boat back againe for them. I to Captain Cocke's along with him to dinner, where I find his lady still pretty, but not so good-humoured as I thought she was. We had a plain good dinner, and I see they do live very snugly. I eat among other fruit much mulberrys, a thing I have not eat of these many years, since I used to be at Ashted,[1] at my cozen Pepys. After dinner, we to boate, and had a pleasant passage down to Gravesend, but it was nine o'clock before we got thither, so that we were in great doubt whether to stay there or no; and the rather because I was afraid to ride because of my paine; but at the Swan, finding Mr. Henson and Lieutenant Carteret of the Foresight come o meet me, I borrowed Mr. Thompson's horse; and he took another, and so we rode to Rochester in the dark, and there o our barge to the Hill-house, where we soon went to bed—before we slept, I telling upon discourse with Captain Cocke he manner of my being cut of the stone, which pleased him much. So to sleep.

3d. (Lord's day.) Up early, and with Captain Cocke to the dock-yard, a fine walk and fine weather. Commissioner Pett ome to us, and took us to his house, and showed us his arden and fine things, and did give us a fine breakfast of read and butter, and sweetmeats and other things with great hoice, and strong drinks, with which I could not avoyde making my head ake, though I drank but little. By and by to church, by coach, with the Commissioner, and had a dull sermon. A full church, and some pretty women in it: among others, Beck Allen, who was a bride-mayde to a new married couple that come to church to-day, and which was pretty strange, sat in a pew hung with mourning for a mother of the bride's, which methinks should have been taken down. After dinner, the Commissioner and I to his house, and had syllabub, and saw his closet, which come short of what I expected, but there was fine modells of ships in it indeed, whose worth I could not judge of. Amongst other things, Pett told me how despicable a thing it is to be a hangman in Poland, although it be a place of credit. And that, in his time, there was some repairs to be made of the gallows there, which was very fine, of stone; but nobody could be got to mend it till the Burgo-master, or Mayor of the towne, with all the companies of those trades which were necessary to be used about those repairs, did go in their habits with flags, in solemn procession to the place, and there the Burgo-master did give the first blow with the hammer upon the wooden work; and the rest of the Masters of the Companys upon the works belonging to their trades; that so workmen might not be ashamed to be employed upon doing of the gallows' works.

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[1] A village near Epsom.

4th. Up by four o'clock, and to Upnor Castle, and there went up to the top, where there is a fine prospect, but of very small force. So to Rochester and Gravesend. Very dark before we got thither to the Swan; and there, meeting with Doncaster, an old waterman of mine above bridge, we eat a short supper, being very merry with the drolling, drunken coachman that brought us, and so took water. It being very dark, and the wind rising, and our waterman unacquainted with this part of the river, so that we were presently cast upon the Essex-shoare, but got off again, and so, as well as we could, went on, but I in such fear that I could not sleep till we come to Erith, and there it begun to be calme, and the stars to shine, and so I begun to take heart again, and the rest too; and so made shift to slumber a little. Above Woolwich we lost our way, and went back to Blackwall, and up and down, being guided by nothing but the barking of a dog, which we had observed in passing by Blackwall.

5th. Got right again with much ado, after two or three circles, and so on, and at Greenwich set in Captain Cocke; and I set forward, hailing to all the King's ships at Deptford, but could not wake any man: so that we could have done what we would with their ships. At last, waked one man, but it was a merchant-ship, the Royall Catharine: so to the Tower-docke and home, where the girle sat up for me. It was about three o'clock, and, putting Mr. Boddam out of my bed, went to bed, and lay till nine o'clock. Dined alone at home, and was glad my house is begun tiling.

6th. By water to White Hall; and so to St. James's; but there found Mr. Coventry gone to Hampton Court. So to my Lord's; and he is also gone: this being a great day at the Council, about some business before the King. Here, Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, told me how Mr. Edward Montagu hath lately had a duell with Mr. Cholmely,[1] that is first gentleman-usher to the Queen, and was a messenger to her from the King of Portugall, and is a fine gentleman; but had received many affronts from Mr. Montagu, and some unkindness from my Lord, upon his score, for which I am sorry. He proved too hard for Montagu, and drove him so far backward that he fell into a ditch, and dropt his sword, but with honour would take no advantage over him; but did give him his life: and, the world says, Mr. Montagu did carry himself very poorly in the business, and hath lost his honour for ever with all people in it, of which I am very glad, in hopes that it will humble him. I hear, also, that he hath sent to my Lady to borrow £400, giving his brother Harvey's[2] security for it, and that my Lord will lend it him, for which I am sorry. This afternoon Mr. Waith was with me, and did tell me much concerning the Chest, which I am resolved to look into; and I perceive he is sensible of Sir W. Batten's carriage; and is pleased to see any thing work against him.

7th. This morning, I got unexpectedly the Reserve for Mr. Cooper to be maister of, which was only by taking an opportune time to mention [it], which is one good effect of my being constant at the office, that nothing passes without me; and I have the choice of my own time to propose anything I would have.

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[1] Hugh Cholmeley, afterwards the third baronet of that name; he was the second son of Sir Hugh Cholmeley, of Whitby (governor of Scarborough for Charles I.), whose autobiography has been printed. This Hugh succeeded his nephew of the same name, who died a minor in June, 1665, after which date Pepys speaks of him by his title. In February, 1666, he married Lady Anne Compton, eldest daughter of Spencer, Earl of Northampton. He was afterwards, for some years, governor of Tangier, of which he published an account. He died 9th January, 1668. He was descended from a younger branch of that great family of Egertons and Cholmondeleys, of all of whom Sir Philip M. de Grey Egerton is the head.

[2] Sir Daniel Harvey is the person alluded to.

8th. At five, by water to Woolwich, there to see the manner of tarring, and the several proceedings of making of cordage, and other things relating to that sort of works, much to my satisfaction. Dined with Mr. Falconer; thence we walked, talking all the way to Greenwich, and I do find excellent discourse from him. Among other things, his rule of suspecting every man that proposes any thing to him to be a knave; or, at least, to have some ends of his own in it. Being led thereto by the story of Sir John Millicent,[1] that would have had a patent from King James for every man to have had leave to have given him a shilling; and that he might take it of every man that had a mind to give it; and being assured that that was a fair thing, but what needed a patent for it, and what he would do to them that would not give him, he answered, he would not force them; but that they should come to the Council of State, to give a reason why they would not. Another rule is a proverb that he hath been taught, which is, that a man that cannot sit still in his chamber, the reason of which I did not understand, and he that cannot say no, (that is, that is of so good a nature that he cannot deny any thing, or cross another in doing any thing) is not fit for business. The last of which is a very great fault of mine, which I must amend in. Thence by boat: being hot, he [Mr. Falconer] put the skirt of his cloak about me; and, it being rough, he told me the passage of a Frenchman through London Bridge,[2] where, when he saw the great fall, he begun to cross himself, and say his prayers in the greatest fear in the world; and soon as he was over, he swore, "Morbleu! c'est le plus grand plaisir du monde," being the most like a French humour in the world. To Deptford, and there surprised the Yard, and called them to a muster, and discovered many abuses.

9th. Mr. Coventry and I sat alone at the office all the morning upon business. And so to dinner to Trinity House, and thence by his coach towards White Hall; but there being a stop at the Savoy,[1] we light and took water, and my Lord Sandwich being out of towne, we parted there. Writing a letter to my brother John to dissuade him from being Moderator of his year, which I hear is proffered him, of which I am very glad. Comes Cooper, and he and I by candle-light at my modell, being willing to learn as much of him as possible before he goes.

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[1] He is described in the Baronetages as of Barham in Cambridgeshire.

[2] When the first editions of this *Diary* were printed no note was required here. Before the erection of the present London Bridge, the fall of water at the ebb tide was great, and to pass at that time was called "Shooting the bridge." It was very hazardous for small boats. The ancient mode, even in Henry VIII.'s time, of going to the Tower and Greenwich, was to land at the Three Cranes, in Upper Thames Street, suffer the barges to shoot the bridge, and to enter them again at Billingsgate. See Cavendish's *Wolsey*, p. 40, ed. 1852; Life of the Duke of Somerset in Foxe's *Acts*, vol. vi., p. 293; *Life of Bp. Hall* in Wordsworth's *Eccl. Biog.*, iv., 318, ed. 1853.

10th. (Lord's day.) I walked to St. Dunstan's, the church being now finished; and here I heard Dr. Bates, who made a most eloquent sermon; and I am sorry I have hitherto had so low an opinion of the man, for I have not heard a neater sermon a great while, and more to my content. So to Tom's, where Dr. Fairebrother, newly come from Cambridge, met me, and Dr. Thomas Pepys. I framed myself as pleasant as I could, but my mind was another way. My uncle Fenner told me the new service-booke,[2] which is now lately come forth, was laid upon their deske at St. Sepulchre's for Mr. George[3] to read; but he laid it aside, and would not meddle with it: and I perceive the Presbyters do all prepare to give over all against Bartholomewtide. Mr. Herring, being lately turned out at St. Bride's, did read the psalme to the people while they sung at Dr. Bates's, which methought is a strange turn.[4] After dinner, to St. Bride's, and there heard one Carpenter, an old man, who, they say, hath been a Jesuite priest, and is come over to us; but he preached very well. Mr. Calamy hath taken his farewell this day of his people, and others will do so the next Sunday. Mr. Turner,[5] the draper, I hear, is knighted, made Alderman, and pricked for Sheriffe, with Sir Thomas Bluddel,[6] for the next year, by the King, and so are called, with great honour, the King's Sheriffes.

11th. Deane Fuller tells me that his niece, that sings so well, whom I have longed to see, is married to one Mr. Boys, a wholesayle man at the Three Crownes, in Cheapside. Cooper come and read his last lecture to me, upon my modell, and sc bid me good bye, he being to go to-morrow to Chatham, to take charge of the ship I have got him.

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[1] The Savoy Palace in the Strand, a considerable part of which existed so lately as 1816.

[2] The Common Prayer Book now in use. One of the sealed books appointed by the Act of Uniformity, is still preserved in the Tower of London.

[3] *George* ought to be Thomas *Gouge*, an eminent Presbyterian minister, who had the church of St. Sepulchre during the Commonwealth, and abandoned it on the Act of Uniformity coming into force. There is an account of him in Calamy's *Lives of the Ejected Ministers*, 8vo, 1713.

[4] A practice still obtains amongst the Dissenters of reading the psalm or hymn to be sung, two lines at a time.

[5] Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor of London, 1669.

[6] A mistake for Bludworth, who had been Colonel of the Orange Regiment of the trained bands, and Lord Mayor in 1666.

13th. Up early, and to my office. By and by we met on purpose to enquire into the business of flagmakers, where I am the person that do chiefly manage the business against them on the King's part; and I do find it the greatest cheat that I have yet found; they having eightpence per yard allowed them by pretence of a contract, where no such thing appears; and it is threepence more than was formerly paid, and than I now offer the Board to have them done. To Lambeth; and there saw the little pleasure-boat in building by the King, my Lord Brouncker,[1] and the Virtuosoes of the town, according to new lines, which Mr. Pett cries up mightily; but how it will prove we shall soon see.

14th. Commissioner Pett and I being invited, went by Sir John Winter's coach, sent for us, to the Mitre, in Fenchurch Street, to a venison-pasty; where I found him a very worthy man; and good discourse, most of which was concerning the Forest of Deane, and the timber there, and iron-workes with their great antiquity, and the vast heaps of cinders which they find, and are now of great value, being necessary for the making of iron at this day; and without which they cannot work: with the age of many trees there left, at a great fall in Edward the Third's time, by the name of forbid-trees, which at this day are called vorbid trees.

15th. Up very early, and up about seeing how my work proceeds, and am pretty well pleased therewith; especially my wife's closet will be very pretty. At noon to the Change, and there hear of some Quakers that are seized on, that would have blown up the prison in Southwarke, where they are put: so to the Swan, in Old Fish Streete, where Mr. Brigden and his father-in-law, Blackbury, of whom we had bought timber in the office, but have not dealt well with us, did make me a fine dinner only to myself; and after dinner comes in a jugleur, which shewed us very pretty tricks. I seemed very pleasant, but am no friend to the man's dealings with us in the office. I went to Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's [Kirton's]; anc here I hear that next Sunday will be the last of a great many Presbyterian ministers in town, who, I hear, will give up all. I pray God the issue may be good, for the discontent is great. My mind well pleased with a letter that I found at home from Mr. Coventry, expressing his satisfaction in a letter I writ last night, and sent him this morning to be corrected by him, in order to its sending down to all the Yards as a charge to them.

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[1] William Brouncker, second Lord Brouncker, Viscount of Castl Lyons, in Ireland; created M.D., in 1642, at Oxford; Keeper of the Great Seal to the Queen; a Commissioner of the Admiralty; and Maste of St. Catherine's Hospital. He was a man of considerable talents, anc the first President of the Royal Society. Ob. 1684, aged 64. There is a fine portrait of him, by Lely, at Lord Lyttleton's, at Hagley. See *post* 24th March, 1667.

17th. (Lord's day.) This being the last Sunday that the Presbyterians are to preach, unless they read the new Common Prayer, and renounce the Covenant, I had a mind to hear Dr. Bates's farewell sermon; and walked to St. Dunstan's, where, it not being seven o'clock yet, the doors were not open; and so I walked an hour in the Temple-garden, reading my vows, which t is a great content to me to see how I am a changed man in all espects for the better, since I took them, which the God of Heaven continue to me, and make me thankful for. At eight 'clock I went, and crowded in at a back door among others, he church being half-full almost before any doors were open ublicly, which is the first time that I have done so these many ears; and so got into the gallery, beside the pulpit, and heard ery well. His text was, "Now the God of Peace——;" the ast Hebrews, and the 20th verse: he making a very good ermon, and very little reflections in it to any thing of the times. was very well pleased with the sight of a fine lady that I have ften seen walk in Gray's Inn Walks. To Madam Turner's, and ined with her. She had heard Parson Herring take his leave; hough he, by reading so much of the Common Prayer as he id, hath cast himself out of the good opinion of both sides. After dinner, to St. Dunstan's again; and the church quite rowded before I come, which was just at one o'clock; but I ot into the gallery again, but stood in a crowd. Dr. Bates ursued his text again very well; and only at the conclusion old us, after this manner: "I do believe that many of you do xpect that I should say something to you in reference to the me, this being the last time that possibly I may appear here. You know it is not my manner to speak anything in the pulpit hat is extraneous to my text and business; yet this I shall say, hat it is not my opinion, fashion, or humour, that keeps me om complying with what is required of us; but something, fter much prayer, discourse, and study, yet remains unsatisfied, nd commands me herein. Wherefore, if it is my unhappinesse ot to receive such an illuminacion as should direct me to do therwise, I know no reason why men should not pardon me in his world, as I am confident that God will pardon me for it in the next." And so he concluded. Parson Herring read a psalme and chapters before sermon; and one was the chapter in the Acts, where the story of Ananias and Sapphira is. And after he had done, says he, "This is just the case of England at present. God he bids us to preach, and men bids us not to preach; and if we do, we are to be imprisoned and further punished. All that I can say to it is, that I beg your prayers, and the prayers of all good Christians, for us." This was all the exposition he made of the chapter in these very words, and no more. I was much pleased with Bates's manner of bringing in the Lord's Prayer after his owne; thus, "In whose comprehensive words we sum up all our imperfect desires; saying, 'Our Father,'" &c.[1] I hear most of the Presbyters took their leaves to-day, and that the City is much dissatisfied with it. I pray God keep peace among us, and make the Bishops careful of bringing in men in their rooms, or else all will fly a-pieces; for bad ones will not go down with the City.

18th. About seven o'clock, took horse, and rode to Bowe, and there staid at the King's Head, and eat a breakfast of eggs, till Mr. Deane,[2] of Woolwich, and I rid into Waltham Forest, and there we saw many trees of the King's a-hewing; and he showed me the whole mystery of off-square,[3] wherein the King is abused in the timber that he buys, which I shall with much pleasure be able to correct. We rode to Illford, and there, while dinner was getting ready, he and I practised measuring of the tables and other things, till I did understand measuring of timber and board very well. By and by, being sent for, comes Mr. Cooper, our officer in the Forest, and did give me an account of things there, and how the country is backward to come in with their carts. While I am here, Sir William Batten passed by in his coach, homewards from Colchester, where he had been seeing his son-in-law Lemon, that lies a-dying, but I would take no notice of him, but let him go. By and by rode to Barking, and there saw the place where they ship this timber for Woolwich; and so Deane and I home again, and parted at Bowe, and I home just before a great showre of rain, as God would have it. I find Deane a pretty able man, and, I think, able to do the King service; but, I think, more out of envy to the rest of the officers of the yard, of whom he complains much, than true love, more than others, to the service. He would fain seem a modest man, and yet will commend his own work and skill, and vie with other persons, especially the Petts.

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[1] Still often used.

[2] Anthony Deane, afterwards knighted, and M.P. for Harwich; a Commissioner of the Navy, 1672.

[3] *Off-square* is evidently a mistake, in the shorthand MS., for *half-square*, which is explained by the following extract from W. Leybourn's *Complete Surveyor*, 3rd edit., London, 1674, folio:—

"Before I proceed, I must needs detect one grand and too common an error; for most artificers, when they meet with squared timber whose breadth and depth are unequal, they usually add the breadth and depth together, and take the half for a mean square, and so proceed. This indeed though it be always an error, yet it is not so great when the difference of the breadth and depth is not much; but, if the difference be great, the error is very obnoxious either to buyer or seller. I will instance in one example:—

Let a piece of timber be 2 foot 24 parts broad, and 1 foot 30 parts deep, and 26 foot long: how many foot are contained therein?

First for the true way—

1. As 1 is to 2·24 parts, the breadth, so is 1·30 parts, the depth, to 3·92 parts, the contents at the end.

2. As 1 is to 2·96, so is 26 the length, to 56·07, the content, which is 56 foot and about an inch.

Now for the customary false way—

The breadth of the piece is ... 2·24
The depth thereof is ... ... 1·30
Their sum is ... ... 3·54
The half sum is ... ... 1·77

19th. At the office; and Mr. Coventry did tell us of the duell between Mr. Jermyn,[1] nephew to my Lord St. Albans, and

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And this 1·77 parts they take for the true square, which is egregiously false; for now come to the line of numbers, and say—

1. As 1 is to 1·77 parts, so is 1·77 parts to 3·13 parts.
2. As 1 is to 3·13 parts, so is 26, the length, to 81·45 parts, that is to 81 foot and almost half a foot, whereas, by the true way, it contains but 56 foot and ·07 parts. The difference in this piece being 25 foot and above one third part of a foot, which is above half a load of timber, and timber being at 50*s.* or £3 per load, here is 25*s.* or 30*s.* lost by the buyer, and gained by the seller; a considerable fallacy to buy one load, and pay for above a load and a half. But if people will be deceived, let them be deceived."

It is to be hoped that Pepys carried out his intention of putting an end to the nefarious practice of cheating the King in the purchase of timber. He speaks of it in good faith, and his term, mystery, simply implies his ignorance of the art of measuring. With regard to Sir William Warren, the case was probably different: he made large presents to Pepys, and confesses that he perjured himself before the Committee of the House of Commons, in concealing the fact. Frauds in the supply of timber for the use of the Navy have been common subjects of complaint at a much later period.

[1] Henry Jermyn, a younger nephew of the Earl of St. Albans. He was created Baron Jermyn of Dover, 1685, and died in 1708, *s. p.*; his eldest brother, Thomas, became second Baron Jermyn of Bury St. Edmund's on the death of his uncle, the Earl of St. Albans, in 1683, and died unmarried, in 1703. Thomas Jermyn was Governor of Jersey.

Colonel Giles Rawlins,[1] the latter of whom is killed, and the first mortally wounded, as it is thought. They fought against Captain Thomas Howard,[2] my Lord Carlisle's brother, and another unknown;[3] who, they say, had armor on that they could not be hurt, so that one of their swords went up to the hilt against it. They had horses ready, and are fled. But what is most strange, Howard sent one challenge before, but they could not meet till yesterday at the old Pall Mall at St. James's, and he would not till the last tell Jermyn what the quarrel was; nor do any body know.[4] The Court is much concerned in this fray, and I am glad of it; hoping that it will cause some good laws against it. After sitting, Sir G. Carteret did tell me how he had spoke of me to my Lord Chancellor; and that if my Lord Sandwich would ask my Lord Chancellor, he should know what he had said of me to him to my advantage.

20th. To my Lord Sandwich, whom I found in bed. Among other talk, he do tell me that he hath put me into the commission with a great many great persons in the business of

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[1] See July 30, 1662, *ante*.

[2] "*Aug.* 18, 1662. Captain Thomas Howard, the Earl of Carlisle's brother, and the Lord Dillon's son, a Colonel, met with Mr. Giles Rawlings, privy purse to the Duke of York, and Mr. Jermyn, the Earl of St. Albans's nephew. . . . There had been a slight quarrel betwixt them, and as they, Rawlings and Jermyn, came from tennis, these two drew at them, and then Colonel Dillon killed this Mr. Rawlings dead upon the spot. Mr. Jermyn was left for dead. This Captain Howard was unfortunate since the return of His Majesty, in killing a horse-courser man in St. Giles. Mr. Rawlings was much lamented; he lived in a very handsome state, six horses in his coach, three footmen, &c. *Oct.* Captain Thomas Howard and Lord Dillon's son, both of them fled about the killing of Mr. Giles Rawlings; but after a quarter of a year they came in England and were acquitted by law."—Rugge's *Diurnal*. Captain Howard afterwards married the Duchess of Richmond.

[3] Lord Dillon's son, apparently Charles, eldest son of James, fourth Viscount Dillon, He had served abroad, and died, unmarried, before his father. It may have been from feelings caused by this duel that one of his younger brothers, Rupert, whilst Page of Honour to Charles II., "being from his address and figure considered an object of envy, was set upon, says the pedigree, by the other pages, and slain in the Palace Yard."—*Lodge*, iv., 189.

[4] Hamilton gives the following account of the duel, which arose from rivalry between Howard and Jermyn about Lady Shrewsbury:—"Jermyn prit pour second, Giles Rawlings, homme de bonne fortune, et gros joueur. Howard se servit de Dillon, adroit et brave, fort honnête homme, et par malheur intime ami de Rawlings. Dans ce combat, la fortune ne fut point pour le favoris de l'amour. Le pauvre Rawlings y fut tué tout roide, et Jermyn, percé de trois coups d'épée, fut porté chez son oncle, avec fort peu de signes de vie."—*Mém. de Grammont.*

Tangier, which is a very great honour to me, and may be of good concernment to me. By and by comes in Mr. Coventry to us, whom my Lord tells that he is also put into the commission, and that I am there, of which he said he was glad; and did tell my Lord that I was indeed the life of this office, and much more to my commendation beyond measure. And that, whereas before he did bear me respect for his sake, so he do it now much more for my own; which is a great blessing to me: Sir G. Carteret having told me what he did yesterday concerning his speaking to my Lord Chancellor about me: so that on all hands, by God's blessing, I find myself a very rising man. By and by comes my Lord Peterborough in, with whom we talked a good while, and he is going to-morrow toward Tangier again. I perceive there is yet good hopes of peace with Guyland,[1] which is of great concernment to Tangier. Meeting Mr. Townsend, he would needs take me to Fleet Street, to one Mr. Barwell, squire sadler to the King, and there we and several other Wardrobe-men dined. We had a venison pasty, and other good, plain, and handsome dishes—the mistress of the house, a pretty well-carriaged woman, and a fine hand she hath; and her maid a pretty brown lass.

21st. To Mr. Rawlinson's, where my uncle Wight and my aunt, and some neighbour couples, were at a very good venison pasty. Hither come, after we were set down, a most pretty young lady, only her hands were not white nor handsome, which pleased me well, and I found her to be sister to Mrs. Anne Wight. We were good company, and had a very pretty dinner.

22d. About three o'clock this morning, I waked with the noise of the rayne, having never in my life heard a more violent shower; and then the catt was lockt in the chamber, and kept a great mewing, and leapt upon the bed, which made me I could not sleep a great while. To Westminster Hall, and there I heard that old Mr. Hales[2] did lately die suddenly in an hour's time. Here I met with Will Bowyer, and had a promise from him of a place to stand to-morrow at his house to see the show. Sent for Mr. Creed, and then to his lodging, at Clerke's, the confectioner's, where he did give me a little banquet, and I had liked to have begged a parrot for my wife, but he hath put me in a way to get a better from Steventon at Portsmouth.

23d. Mr. Coventry and I did walk together a great while in the garden, where he did tell me his mind about Sir G. Carteret's having so much the command of the money, which must be removed; and indeed it is the bane of all our business. He observed to me also how Sir W. Batten begins to struggle and to look after his business. I also put him upon getting an order from the Duke for our inquiries into the Chest, which he will see done. Mr. Creed and I walked down to the Tylt Yard, and so all along Thames Street, but could not get a boat: I offered eight shillings for a boat to attend me this afternoon, and they would not, it being the day of the Queen's coming to town from Hampton Court. So we fairly walked it to White Hall, and through my Lord's lodgings we got into White Hall garden, and so to the Bowling-greene, and up to the top of the new Banqueting House there, over the Thames, which was a most pleasant place as any I could have got; and all the show consisted chiefly in the number of boats and barges; and two pageants, one of a King, and another of a Queen, with her Maydes of Honour sitting at her feet very prettily; and they tell me the Queen is Sir Richard Ford's daughter. Anon come the King and Queen in a barge under a canopy, with 1000 barges and boats I know, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the King nor Queen. And so they landed at White Hall Bridge, and the great guns on the other side went off. But that which pleased me best was, that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us upon a piece of White Hall. But methought it was strange to see her Lord and her upon the same place walking up and down without taking notice one of another, only at first entry he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her armes, and dandle it. One thing more; there happened a scaffold below to fall, and we feared some hurt, but there was none, but she of all the great ladies only run down among the common rabble to see what hurt was done, and did take care of a child that received some little hurt, which methought was so noble. Anon there come one there booted and spurred, that she talked long with; and by and by, she being in her haire, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off; but it become her mightily, as everything else do. I went away, not weary with looking on her, and to my Lord's lodgings, where my brother Tom and Dr. Thomas Pepys were to speak with me: so I walked with them in the garden, and was very angry with them both for their going out of town without my knowledge; and they told me the business, which was to see a gentlewoman for a wife for Tom, of Mr. Cooke's providing, worth £500, of good education, her name Hobell, and lives near Banbury—demands £40 per annum joynter. Tom likes her, and, they say, had a very good reception, and that Cooke hath been very serviceable therein, and that she is committed to old Mr. Young, of the Wardrobe's, tuition. My Lord and I had half an hour's private discourse about the discontents of the times, which we concluded would not come to any thing of difference, though the Presbyters would be glad enough of it; but we do not think religion will so soon cause another war. Then to his owne business. He asked my advice there, whether he should go on to purchase more land, and to borrow money to pay for it, which he is willing to do, because such a bargaine as that of Mr. Buggins's of Stukely will not be every day to be had, and Brampton is now perfectly granted him by the King—I mean, the reversion of it, after the Queen's death; and, in the mean time, he buys it of Sir Peter Ball his present right. Then we fell to talk of Navy business; and he concludes, as I do, that he needs not put himself upon any more voyages abroad to spend money, unless a war comes; and that by keeping his family a while in the country, he shall be able to gather money. Here we broke off, and I bid him good night, and so, with much ado, the streets being, at nine o'clock at night, crammed with people going home to the city, for all the borders of the river had been full of people, as the King had come, to a miracle, got to the Palace Yard, and there took boat, and so to the Old Swan, and so walked home, and to bed very weary.

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[1] A Moorish usurper, who had put himself at the head of an army for the purpose of attacking Tangier.

[2] John Hales of Eton.

24th. (Lord's day.) To church, where I all alone, and found Will Griffin and Thomas Hewett got into a pew next to our backs, where our mayds sit, but when I come, they went out, so forward some people are to outrun themselves. Here we had a lazy, dull sermon. My brother Tom come to me, talking about his late journey and his mistress; and, for what he tells me, it is like to do well. To church again, where Mr. Mills making a sermon upon confession, he did endeavour to pull down auricular confession, but did set it up, by his bad arguments against it, and advising people to come to him to confess their sins, when they had any weight upon their consciences, as much as is possible, which did vex me to hear. Walked to my uncle Wright's: here I staid supper, and much company there was; among others, Dr. Burnet,[1] Mr. Cole, the lawyer,

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[1] A physician, who died of the plague. See *postea*, August 25, 1665.

Mr. Rawlinson, and Mr. Sutton. Among other things, they tell me that there hath been a disturbance in a church in Friday Street; a great many young people knotting together and crying out "Porridge!"[1] often and seditiously in the Church, and they took the Common Prayer Book, they say, away; and, some say, did tear it; but it is a thing which appears to me very ominous. I pray God avert it.

27th. Dined with Sir W. Batten. Among other stories, he told us of the Mayor of Bristoll's reading a pass with the bottom upwards; and a barber that could not read, that flung a letter in the kennel, when one come to desire him to read the superscription, saying, "Do you think I stand here to read letters?" This day my hogshead of sherry I have sold to Sir W. Batten, and am glad of my money instead of my wine.

31st. (Lord's day.) News is brought me that Sir W. Pen is come. Made my monthly accounts, and find myself worth in money about £686 19*s.* 2½*d.*, for which God be praised. I now saving money, and my expenses being very little. My wife is still in the country: my house all in dirt; but my work in a good forwardness, and will be much to my mind at last. To Mr. Rawlinson's, and there supped with him. Our discourse of the discontents that are abroad, among and by reason of the Presbyters. Some were clapped up to-day, and strict watch is kept in the City by the train-bands, and abettors of a plot are taken. God preserve us! for all these things bode very ill.

September 1st. With Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen by coach to St. James's, this being the first day of our meeting there by the Duke's order; but when we come, we found him going out by coach with his Duchess, and he told us he was to go abroad with the Queen to-day, to Durdans, it seems, to dine with my Lord Barkeley [of Barkeley],[2] where I have been very merry when I was a little boy; so we went and staid a little at Mr. Coventry's chamber, and I to my Lord Sandwich's, who is gone to wait upon the King and Queen to-day.

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[1] Porridge was the nickname given by the Dissenters to the Book of Common Prayer. In the *City Heiress*, Sir Anthony says to Sir Timothy, "You came to church too." Sir Timothy replies, "Ah! needs must when the devil drives. I go to save my bacon, as they say, once a month; and that, too, after the *porridge* is served up."—Quoted by Genest, in *Hist. of the Stage*, vol. i., p. 36. The meaning of this word is fully explained in a rare contemporary tract, called "A Vindication of the Book of Common Prayer against the contumelious slanders of the Fanatic Party, *terming* it *Porridge*." An extract from this pamphlet will be found in a note to Sir Walter Scott's *Woodstock*, vol. i., p. 22, ed. 1834.

[2] Lord Berkeley's seat, near Epsom.

3d. After dinner, we met and sold the Weymouth, Successe, and Fellowship hulkes, where pleasant to see how backward men are at first to bid; and yet, when the candle is going out, how they bawl, and dispute afterwards who bid the most first. And here I observed one man cunninger than the rest, that was sure to bid the last man, and to carry it; and, inquiring the reason, he told me that, just as the flame goes out, the smoke descends, which is a thing I never observed before, and by that he do know the instant when to bid last. Mr. Coventry told us how the Fanatiques and Presbyters, that did intend to rise about this time, did choose this day as the most auspicious to them in their endeavours against monarchy: it being fatal twice to the King, and the day of Oliver's death.[1] But, blessed be God! all is likely to be quiet, I hope. Dr. Fairbrother tells me, what I heard confirmed since, that it was fully resolved by the King's new Council that an Indulgence should be granted the Presbyters; but upon the Bishop of London's[2] speech (who is now one of the most powerful men in England with the King,) their minds were wholly turned. And it is said that my Lord Albemarle did oppose him most; but that I do believe is only an appearance. He told me also that most of the Presbyters now begin to wish they had complied, now they see that no Indulgence will be granted them, which they hoped for; and that the Bishop of London hath taken good care that places are supplied with very good and able men, which is the only thing that will keep all quiet.

4th. At noon to the Trinity House, where we treated, very dearly, I believe, the officers of the Ordnance; where was Sir W. Compton and the Lieutenant of the Tower. We had much and good musique, which was my best entertainment. Sir William Compton I heard talk, with great pleasure, of the difference between the fleet now and in Queen Elizabeth's days; where, in '88, she had but 36 sail, great and small, in the world; and ten rounds of powder was their allowance at that time against the Spaniard.[3] After Sir W. Compton, and Mr. Coventry, and some of the best of the rest were gone, I grew weary of staying with Sir Williams both, and the more for that my Lady Batten and her crew—at least half-a-score, come into the room, and I believe we shall pay size for it; but 'tis very pleasant to see her in her haire under her hood, and how by little and little she would fain be a gallant; but, Lord! the company she keeps about her are like herself, that she may be known by them what she is.

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[1] Cromwell had considered the 3rd of September as the most fortunate day of his life, on account of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester. It was also remarkable for the great storm that occurred at the time of his death; and as being the day on which the Fire of London, in 1666, burnt with the greatest fury.

[2] Gilbert Sheldon.

[3] See Bruce's Reports, in 1798, on the measures adopted against the invasion of England in 1588, printed for the use of the Privy Council.

5th. By water to Woolwich; in my way saw the yacht lately built by our Virtuosoes (my Lord Brouncker and others, with the help of Commissioner Pett also,) set out from Greenwich with the little Dutch bezan, to try for mastery; and before they go to Woolwich, the Dutch beat them half-a-mile; and I hear this afternoon, that, in coming home, it got above three miles; which all our people are glad of. To Mr. Bland's, the merchant, by invitation; where I found all the officers of the Customs, very grave fine gentlemen, and I am very glad to know them; viz.—Sir Job Harvy, Sir John Wolstenholme,[1] Sir John Jacob,[2] Sir Nicholas Crisp, Sir John Harrison,[3] and Sir John Shaw:[4] very good company. And among other discourse, some was of Sir Jerome Bowes, Embassador from Queen Elizabeth to the Emperor of Russia;[5] who, because some of the noblemen there would go up-stairs to the Emperor before him, he would not go up till the Emperor had ordered those two men to be dragged down-stairs, with their heads knocking upon every stair till they were killed. And when he was come up, they demanded his sword of him before he entered the room. He told them, if they would have his sword, they should have his boots too. And so caused his boots to be pulled off, and his night-gown and night-cap and slippers to be sent for; and made the Emperor stay till he could go in his night-dress, since he might not go as a soldier.

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[1] Sir John Wolstenholme; created a Baronet, 1664. An intimate friend of Lord Clarendon's; and collector outward for the Port of London. Ob. 1679.

[2] Sir John Jacob, of Bromley, Middlesex; created a Baronet, 1664, for his loyalty and zeal for the Royal Family. His third wife was a daughter of Sir John Ashburnham. Ob. 1665-6.

[3] Of Balls, Herts.

[4] Sir John Shaw, a Farmer of the Customs, was created a Baronet in 1665, for his services in lending the King large sums of money during his exile. Ob. 1679-80.

[5] In 1583: the object of his mission being to persuade the Muscovite (Ivan IV. *The Terrible*) to a peace with John, King of Sweden. He was also employed to confirm the trade of the English with Russia, and, having incurred some personal danger, was received with favour on his return by the Queen. He died in 1616. There is a portrait of him in Lord Suffolk's Gallery at Charlton.

And lastly, when the Emperor in contempt, to show his command of his subjects, did command one to leap from the window down, and broke his neck in the sight of our Embassador, he replied that his mistress did set more by, and did make better use of the necks of her subjects: but said that, to show what her subjects would do for her, he would, and did, fling down his gantlett before the Emperor; and challenged all the nobility there to take it up, in defence of the Emperor against his Queen: for which, at this very day, the name of Sir Jerome Bowes is famous and honoured there. I this day heard that Mr. Martin Noel[1] is knighted by the King, which I much wonder at; but yet he is certainly a very useful man.

6th. To the Trinity House, where we had at dinner a couple of venison pasties, of which I eat but little, being almost cloyed, having been at five pasties in three days.

7th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall Chapell, where I heard a good sermon of the Deane of Ely's,[2] upon returning to the old ways. Home with Mr. Fox and his lady; and there dined with them, where much company come to them. Most of our discourse was what ministers are flung out that will not conform: and the care of the Bishop of London that we are here supplied with very good men. Meeting Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, he took me into Somersett House; and there carried me into the Queen-Mother's presence-chamber, where she was, with our Queen sitting on her left hand, whom I never did see before; and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts,[3] the King's bastard, a most pretty sparke of about fifteen years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my

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[1] The Council of State sitting at White Hall, says Lilly, (*Life*, p. 124;) had no knowledge of what was passing out of doors, until *Sir Martin Noel*, a discreet citizen, came about nine at night, and informed them thereof. From this notice, Noel has been considered as the original of the messenger who brings the news of the burning of the Rumps, so admirably related in *Hudibras*, Part iii., Canto 11, l. 1497. We know nothing further about Sir Martin, except that he was a scrivener, and that Pepys records his death of the plague, in 1665. His son, of the same name, was knighted in November, 1665.

[2] Francis Wilford, D.D., Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, made Dean of Ely, 20th May, 1662. He died in July, 1667, being then Vice-Chancellor, and was buried in the chapel of his college.

[3] James, son of Charles II., by Lucy Waters, of Haverfordwest, who bore the name of Crofts till he was created Duke of Monmouth in 1662, previously to his marriage with Lady Anne Scot, daughter to Francis, Earl of Buccleuch; from which match the present Duke of Buccleuch descends.

Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queens both are mighty kind to him. By and by in comes the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchess; so that, they being all together, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dark, and then went away; the King and his Queen, and my Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts, in one coach, and the rest in other coaches. Here were great store of great ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queen were very merry; and he would have made the Queen-Mother believe that his Queen was with child, and said that she said so. And the young Queen answered, "You lye;" which was the first English word that I ever heard her say: which made the King good sport; and he would have made her say in English, "Confess and be hanged."

8th. With Mr. Coventry to the Duke; who, after he was out of his bed, did send for us in; and, when he was quite ready, took us into his closet, and there told us that he do intend to renew the old custom for the Admirals to have their principal officers to meet them once a-week, to give them an account what they have done that week; which I am glad of: and so the rest did tell his Royal Highness that I could do it best for the time past. And so I produced my short notes, and did give him an account of all that we have of late done; and proposed to him several things for his commands, which he did give us, and so dismissed us.

10th. Up, and to my house, and there contrived a way how Sir John Minnes shall come into the leads, and yet I save part of the closet I hoped for, which, if it will not please him, I am a madman to be troubled at it.

12th. This day, by letters from my father, I hear that Captain Ferrers, who is with my Lord in the country, was at Brampton, with Mr. Creed, to see him: a day or two ago, being provoked to strike one of my Lord's footmen, the footman drew his sword, and hath almost cut the fingers of one of his hands off; which I am very sorry for: but this is the vanity of being apt to command and strike.

14th. (Lord's day.) By water to White Hall, by the way, hearing that the Bishop of London had given a very strict order against boats going on Sundays, and as I come back again, we were examined by the masters of the company, in another boat, but I told them who I was. To White Hall chapel, where sermon almost done, and I heard Captain Cooke's new musique. This the first day of having vialls and other instruments to play a symphony between every verse of the anthems; but the musique more full than it was the last Sunday, and very fine it is. But yet I could discern Captain Cooke to overdo his part at singing, which I never did before. Thence up into the Queen's presence, and there saw the Queen again as I did last Sunday, and some fine ladies with her; but, by my troth, not many. Thence to Sir G. Carteret's, and find him to have sprained his foot, and is lame, but yet hath been at chappell, and my Lady much troubled for one of her daughters that is sick. I dined with them, and a very pretty lady, their kinswoman, with them. My joy is, that I do think I have good hold on Sir George and Mr. Coventry.

15th. By water with Sir William Pen to White Hall; and, with much ado, was fain to walk over the piles through the bridge, while Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes were aground against the bridge, and could not in a great while get through. At White Hall we hear that the Duke of York is gone a-hunting to-day; and so we returned: they going to the Duke of Albemarle's, where I left them, after I had observed a very good picture or two there.

16th. My wife writes me from the country, that she is not pleased there with my father, nor mother, nor any of her servants, and that my boy is turned a very rogue. I have £30 to pay to the cavaliers: then a doubt about my being forced to eave all my business here, when I am called to the court at Brampton; and, lastly, my law businesses, which vex me to my heart what I shall be able to do next terme, which is near at hand.

18th. At noon, Sir G. Carteret, Mr. Coventry, and I by nvitation to dinner to Sheriff Meynell's,[1] the great moneyman; he, and Alderman Backewell, and much noble and brave company, with the privilege of their rare discourse, which is great content to me above all other things in the world; and after a great dinner and much discourse, we took leave. Among other discourses, speaking concerning the great charity used in Catholique countrys Mr. Ashburnham did tell us, that this last year, there being great want of corne in Paris, and so a collection made for the poor, there was two pearles brought in, nobody knew from whom, till the Queen, seeing them, knew whose they were, but did not discover it, which were sold for 200,000 crownes.

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[1] Alderman Francis Meynell was a goldsmith and banker in London, and then one of the Sheriffs. He was the third son of Godfrey Meynell, of Willington, in Derbyshire, and died in 1666; his father was buried at Langley, in that county, where their descendants still possess property. Hugo Charles Ingram Meynell, of Hoare Cross, Staffordshire, and Temple Newsome, near Leeds, is the present representative of the family. Sir W. Dugdale, in his *Diary*, mentions his having defaced the achievements which had been hung up at Bradley, in Derbyshire, where the Alderman was interred; not, as it would seem, from any doubt as to that gentleman being entitled to bear arms, but because a London painter had been mployed to blazon the shield, who had not obtained the sanction of the Heralds' Office, and thereby excited their jealousy, at a moment when their occupation was on the decline.

19th. To Deptford and Woolwich yard. At night, after I had eaten a cold pullet, I walked by brave moonshine, with three or four armed, to guard me, to Redriffe—it being a joy to my heart to think of the condition that I was now in, that people should of themselves provide this for me, unspoke to. I hear this walk is dangerous to walk by night, and much robbery committed here.

20th. To-night my barber sent me his man to trim me, who did live in King's Streete in Westminster lately, and tells me that three or four that I knew in that streete, tradesmen, are lately fallen mad, and some of them dead, and the others continue mad. They live all within a door or two one of another.

21st. (Lord's day.) To the Parke. The Queen coming by in her coach, going to her chapel at St. James's, the first time it hath been ready for her, I crowded after her, and I got up to the room where her closet is; and there stood and saw the fine altar, ornaments, and the fryers in their habits, and the priests come in with their fine crosses and many other fine things. I heard their musique too; which may be good, but it did not appear so to me, neither as to their manner of singing, nor was it good concord to my ears, whatever the matter was. The Queen very devout: but what pleased me best was to see my dear Lady Castlemaine, who, though a Protestant, did wait upon the Queen to chapel. By and by, after masse was done, a fryer with his cowl did rise up and preach a sermon in Portuguese; which I not understanding, did go away, and to the King's chapel, but that was done; and so up to the Queen's presence-chamber, where she and the King was expected to dine: but she, staying at St. James's, they were forced to remove the things to the King's presence [chamber]; and there he dined alone, and I with Mr. Fox very finely; but I see I must not make too much of that liberty, for my honour sake only—not but that I am very well received.

22d. Up betimes, hastening to get things ready against my wife's coming. Walked to Greatorex's, and have bespoke a weather-glasse of him. Thence to my Lord Crewe's, and dined with the servants, he having dined; and so, after dinner, up to him, and sat an hour talking with him of publique, and my Lord's private businesses, with much content.

23d. Sir G. Carteret told me how in most cabaretts in France they have writ upon the walls in fair letters to be read, "Dieu te regarde," as a good lesson to be in every man's mind, and have also in Holland their poor's box; in both which places at the making all contracts and bargains they give so much, which they call God's penny.[1]

24th. To my Lord Crewe's, and there dined alone with him; and, among other things, he do advise me by all means to keep my Lord Sandwich from proceeding too far in the business of Tangier. First, for that he is confident the King will not be able to find money for the building the Mole; and next, for that it is to be done, as we propose it, by the reducing of the garrison; and then, either my Lord must oppose the Duke of York, who will have the Irish regiment under the command of Fitzgerald continued, or else my Lord Peterborough, who is concerned to have the English continued; but he, it seems, is gone back again merely upon my Lord Sandwich's encouragement. Thence to Mr. Wotton, the shoemaker's, and there bought a pair of boots—cost me 30*s.*; and he told me how Bird[2] hath lately broke his leg, while he was dancing in "Aglaura"[3] upon the stage; and that the new theatre of all will be ready against terme. I hear that I have the name of good-natured man among the poor people that come to the office.

25th. I did hear how the woman, formerly nurse to Mrs. Lemon, (Sir W. Batten's daughter) her child was torn to pieces by two dogs at Walthamstow this week, and is dead, which is very strange.

27th. My wife's chamber put into a good readiness against her coming, which she did at night; for Will did, by my leave, go to meet her upon the road, and at night did bring me word she was come to my brother's, by my order. So I went thither to her. Being come, I found her, and her maid, and her dog very well, and herself grown a little fatter than she was. And I perceive she likes Brampton House and seat better than ever I did myself, and tells me how my Lord hath drawn a plot of some alterations to be made there, and hath brought it up, which I saw, and like well. I perceive my Lord and Lady have been very kind to her.

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[1] Pepys himself gives an account of this custom. See May 18, 1660, *ante*.

[2] Should be Nicholas Burt, the actor.

[3] A tragi-comedy, by Sir John Suckling.

28th. (Lord's day.) To the French Church at the Savoy, and there they have the Common Prayer Book read in French, and, which I never saw before, the minister do preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our Church.

29th. (Michaelmas day.) This day my oaths for drinking of wine and going to plays are out; and so I do resolve to take a liberty to-day, and then to fall to them again. To Mr. Coventry's, and so with him and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke, where the King come also, and staid till the Duke was ready. It being Collar-day, we had no time to talk with him about any business. To the King's Theatre, where we saw "Midsummer's Night's Dream," which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. Home, where I find Mr. Deane, of Woolwich, hath sent me the modell he had promised me; but it so far exceeds my expectation, that I am sorry almost he should make such a present to no greater a person, but I am exceedingly glad of it, and shall study to do him a courtesy for it.

30th. To the Duke's play-house, where we saw "The Duchess of Malfy"[1] well performed, but Betterton and Ianthe [Mrs. Betterton] to admiration. Strange to see how easily my mind do revert to its former practice of loving plays and wine; but this night I have again bound myself to Christmas next. I have also made up this evening my monthly ballance, and find that, notwithstanding the loss of £30 to be paid to the loyall and necessitous cavaliers by act of Parliament, yet I am worth about £680, for which the Lord God be praised. My condition at present is this:—I have long been building, and my house, to my great content, is now almost done. My Lord Sandwich has lately been in the country, and very civil to my wife, and hath himself spent some pains in drawing a plot of some alterations in our house there, which I shall follow as I get money. As for the office, my late industry hath been such, as I am become as high in reputation as any man there, and good hold I have of Mr. Coventry and Sir G. Carteret, which I am resolved, and it is necessary for me, to maintain, by all fair means. Things are all quiet. The late outing of the Presbyterian clergy, by their not renouncing the Covenant as the Act of Parliament commands, is the greatest piece of state now in discourse. But, for ought I see, they are gone out very peaceably, and the people not so much concerned therein as was expected.

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[1] A tragedy, by John Webster.

October 2d. At night, hearing that there was a play at the Cockpit, and my Lord Sandwich, who come to town last night, at it, I do go thither, and by very great fortune did follow four or five gentlemen who were carried to a little private door in a wall, and so crept through a narrow place, and come into one of the boxes next the King's, but so as I could not see the King or Queen, but many of the fine ladies, who yet are not really so handsome generally as I used to take them to be, but that they are finely dressed. Then we saw "The Cardinall,"[1] a tragedy I had never seen before, nor is there any great matter in it. The company that come in with me into the box were all Frenchmen, that could speak no English; but, Lord! what sport they made to ask a pretty lady that they got among them, that understood both French and English, to make her tell them what the actors said.

4th. Examining the particulars of the miscarriage of the Satisfaction, sunk the other day on the Dutch coast, through the negligence of the pilott.

5th. (Lord's day.) I to church; and this day the parson has got one to read with a surplice on. I suppose himself will take it up hereafter, for a cunning fellow he is as any of his coate.

6th. To White Hall with Mr. Coventry, and so to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings; but my Lord not within, being at a ball this night with the King at my Lady Castlemaine's, at next door.

7th. To my Lord's, and there I left money for Captain Ferrers to buy me two bands.

8th. To my Lord Sandwich's, and among other things, to my extraordinary joy, he did tell me how much I was beholding to the Duke of York, who did yesterday of his own accord tell him that he did thank him for one person brought into the Navy, naming myself, and much more to my commendation, which is the greatest comfort and encouragement that ever I had in my life, and do owe it all to Mr. Coventry's goodness and ingenuity. At night by coach to my Lord's again, but he is at Whitehall with the King, before whom the puppet plays I saw this summer, in Covent-garden, are acted this night. My scallop,[2] bought and got made by Captain Ferrers' lady, is sent, and I brought it home—a very neat one. It cost me about £3, and £3 more I have given him to buy me another.

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[1] A tragi-comedy, by James Shirley.

[2] A lace band, the edges of which were indented with segments of circles, so as to resemble a scallop-shell

9th. Up early to get me ready for my journey. To the office; and I bid them adieu for a week, having the Duke's leave got me by Mr. Coventry, to whom I did give thanks for my news yesterday of the Duke's words to my Lord Sandwich concerning me, which he took well; and do tell me so freely his love and value of me, that my mind is now in as great a state of quiet, as to my interest in the office, as I could ever wish to be. Between one and two o'clock got on horseback at our back gate, with my man Will with me, both well mounted on two grey horses. We got to Ware before night; and so I resolved to ride on to Puckeridge, which we did, though the way was bad, and the evening dark before we got thither, by help of company riding before us; among others, a gentleman that took up at the same inn, his name Mr. Brian, with whom I supped, and was very good company, and a scholar. He tells me, that it is believed the Queen is with child, for that the coaches are ordered to ride very easily through the streets.

10th. Up, and between eight and nine mounted again; but my feet so swelled with yesterday's pain, that I could not get on my boots, which vexed me to the blood, but was forced to pay 4*s*. for a pair of old shoes of my landlord's, and so rid in shoes to Cambridge; the way so good that I got very well thither, and set up at the Beare: and there my cosen Angier come to me, and I must needs to his house; and there found Dr. Fairbrother, with a good dinner. But, above all, he telling me that this day there is a Congregation for the choice of some officers in the University, he after dinner gets me a gowne, cap, and hoode, and carries me to the Schooles, where Mr. Pepper, my brother's tutor, and this day chosen Proctor, did appoint a M.A. to lead me into the Regent House, where I sat with them, and did vote by subscribing papers thus: "Ego Samuel Pepys eligo Magistrum Bernardum Skelton,"[1] and, which was more strange, my old schoolfellow and acquaintance, and who afterwards did take notice of me, and we spoke together, "alterum è taxatoribus hujus Academiæ in annum sequentem." The like I did for one Briggs, for the other Taxor, and for other officers, as the Vice-Proctor, (Mr. Covell) for Mr. Pepper, and which was the gentleman that did carry me into the Regent House. This being done, I did with much content return to my cozen Angier's. Thence to Trinity Hall with Dr. John

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[1] Afterwards agent in Holland for James II., who made use of him to inveigle over to England the Duke of Monmouth.

Pepys, who tells me that [his] brother Roger has gone out of town to keep a Court; and so I was forced to go to Impington, to take such advice as my old uncle and his son Claxton could give me. By and by after supper comes in, unlooked for, my cozen Roger, with whom I discoursed largely, and he tells me plainly that it is my best way to study a composition with my uncle Thomas, for that law will not help us, and that it is but a folly to flatter ourselves.

11th. Up betimes, and after a little breakfast, and a very poor one, like our supper, and such as I cannot feed on, because of my she-cozen Claxton's gouty hands; and after Roger had carried me up and down his house and orchards, to show me them, I mounted, and rode to Huntingdon, and so to Brampton, where I found my father and two brothers, my mother and sister. I walked up and down the house and garden, and find my father's alteracions very handsome. Rid to Hinchingbroke, (Will with me) and there to my Lady's chamber and saw her, but staid not long.

12th. (Lord's day.) Made myself fine with Captain Ferrers's lace band, being loth to wear my own new scallop, it is so fine; and after the barber had done with us, to church, where I saw most of the gentry of the parish; among others, Mrs. Hanbury, a proper lady, and Mr. Bernard and his Lady, with her father, my late Lord St. John,[1] who looks now like a very plain, grave man. Mr. Wells[2] preached a pretty good sermon, and they say he is pretty well in his wits again.

13th. Up to Hinchingbroke, and there, with Mr. Sheply, did look all over the house, and I do, I confess, like well of the alterations, and do like the staircase; but there being nothing done to make the outside more regular and moderner, I am not satisfied with it, but do think it to be too much to be laid out upon it. Thence he to St. Ives Market, and I to Sir Robert Bernard's for council, having a letter from my Lord Sandwich to that end. He do promise to put off my uncle's admittance, if he can fairly. With my father took a melancholy walk to Portholme, seeing the country-maids milking their cowes there, they being there now at grasse, and to see with what mirth they come all home together in pomp with their milk, and sometimes they have musique go before them. So back home again.

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[1] Oliver St. John, one of Cromwell's Lords, and Chief Justice; and therefore, after the Restoration, properly called "My *late* Lord." His third daughter, Elizabeth, by his second wife, daughter of Henry Cromwell, of Upwood, uncle to the Protector, married John Bernard, who became a baronet on the death of his father, Sir Robert, and was M.P. for Huntingdon. Ob. 1689. There is a monument to his memory in Brampton Church, Huntingdon.

[2] The Rev. Jeremiah Wells, Curate of All Hallows, Barking, in 1676. He had, in 1670, been a Candidate for the Lectureship of St. Catherine Coleman. Pepys afterwards procured him a naval chaplaincy. Rawlinson, A 174, &c.

14th. Up, about nine o'clock, to the court at the Lordshipp, where the jury was called; and, there being vacancies, they would have my father, in respect to him, [to] have been one of the Homage, but he thought fit to refuse it, he not knowing enough the customs of the town. They being sworne, and the charge given them, they fell to our business, finding the heire-at-law to be my uncle Thomas: but Sir Robert [Bernard] did tell them that he had seen how the estate was devised to my father by my uncle's will, according to the custom of the Manour, which they would have denied, first, that it was not according to the custom of the Manour, proposing some difficulties about the half acre of land which is given to the heire-at-law according to custome, which did put me into great fear, lest it might not [have] become my uncle's possession at his death. But the steward, as he promised me, did find pretensions very kindly and readily to put off their admittance, by which I find they are much defeated, and if ever, I hope, will now listen to a treaty and agreement with us, at our meeting at London: so they took their leaves of the steward and Court, and went away. My father and I home with great content to dinner; my mind now as full against the afternoon business, which we sat upon after dinner at the court. To the Court, and did sue out a recovery, and cut off the intayle; and my brothers there, to join therein. And my father and I admitted to all the lands; he for life, and I for myself and heirs in reversion. I did with most compleat joy of mind go from the Court with my father home, and in a quarter of an houre did get on horseback, with my brother Tom, Cooke, and Will, all mounted, and, without eating, or drinking, take leave of my father, mother, Pall, to whom I did give 10*s*., but have shown no kind of kindness since I come, for I find her so very ill-natured, that I cannot love her, and she so cruel an hypocrite, that she can cry when she please, and John and I away, calling in at Hinchingbroke, and taking leave in three words of my Lady, and the young ladies; and so by moonlight to Cambridge, whither we come at about nine o'clock, and took up at the Beare.

15th. Waked very early; and when it was time, did call up

Will, and we rose, and musique (with a bandore for the base) did give me a levett;[1] and so we got ready; and while breakefast was providing, showed Mr. Cooke King's College Chapel, Trinity College, and St. John's College Library; and that being done, to our inn again; where I met Dr. Fairbrother. He told us how the room we were in was the room where Cromwell and his associated officers did begin to plot and act their mischiefs in these counties. Took leave of all, and begun our journey about nine o'clock, the roads being every where but bad; but, finding our horses in good case, we even made shift to reach London, though both of us very weary. Found all things well, there happening nothing, since our going to my discontent, in the least degree; which do also please me, that I cannot but bless God for my journey, observing a whole course of successe from the beginning to the end of it.

16th. I rose in good temper, finding a good chimney-piece made in my upper dining-room chamber, and the dining-room wainscoate in a good forwardness. I hear Mr. Moore is in a fair way of recovery, and Sir H. Bennet[2] is made Secretary of State in Sir Edward Nicholas's stead; not known whether by consent or not.

17th. To Creed's chamber, and there sat a good while, and drank chocolate. Here I am told how things go at Court: that the young men get uppermost, and the old serious lords are out of favour; that Sir H. Bennet being brought into Sir Edward Nicholas's place, Sir Charles Barkeley[3] is made Privy Purse; a most vicious person, and one whom Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, did tell me that he offered his wife £300 per annum to be his mistress. He also told me, that none in Court hath more the King's eare now than Sir Charles Barkeley, and Sir H. Bennet and my Lady Castlemaine, whose interest is now as great as ever; and that Mrs. Haselrigge, the great beauty, is now brought to bed, and lays it to the King or the Duke of York.[4] He tells me, also, that my Lord St. Albans is like to be Lord Treasurer: all which things do trouble me much.

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[1] A blast of trumpets, intended as a *réveiller.*

[2] Created Baron of Arlington, 1663, and Viscount Thetford and Earl of Arlington, 1672; he was also K.G., and Chamberlain to the King. Ob. 1685. His daughter and sole heir married the first Duke of Grafton.

[3] Created Lord Berkeley of Rathdown, and Viscount Fitzharding (Irish honours) soon afterwards, and, in 1664, Baron Bottetourt, and Earl of Falmouth, in England. He was the second son of Sir Charles Berkeley, of Bruton.

[4] The child was owned by neither of the royal brothers.

19th. (Lord's day.) Put on my first new lace-band; and so neat it is, that I am resolved my great expence shall be lace-bands, and it will set off any thing else the more. To see Mr. Moore, who recovers well; and his doctor coming to him—one Dr. Merritt [1]—we had some of his very good discourse of anatomy and other things, very pleasant. I am sorry to hear that the news of the selling of Dunkirke is taken so generally ill, as I find it is among the merchants; and other things, as removal of officers at Court, good for worse; and all things else made much worse in their report among people than they are. And this night, I know not upon what ground, the gates of the City ordered to be all shut, and double guards every where. Indeed, I do find every body's spirit very full of trouble; and the things of the Court and Council very ill taken; so as to be apt to appear in bad colours, if there should ever be a beginning of trouble, which God forbid!

20th. In Sir J. Minnes's coach, with him and Sir W. Batten, to White Hall, where now the Duke is come again to lodge: and to Mr. Coventry's little new chamber there. And by and by up to the Duke, who was making himself ready; and there young Killigrew did so commend "The Villaine," [2] a new play made by Tom Porter, and acted only on Saturday at the Duke's house, as if there never had been any such play come upon the stage. The same yesterday was told me by Captain Ferrers; and this morning afterwards by Dr. Clarke, who saw it. After I had done with the Duke, with Commissioner Pett to Mr. Lilly's, the great painter, who come forth to us; but, believing that I had come to bespeak a picture, he prevented it by telling us, that he should not be at leisure these three weeks; which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner; and here, among other pictures, saw the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture; and one that I must have a copy of. From thence I took my wife by coach to the Duke's house, and there was the house full of company; but whether it was in over-expecting, or what, I know not; but I was never less pleased with a play in my life. Though there was good singing and dancing, yet no fancy in the play. Dunkirke, I am confirmed, is absolutely sold; for which I am very sorry.

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[1] Christopher Merritt, M.D., a native of Gloucestershire, author of several works on medicine and natural history. Ob. 1695.

[2] A Tragedy, by T. Porter. "The Villain, a tragedy which I have seen acted at the Duke's Theatre with great applause: the part of Malignii being incomparably played by Mr. Sandford."—*Langbaine*, p. 407. "This person, [Sandford] acted strongly with his face; and, as King Charles said, was the best villain in the world."—*Tony Aston*, p. 11.

21st. By water with Mr. Smith to Mr. Lechmore,[1] the Councellor at the Temple, about Field's business; and he tells me plainly that, there being a verdict against me, there is no help for it, but it must proceed to judgement. It is £30 damage to me for my joining with others in committing Field to prison, as being not Justices of the Peace in the City, though in Middlesex; which troubled me, and I hope the King will make it good to us. To Mr. Smith, the scrivener, upon Ludgate-hill, to whom Mrs. Butler do committ her business concerning her daughter and my brother. She tells me, her daughter's portion is but £400, at which I am more troubled than before; and they find fault that his house is too little.

22d. To my Lord Sandwich's, who receives me now more and more kindly, now he sees that I am respected in the world; and is my most noble patron. To Mr. Smith's, where I met Mrs. Butler, with whom I plainly discoursed, and she with me. I find she will give but £400, and no more, and is not willing to do that, without a joynture, which she expects, and I will not grant for the portion. I find her a very discreet, sober woman, and her daughter, I understand and believe, is a good lady; and if portions did agree, though she finds fault with Tom's house, and his bad imperfection in his speech, I believe we should agree in other matters. Home. Benier, being acquainted with all the players, do tell me that Betterton is not married to Ianthe, as they say; but, also, that he is a very sober, serious man, and studious, and humble, following of his studies, and is rich already, with what he gets and saves. This night was buried, as I hear by the bells, at Barking Church, my poor Morena,[2] whose sickness being desperate, did kill her poor father; and he being dead for sorrow, she could not recover, nor desired to live, but from that time do languish more and more, and so is now dead and buried.

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[1] Nicholas Lechmere, knighted and made a Baron of the Exchequer, 1689. Ob. 1701.

[2] The only burial recorded in the Parish Register of All Hallows, Barking, as having taken place on the 22nd October, 1662, is that of Elizabeth, daughter of John Dickens; and the circumstance of her father's interment being entered in the same book, just a week before, leaves no question that she was the person alluded to. The word being doubtful in the MS., Morena is here substituted for Morna, which has no intelligible signification, at the suggestion of Mr. J. S. Warden; see *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii., p. 118. Morena, he tells us, is good Portuguese for a Brunette; and it was probably adopted by Pepys to indicate that Miss Dickens had a dark complexion. It is further possible that the same expression was applied to Catherine of Braganza, who, as is well known, was a beauty of a similar description, and the courtiers might naturally

24th. Dined with my wife upon a most excellent dish of tripes of my own directing, covered with mustard, as I have heretofore see them done at my Lord Crewe's, of which I made a very great meal, and sent for a glass of wine for myself. Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, tells me how ill things go at Court: that the King do show no countenance to any that belong to the Queen; nor, above all, to such English as she brought over with her, or hath here since, for fear they should tell her how he carries himself to Lady Castlemaine; insomuch, that though he has a promise, and is sure of being made her chyrurgeon, he is at a loss what to do in it, whether to take it or no, since the King's mind is so altered and favor to all her dependents, whom she is fain to let go back into Portugall, though she brought them from their friends against their wills, with promise of preferment, without doing any thing for them. That her own physician did tell him within these three days that the Queen do know how the King orders things, and how he carries himself to my Lady Castlemaine and others, as well as any body; but though she hath spirit enough, yet seeing that she do no good by taking notice of it, for the present she forbears it in policy; of which I am very glad. But I do pray God keep us in peace: for this, with other things, do give great discontent to all people.

26th. (Lord's day.) Put on my new scallop, which is very fine. To church, and there saw the first time Mr. Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his eares in the reading-pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpitt, to preach without it. Home, and dined. Tom takes his disappointment of his mistress to heart; but all will be well again in a little time. Then to Church again, and heard a simple Scot preach most tediously. All this day soldiers going up and down the town, there being an alarme, and many Quakers and others clapped up; but, I believe, without any reason: only they say in Dorsetshire there hath been some rising discovered. After supper, making up

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wish to pay Her Majesty a compliment in the language of her own country.

Oct. 6, 1661, Pepys writes as follows: "To church (St. Olave's); there was my pretty black girl, Mrs. Dekins." This passage clearly identifies poor Morena. Captain Dekins, mentioned in vol. i., page 234, was probably her father.

my monthly account to myself. I find myself, by my expense in bands and clothes this month, abated a little of my last, and that I am worth £679 still; for which God be praised.

27th. To my Lord Sandwich, who now-a-days calls me into his chamber, and alone did discourse with me about the jealousy that the Court have of people's rising; wherein he do much dislike my Lord Monk's being so eager against a company of poor wretches, dragging them up and down the street; but would have him rather take some of the greatest ringleaders of them, and punish them; whereas, this do but tell the world the King's fears and doubts. For Dunkirke, he wonders any wise people should be so troubled thereat, and scorns all their talk against it, for that he sees it was not Dunkirke, but the other places, that did and would annoy us, though we had that, as much as if we had it not. He also took notice of the new Ministers of State, Sir H. Bennet and Sir Charles Barkeley, their bringing in, and the high game that my Lady Castlemaine plays at Court. Afterwards he told me of poor Mr. Spong, that being with other people examined before the King and Council, (they being laid up as suspected persons; and it seems Spong is so far thought guilty as they intend to pitch upon him to put to the wracke or some other torture) he do take knowledge of my Lord Sandwich, and said that he was well known to Mr. Pepys. But my Lord knows, and I told him, that it was only in matter of musique and pipes, but that I thought him to be a very innocent fellow; and indeed I am very sorry for him. After my Lord and I had done in private, we went out, and with Captain Cuttance and Bunn did look over their draught of a bridge for Tangier, which will be brought by my desire to our office by them to-morrow. To Westminster Hall, and there walked along with Creed; and then to the great half-a-crowne ordinary, at the King's Head, near Charing Crosse, where we had a most excellent meat dinner and very high company, and in a noble manner. He showed me our commission, wherein the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Albemarle, Lord Peterborough, Lord Sandwich, Sir G. Carteret, Sir William Compton, Mr. Coventry, Sir R. Ford, Sir William Rider, Mr. Cholmley, Mr. Povy, myself, and Captain Cuttance, in this order are joyned for the carrying on the service of Tangier, which I take for a great honour to me. He told me what great faction there is at Court; and, above all, what is whispered, that young Crofts is lawful son to the King, the King being married to his mother.[1] How true this is, God knows; but I believe the Duke of York will not be fooled in this of three crowns. Thence to White Hall, and walked long in the gardens, till, as they are commanded to all strange persons, one come to tell us, we not being known, and being observed to walk there four or five houres, which was not true, unless they count my walking there in the morning, he was commanded to ask who we were; which being told, he excused his question, and was satisfied. These things speake great fear and jealousys. To the Exchange: among other things, observing one very pretty Exchange lass, with her face full of black patches, which was a strange sight. I met Mr. Mills, who tells me that he could get nothing out of the mayde hard by, that did poison herself, before she died, but that she did it because she did not like herself, nor anything she did a great while. It seems she was well-favoured enough, but crooked, and this is all she could be got to say, which is very strange.

29th. (Lord Mayor's day.[2]) Sir G. Carteret, who had been at the examining most of the late people that are clapped up, do say that he do not think that there hath been any great plotting among them, though they have a good will to it; and their condition is so poor, and silly, and low, that they do not fear them at all.

30th. To my Lord Sandwich, who was up in his chamber and all alone, and did acquaint me with his business: which was, that our old acquaintance, Mr. Wade, in Axe Yard, hath discovered to him £7000 hid in the Tower, of which he was to have two for discovery; my Lord himself two, and the King the other three, when it was found: and that the King's warrant runs for me on my Lord's part, and one Mr. Lee for Sir Harry Bennet, to demand leave of the Lieutenant of the Tower for to make search. After he had told me the whole business, I took leave: and at noon, comes Mr. Wade with my Lord's letter. So we consulted for me to go first to Sir H. Bennet, who is now with many of the Privy Counsellors at the Tower, examining of their late prisoners, to advise with him to begin. So I went; and the guard at the Tower Gate, making me leave my sword at the gate, I was forced to stay so long in the ale-house close by, till my boy run home for my cloak, that my Lord Mayor that now is, Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, with all his company, was gone with their coaches to his house in Minchen Lane. So my cloak being come, I walked thither: and there, by Sir G. Carteret's means, did presently speak with Sir H. Bennet, who did give me the King's warrant, for the paying of £2000 to my Lord, and other two to the discoverers. After a little discourse, dinner come in; and I dined with them. There was my Lord Mayor, my Lord Lauderdale, Mr. Secretary Morris, to whom Sir H. Bennet would give the upper hand; Sir William Compton, Sir G. Carteret, and myself, and some other company, and a brave dinner. After dinner, Sir H. Bennet did call aside the Lord Mayor and me, and did break the business to him, who did not, nor durst appear the least averse to it, but did promise all assistance forthwith to set upon it. So Mr. Lee and I to our office, and there walked, till Mr. Wade, and one Evett, his guide, did come, and W. Griffin, and a porter with his pick-axes, &c.: and so they walked along with us to the Tower, and Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Mayor did give us full power to fall to work. So our guide demands a candle, and down into the cellars he goes, enquiring whether they were the same that Barkstead[1] always had. He went into several little cellars, and then went out a-doors to view, and to the Cole Harbour;[2] but none did answer so well to the marks which was given him to find it by, as one arched vault, where, after a great deal of council whether to set upon it now, or delay for better and more full advice, to digging we went till almost eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing. But, however, our guides did not at all seem discouraged; for that they being confident that the money is there they look for, but having never been in the cellars, they could not be positive to the place, and therefore will inform themselves more fully, now they have been there, of the party that do advise them. So, locking the door after us, we left here to-night, and up to the Deputy-Governor, my Lord Mayor and Sir H. Bennet, with the rest of the company, being gone an hour before; and he do undertake to keep the key of the cellars, that none shall go down without his privity. But, Lord! to see what a young simple fantastick coxcombe is made Deputy-Governor, would make me mad; and how he called out for his night-gowne of silk, only to make a show to us: and yet for half an hour I did not think he was the Deputy-Governor, and so spoke not to him about the business, but waited for another man; but at last I broke our business to him; and he promising his care, we parted. And Mr. Lee and I by coach to White Hall, where I did give my Lord Sandwich a full account of our proceedings, and some encouragement to hope for something hereafter. This morning, walking with Mr. Coventry in the garden, he did tell me how Sir G. Carteret had carried the business of the Victuallers' money to be paid by himself, contrary to old practice; at which he is angry, I perceive, but I believe means no hurt, but that things may be done as they ought. He expects Sir George should not bespatter him privately, in revenge, but openly, against which he prepares to bedaube him, and swears he will do it from the beginning, from Jersey to this day. And as to his own taking of two large fees or rewards for places that he had sold, he will prove that he was directed to it by Sir George himself, among others. And yet he did not deny Sir G. Carteret his due, in saying that he is a man that do take the most pains, and gives himself the most to do business of any about the Court, without any desire of pleasure or divertisements; which is very true. But, which pleased me mightily, he said in these words, that he was resolved, whatever it cost him, to make an experiment, and see whether it was possible for a man to keep himself up in Court, by dealing plainly and walking uprightly: in the doing whereof, if his ground do slip from under him, he will be contented: but he is resolved to try, and never to baulke taking notice of any thing that is to the King's prejudice, let it fall where it will; which is a most brave resolution. He was very free with me; and, by my troth, I do see more reall worth in him than in most men that I do know. I would not forget two passages of Sir J. Minnes's at yesterday's dinner. The one, that to the question how it comes to pass that there are no boars seen in London, but many sowes and pigs; it was answered, that the constable gets them a-nights. The other, Thomas Killigrew's way of getting to see plays when he was a boy. He would go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys, "Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?" then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays.

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[1] Lucy Waters.

[2] Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, Mayor.

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[1] John Barkstead, one of the regicides, Lieutenant of the Tower under Cromwell.

[2] The meaning of this word, though applied to a great many localities, has never been satisfactorily explained.

31st. Thus ends this month: my head troubled with much business, but especially my fear of Sir J. Minnes claiming my bed-chamber of me, but I hope now that it is almost over, for I perceive he is fitting his house to go into it the next week. I thank God I have no crosses, but only much business to trouble my mind with. In all other things, as happy a man as any in the world, for the whole world seems to smile upon me, and if my house were done that I could diligently follow my business, I would not doubt to do God, and the King, and myself good service. And all I do impute almost wholly to my late temperance, since my making of my vowes against wine and plays, which keeps me most happily and contentfully to my business; which God continue! Public matters are full of discontent, what with the sale of Dunkirke, and my Lady Castlemaine, and her faction at Court; though I know not what they would have more than to debauch the King, whom God preserve from it! And then great plots are talked to be discovered, and all the prisons in town full of ordinary people, taken from their meeting-places last Sunday. But for certain some plots there hath been, though not brought to a head.

November 1st. With Mr. Creed to the Trinity House to a great dinner there, by invitation, and much company. It seems one Captain Evans makes his Elder Brother's dinner to-day. To my office, to meet Mr. Lee again, from Sir H. Bennet. And he and I, with Wade and his intelligencer and labourers, to the Tower cellars, to make one triall more; where we staid two or three hours, and dug a great deal all under the arches, as it was now most confidently directed, and so seriously, and upon pretended good grounds, that I myself did truly expect to speed; but we missed of all: and so we went away the second time like fools. And to our office; and I, by appointment, to the Dolphin Taverne, to meet Wade and the other, Captain Evett, who now do tell me plainly, that he that do put him upon this is one that had it from Barkestead's own mouth, and was advised with by him, just before the King's coming in, how to get it out, and had all the signs told him how and where it lay, and had always been the great confident of Barkestead, even to the trusting him with his life and all he had. So that he did much convince me that there is good ground for what he goes about. But I fear it may be that Barkstead did find some conveyance of it away, without the help of this man, before he died; but he is resolved to go to the party once more, and then to determine what we shall do further.

2d. Talking with my wife, in whom I never had greater content, blessed be God! than now—she continuing with the same care and thrift and innocence, so long as I keep her from occasions of being otherwise, as ever she was in her life, and keeps the house as well. To church, where Mr. Mills preached a very ordinary sermon.

3d. To White Hall, to the Duke's; but found him gone a-hunting. Thence to my Lord Sandwich, from whom I receive every day more and more signs of his confidence and esteem of me. Here I met with Pierce, the chyrurgeon, who tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is with child; but though it be the King's, yet her Lord being still in town, and sometimes seeing of her, though never to eat together or cohabit, it will be laid to him. He tells me also how the Duke of York is smitten in love with my Lady Chesterfield,[1] (a virtuous lady, daughter to my Lord of Ormond); and so much, that the Duchess of York hath complained to the King and her father about, and my Lady Chesterfield is gone into the country for it. At all which I am sorry; but it is the effect of idlenesse, and having nothing else to employ their great spirits upon. At night to my office, and did business; and there come to me Mr. Wade and Evett, who have been again with their prime intelligencer, a woman, I perceive: and though we have missed twice, yet they bring such an account of the probability of the truth of the thing, though we are not certain of the place, that we shall set upon it once more; and I am willing and hopefull in it. So we resolved to set upon it again on Wednesday morning; and the woman herself will be there in a disguise, and confirm us in the place.

4th. This morning, we had news by letters that Sir Richard Stayner is dead at sea in the Mary, which is now come into Portsmouth from Lisbon; which we are sorry for, he being a very stout seaman.

5th. My Lady Batten did send to speak with me, and told me very civilly that she did not desire, nor hoped I did, that anything should pass between us but what was civill, though there was not the neighbourliness between her and my wife that was fit to be, and so complained of my maid's mocking of her. When she called "Nan" to her maid within her own house, my maid Jane in the garden overheard her, and mocked her, and of my wife's speaking unhandsomely of her, to all which I did give her a very respectfull answer, such as did please her, and am sorry indeed that this should be, though I do not desire there should be any acquaintance between my wife and her. But I promised to avoid such words and passages for the future. At night I called up my maids, and schooled Jane, who did answer me so humbly and drolly about it, that, though I seemed angry, I was much pleased with her and [my] wife also.

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[1] Lady Elizabeth Butler, daughter of James Butler, first Duke of Ormond, wife of Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield. Ob. 1665. See *Mémoires de Grammont*.

7th. Being by appointment called upon by Mr. Lee, he and I to the Tower, to make our third attempt upon the cellar. And now privately the woman, Barkestead's great confident, is brought, who do positively say that this is the place where he did say the money was hid in, and where he and she did put up the £7,000 in butter-firkins; and the very day that he went out of England did say that neither he nor his would be the better for that money, and therefore wishing that she and hers might. And so left us, and we full of hope did resolve to dig all over the cellar, which by seven o'clock at night we performed. At noon we sent for a dinner, and upon the head of a barrel dined very merrily, and to work again. But at last we saw we were mistaken; and, after digging the cellar quite through, and removing the barrels from one side to the other, we were forced to pay our porters, and give over our expectations, though I do believe there must be money hid somewhere by him, or else he did delude this woman in hopes to oblige her to further serving him, which I am apt to believe. By coach to White Hall, and at my Lord's lodgings, hearing that Mrs. Sarah is married, I did joy her and kiss her, she owning of it; and it seems it is to a cooke. I am glad she is disposed of, for she grows old and is very painfull, and one I have reason to wish well for her old service to me.

9th. (Lord's day.) Walked to my brother's, where my wife is, calling at many churches, and then to the Temple, hearing a bit there too, and observing that in the streets and churches the Sunday is kept in appearance as well as I have known it at any time. After dinner to see Mr. Moore, who is pretty well, and he and I to St. Gregory's, where I escaped a great fall down the stairs of the gallery: so into a pew there, and heard Dr. Ball[1] make a very good sermon, though short of what I expected.

10th. A little to the office, and so with Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and myself by coach to White Hall, to the Duke, who, after he was ready, did take us into his closett. Thither come my Lord General Monk, and did privately talk with the Duke about having the life-guards pass through the city to-day only for show and to fright people, for I perceive there are great fears abroad; for all which I am troubled and full of doubt that things will not go well. He being gone, we fell to the business of the Navy. Among other things, how to pay off this fleet that is now come from Portugall; the King of Portugall sending them home, he having no more use for them, which we wonder at, that his condition should be so soon altered: and our landmen also are coming back, being almost starved in that poor country. To Westminster Hall, where full of terme, and here met my cozen Roger Pepys, who is all for a composition with my uncle Thomas. To my Lord Crewe's, and dined with him and his brother—I know not his name: where very good discourse: among others, of France's intention to make a patriarch of his own, independent from the Pope, by which he will he able to cope with the Spaniards in all councils, which hitherto he has never done. My Lord Crewe told us how he heard my Lord of Holland[1] say, that, being Embassador about the match with the Queen-Mother that now is, the King of France insisted upon a dispensation from the Pope, which my Lord Holland, making a question of, as he was commanded to yield to nothing to the prejudice of our religion, says the King of France,[2] "You need not fear that, for if the Pope will not dispense with the match, my Bishop of Paris shall." By and by come in the great Mr. Swinfen,[3] the Parliament-man, who among other discourse of the rise and fall of familys, told us of Bishop Bridgeman,[4] father of Sir Orlando, who lately hath bought a seat anciently of the Levers, and then the Ashtons[5]; and so he hath in his great hall window, having repaired and beautified the house, caused four great places to be left for coates of armes. In one he hath put the Levers, with this motto, "Olim." In another, the Ashtons, with this, "Heri." In the next, his own, with this, "Hodie." In the fourth, nothing but this motto, "Cras nescio cujus." Taking my wife up, carried her to Charing Crosse, and there showed her the Italian motion, much after the nature of what I showed her a while since in Covent Garden. Their puppets here are somewhat better, but their motions not at all. The town, I hear, is full of discontents, and all know of the King's new bastard by Mrs. Haslerigge,[1] and, as far as I can hear, will never be contented with Episcopacy, they are so cruelly set for Presbytery; and the Bishops carry them so high, that they are never likely to gain anything upon them.

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[1] Dr. Ball was then rector of St. Mary Woolchurch, and in 1665 Master of the Temple.

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[1] Henry Rich, second son of Robert, first Earl of Warwick. He had been created Lord Kensington before the embassy here alluded to, and was afterwards advanced to the Earldom of Holland, September 24th, 1624. He was beheaded by the Parliament in 1649.

[2] Louis XIII., in 1624.

[3] John Swinfen, M.P. for Tamworth.

[4] John Bridgeman, Bishop of Chester, ancestor of the present Earl of Bradford. Great Levers, the seat alluded to, must probably have been bought by Sir Orlando Bridgeman, or some other member of the family, not by the Bishop, as he died in 1652. Pepys seems to speak of a person then living. See *ante*, Oct. 10, 1660.

[5] Ashton Hall, in Lancashire.

12th. By my wife's appointment come two young ladies,[2] sisters, acquaintances of my wife's brother's, who are desirous to wait upon some ladies, and proffer their service to my wife. The youngest indeed hath a good voice, and sings very well, besides other good qualitys, but I fear hath been bred up with too great libertys for my family, and I fear greater inconveniences of expences, and my wife's liberty will follow, which I must study to avoid till I have a better purse; though, I confess, the gentlewoman, being pretty handsome and singing, makes me have a good mind to her. To the Dolphin Tavern, near home, by appointment, and there met with Wade and Evett, and have resolved to make a new attempt upon another discovery, in which God give us better fortune than in the other; but I have great confidence that there is no cheat in these people, but that they go upon good grounds, though they have been mistaken in the place from the first.

13th. To my office, and there this afternoon we had our first meeting upon our commission of inspecting the Chest:[3] Sir Francis Clarke,[4] Mr. Heath, Atturney of the Dutchy, Mr. Prinn, Sir W. Rider, Captain Cooke, and myself. Our first work was to read over the Institution, which is a decree in Chancery in the year 1617, upon an inquisition made at Rochester about that time into the revenues of the Chest, which had then, from the year 1588 or 1590, by the advice of the Lord High Admiral and principal officers then being, by consent of the seamen, been settled, paying sixpence per month, according to their wages then, which was then but 10*s*., which is now 24*s*.

17th. To the Duke's to-day, but he is gone a-hunting. After dinner, talking with my wife, and making Mrs. Gosnell sing; and then, there being no coach to be got, by water to White Hall; but Gosnell, not being willing to go through bridge, we were forced to land and take water again, and put her and her sister ashore at the Temple. I am mightily pleased with her humour and singing. At White Hall by appointment; Mr. Creed carried my wife and I to the Cockpitt, and we had excellent places, and saw the King, Queen, Duke of Monmouth, his son, and my Lady Castlemaine, and all the fine ladies; and "The Scornfull Lady" well performed. They had done by eleven o'clock; and, it being fine moonshine, we took coach and home, but could wake nobody at my house, and so were fain to have my boy get through one of the windows, and so opened the door, and called up the maids, and went to supper.

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[1] See 17th October, 1662, *ante*.

[2] The two Gosnells.

[3] The Chest at Chatham was originally planned by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins in 1588, after the defeat of the Armada; the seamen voluntarily agreed to have "defalked" out their wages certain sums to form a fund for relief. The property became considerable, as well as the abuses, and in 1802 the Chest was removed to Greenwich. In 1817, the stock amounted to £300,000 Consols.—*Hist. of Rochester*, p. 346. See also *Diary*, June 2nd, 1662.

[4] M.P. for Rochester, and knighted there by Charles II., May 28th, 1660.

18th. Late at my office, drawing up a letter to my Lord Treasurer, which we have been long about.

20th. After dinner to the Temple, to Mr. Thurland;[1] and thence to my Lord Chief Baron, Sir Edward Hale's,[2] and take with me Mr. Thurland to his chamber, where he told us that Field will have the better of us; and that we must study to make up the business as well as we can, which do much vex and trouble us; but I am glad the Duke is concerned in it.

21st. Within all day long, helping to put up my hangings in my house in my wife's chamber, to my great content. To speak to Sir J. Minnes at his lodgings, where I found many great ladies, and his lodgings made very fine indeed. To bed this night, having first put up a spitting-sheet, which I find very convenient. This day come the King's pleasure-boats from Calais with the Dunkirke money, being 400,000 pistolles.

22d. This day I bought the book of country dances against my wife's woman Gosnell comes, who dances finely; and there, meeting Mr. Playford,[3] he did give me his Latin songs of Mr. Deering's,[4] which he lately printed. This day, Mr. Moore told me, that for certain the Queen-Mother is married to my Lord St. Albans, and he is like to be made Lord-Treasurer. News that Sir J. Lawson hath made up a peace now with Tunis and Tripoli, as well as Algiers, by which he will come home very highly honoured.

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[1] Edward Thurland, M.P. for Reigate, afterwards knighted, and a Baron of the Exchequer.

[2] Sir Orlando Bridgeman, noticed Oct. 10, 1660, was then Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and was succeeded, in 1666, by Matthew Hale, sergeant-at-law: there is, consequently, some mistake.

[3] John Playford, a seller of musical instruments and books, near the Temple church. His portrait is in Burney's *History of Music.*

[4] There is a copy of Dering's Latin songs in the British Museum, entitled "Cantica Sacra ad duas et tres voces composita." London, 1662, folio.

23d. (Lord's day.) To church, and heard drowsy Mr. Graves. To Sir W. Batten's, and heard how Sir R. Ford's daughter is married to a fellow without friends' consent, and the match carried on and made up at Will Griffin's, our door keeper's. I talked to my brother to-day, who desires me to give him leave to look after his mistress still; and he will not have me put to any trouble or obligation in it, which I did give him leave to do. I hear to-day old rich Audley[1] is lately dead, and left a very great estate, and made a great many poor familys rich, not all to one. Among others, one Davis,[2] my old schoolfellow at Paul's, and since a bookseller in Paul's Church Yard; and it seems do forgive one man £6,000, which he had wronged him of, but names not his name; but it is well known to be the scrivener in Fleet Street, at whose house he lodged. There is also this week dead a poulterer, in Gracious Street, which was thought rich, but not so rich, that hath left £800 per annum, taken in other men's names, and 40,000 Jacobs in gold.

24th. Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and I, going forth toward White Hall, we hear that the King and Duke are come this morning to the Tower to see the Dunkirke money. So we by coach to them, and there went up and down all the magazines with them; but methought it was but poor discourse and frothy that the King's companions, young Killegrew among the rest, had with him. We saw none of the money; but Mr. Slingsby[3] did show the King, and I did see, the stamps of the new money that is now to be made by Blondeau's fashion, which are very neat, and like the King. Thence the King to Woolwich, though a very cold day; and the Duke to White Hall, commanding us to come after him; and in his closet, my Lord Sandwich being there, did discourse with us about getting some of this money to pay off the Fleets and other matters. By coach, my cosen Thomas Pepys going along with me, homeward. I set him down by the way; but, Lord! how he did endeavour to find out a ninepence to club with me for the coach, and for want was forced to give me a shilling, and how he still cries "Gad!" and talks of Popery coming in, as all the Fanatiques do.

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[1] There is an old tract called "The Way to be Rich, according to the Practice of the great Audley, who began with £200 in 1605, and dyed worth £400,000, November, 1662." London, printed for E. Davies, 1662.

[2] 1652, Dec. 24, "Died John Davies, Old Jewry, broaker, a prisoner buried in St. Olave's, Old Jewry; his son Tho. Davies, a bookseller, was afterwards an alderman and Lord Mayor of London, enriched by the legacy of Hugh Audley."—Smith's *Obituary*, p. 33.

[3] Henry Slingsby, Master of the Mint.

25th. Great talk among people how some of the Fanatiques do say that the end of the world is at hand, and that next Tuesday is to be the day. Against which, whenever it shall be, good God fit us all.

27th. At my waking, I found the tops of the houses covered with snow, which is a rare sight, which I have not seen these three years. To the office, where we sat till noon; when we all went to the next house upon Tower Hill, to see the coming by of the Russia Embassador; for whose reception all the City trained bands do attend in the streets, and the King's life-guards, and most of the wealthy citizens in their black velvet coats, and gold chains, which remain of their gallantry at the King's coming in, but they staid so long that we went down again to dinner. And after I had dined, I walked to the Conduit in the Quarrefowr,[1] at the end of Gracious Street and Cornhill; and there, the spouts thereof running very near me upon all the people that were under it, I saw them pretty well go by. I could not see the Embassador in his coach; but his attendants in their habits and fur caps very handsome, comely men, and most of them with hawkes upon their fists to present to the King. But, Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at every thing that looks strange.

28th. A very hard frost; which is news to us after having none almost these three years. By ten o'clock to Ironmongers' Hall, to the funeral of Sir Richard Stayner.[2] Here we were, all the officers of the Navy, and my Lord Sandwich, who did discourse with us about the fishery, telling us of his Majesty's resolution to give £200 to every man that will set out a Busse;[3] and advising about the effects of this encouragement, which will be a very great matter certainly. Here we had good rings, and by and by were to take coach; and I, being got in with Mr. Creed into a four-horse coach, which they come and told us were only for the mourners, I went out, and so took this occasion to go home.

29th. To the office; and this morning come Sir G. Carteret to us, being the first time since his coming from France: he tells us that the silver which is received for Dunkirke did weigh 120,000 weight. To my Lord's, where my Lord and Mr. Coventry, Sir William Darcy,[1] one Mr. Parham, a very knowing and well-spoken man in this business, with several others, did meet about stating the business of the fishery, and the manner of the King's giving of this £200 to every man that shall set out a new-made English Busse by the middle of June next. In which business we had many fine pretty discourses; and I did here see the great pleasure to be had in discoursing of publick matters with men that are particularly acquainted with this or that business. Having come to some issue, wherein a motion of mine was well received, about sending these invitations from the King to all the fishing-ports in general, with limiting so many Busses to this and that port, before we know the readiness of subscribers, we parted. I walked home all the way, in my way calling upon my cosen Turner and Mr. Calthrop at the Temple, for their consent to be my arbitrators, which they are willing to. My wife and I pretty pleasant, for that her brother brings word that Gosnell, which my wife and I in discourse do pleasantly call our Marmotte, will certainly come next week, without fail, which God grant may be for the best.

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[1] Carrefour, or *Quatre-Voies*, whence Carfax at Oxford.

[2] He was buried at Greenwich, 28th Nov., 1662.

[3] A small sea-vessel used by the Hollanders for the herring-fishery.

30th. (Lord's day.) In the afternoon to the French church here in the city, and stood in the aisle all the sermon, with great delight hearing a very admirable sermon from a young man, upon that article in our creed, in order of cathechisme, upon resurrection. To visit Sir W. Pen, who continues still bed-rid. Here was Sir W. Batten, and his lady, and Mrs. Turner, and I very merry, talking of the confidence of Sir R. Ford's new-married daughter, though she married so strangely lately; yet appears at church as briske as can be, and takes place of her elder sister, a maid. To make up my monthly accounts, and I do find that, through the fitting of my house this month, I have spent in that and kitchen £50 this month: so that now I am worth but £660, or thereabouts. This day I first did wear a muffe, being my wife's last year's muffe; and now I have bought her a new one, this serves me very well. Thus ends this month; in great frost: myself and family all well, but my mind much disordered about my uncle's law business, being now in an order of being arbitrated between us, which I wish to God it were done. I am also somewhat uncertain what to think of my going about to take a woman-servant into my house, in the quality of a woman for my wife. My wife promises it shall cost me nothing but her meat and wages, and that it shall not be attended with any other expences, upon which termes I admit of it; for that it will, I hope, save me money in having my wife go abroad on visits and other-delights; so that I hope the best, but am resolved to alter it if matters prove otherwise than I would have them. Publick matters in an ill condition of discontent against the height and vanity of the Court, and their bad payments; but that which troubles most is the Clergy, which will never content the city, which is not to be reconciled to Bishopps; but more the pity that differences must still be. Dunkirke newly sold, and the money brought over; of which we hope to get some to pay the Navy; which, by Sir J. Lawson's having despatched the business in the Straights, by making peace with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and so his fleet will also shortly come home, will now every day grow less, and so the King's charge be abated; which God send!

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[1] Third son of Sir Conyers Darcy.

December 1st. To my Lord Sandwich's, to Mr. Moore; and then over the Parke, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skeates,[1] which is a very pretty art, to Mr. Coventry's chamber to St. James's, where we all met to a venison pasty, Major Norwood being with us, whom they did play upon for his surrendering of Dunkirke. Here we staid till three or four o'clock; and so to the Council Chamber, where there met the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Albemarle, my Lord Sandwich, Sir William Compton, Mr. Coventry, Sir J. Minnes, Sir R. Ford, Sir W. Ryder, myself, and Captain Cuttance, as Commissioners for Tangier. And after our Commission was read by Mr. Creed, who, I perceive, is to be our secretary, we did fall to discourse of matters: as, first, the supplying them forthwith with victualls; then the reducing it to make way for the money, which upon their reduction is to go to the building of the Mole; and so to other matters, ordered against next meeting. This done, we broke up, and I to the Cockpitt, with much crowding and waiting, where I saw "The Valiant Cidd"[2] acted—a play I have read with great delight, but is a most dull thing acted, which I never understood before, there being no pleasure in it, though done by Betterton, and by Ianthe, and another fine wench that is come in the room of Roxalana;[3] nor did the

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[1] Skaiting was introduced by the Cavaliers who had been with Charles II. in Holland.

[2] Translated from the well-known Cidd of Corneille.

[3] Elizabeth Davenport appears to have left the stage, Pepys always afterwards speaking of the *new Roxalana*, whom he once calls Mrs. Norton. See *ante*, Feb. 18, 1661-2, and note.

King or Queen once smile all the whole play, nor any of the whole company seem to take any pleasure, but what was in the greatness and gallantry of the company.

3d. To Deptford; and so by water with Mr. Pett home again, all the way reading his Chest accounts, in which I did see things which did not please me; as his allowing himself £300 for one year's looking to the business of the Chest, and £150 per annum for the rest of the years. But I found no fault to him himself, but shall when they come to be read at the Board. We walked to the Temple, in our way seeing one of the Russia Embassador's coaches go along, with his footmen not in liverys, but their country habits; one of one colour and another of another, which was very strange.

5th. I walked towards Guildhall, being summoned by the Commissioners for the Lieutenancy; but they sat not this morning. So, meeting in my way W. Swan, I took him to a house thereabouts, and give him a morning draught of buttered ale; he telling me much of his Fanatique stories, as if he were a great zealot, when I know him to be a very rogue. But I do it for discourse, and to see how things stand with him and his party, who, I perceive, have great expectation that God will not bless the Court nor Church, as it is now settled, but they must be purified. The worst news he tells me is, that Mr. Chetwind is dead, my old and most ingenious acquaintance. He is dead, worth £3,000, which I did not expect, he living so high as he did always, and neatly. He hath given W. Symons his wife £300, and made Will one of his executors. Home, and there I find Gosnell come, who, my wife tells me, is like to prove a pretty companion, of which I am glad, and who sings exceeding well, and I shall take great delight in her.

7th. (Lord's day.) To church this morning with my wife, which is the first time she hath been at church since her going to Brampton, and Gosnell attending her, which was very gracefull. I thought to go to the French church; but finding the Dutch congregation there, and then finding the French congregation's sermon begun in the Dutch, I returned home, and up to our gallery, where I found my wife and Gosnell; and after a drowsy sermon, we all three to my aunt Wight's, where great store of her usuall company, and here we staid a pretty good while talking—I differing from my aunt, as I commonly do, in our opinion of the handsomeness of the Queen, which I oppose mightily, saying, that if my nose be handsome, then is hers, and such like: and so with my wife only to see Sir W. Pen, who is now got out of his bed, and sits by the fireside.

8th. Into the Parke, to see them slide with their scates, which is very pretty. To the Duke's, where the Committee for Tangier met: and here we sat down all with him at a table, and had much discourse about the business. Home by coach, where I find my wife troubled about Gosnell, who brings word that her uncle, Justice Jiggins, requires her to come three times a week to him, to follow some business that her mother intrusts her withall, and that, unless she may have that leisure given her, he will not have her take any place; but there is no help for it: I am somewhat contented therewith, and shall make my wife so, who, poor wretch, I know will consider of things.

9th. All the morning in hopes to have Mr. Coventry dine with me. He was forced to go to White Hall. Anon went Gosnell away, which did trouble me too; though, upon many considerations, it is better that I am rid of the charge. All together makes my house appear very lonely. My wife and I melancholy to bed.

10th. To the office with Sir J. Minnes, in his coach; but so great a snow that we could hardly pass the streets. Then to the Dolphin, where Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and I, did treat the Auditors of the Exchequer—Auditors Wood and Beale—and hither come Sir G. Carteret to us. We had a good dinner cost us £5 and 6*s.*, whereof my share 26*s.*, and after dinner did discourse of our salarys and other matters, which I think now they will allow.

11th. Mr. Creed dined with me, and we sat all the afternoon together, discoursing of ways to get money, which I am now giving myself wholly up to.

12th. When I wake, I find a very great thaw, and my house overflown with it, which vexed me.

13th. We sat, Mr. Coventry and I, Sir G. Carteret being gone; and among other things, Field and Stint did come, and received the £41 given him by the judgement against me and Harry Kem;[1] and we did also sign bonds in £500 to stand to the award of Mr. Porter and Smith for the rest; which, however, I did not sign to till I got Mr. Coventry to go up with me to Sir W. Pen; and he did promise me before him to bear his share in what should be awarded, and both concluded that Sir W. Batten would do no less.

14th. (Lord's day.) To the King's chappell, where I heard the service, and so to my Lord's, and there Mr. Howe and Pagett, the counsellor, an old lover of musique. We sang some Psalms of Mr. Lawes, and played some symphonys between, till night, that I was sent for to my Lord, with whom I staid talking about his, and my own, and the publick affairs, with great content, he advising me as to my own choosing of Sir R. Bernard for umpire in the businesses between my uncle and us, that I would not trust to him upon his direction, for he did not think him a man to be trusted at all; and so bid him good night, and to Mr. Creed's; Mr. Moore, with whom I intended to have lain, lying physically without sheets; and there, after some discourse, to bed, and lay ill, though the bed good, my stomach being sick all night with my too heavy supper.

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[1] In the matter of false imprisonment: see *ante*, 4th Feb., 1661-2, and 21st Oct., 1662.

15th. To the Duke, and followed him into the Park, where though the ice was broken and dangerous, yet he would go slide upon his scates, which I did not like, but he slides very well. So back to his closet, whither my Lord Sandwich comes, and there Mr. Coventry and we three had long discourse about the matters of the Navy; and, indeed, I find myself more and more obliged to Mr. Coventry, who studies to do me all the right he can in every thing to the Duke. Thence walked a good while up and down the gallerys; and among others, met with Dr. Clerke, who in discourse tells me, that Sir Charles Barkeley's greatness is only his being pimp to the King, and to my Lady Castlemaine. And yet, for all this, that the King is very kind to the Queen; who, he says, is one of the best women in the world. Strange how the King is bewitched to this pretty Castlemaine. I walked up and down the gallerys, spending my time upon the pictures, till the Duke and the Committee for Tangier met, the Duke not staying with us, where the only matter was to discourse with my Lord Rutherford,[1] who is this day made Governor of Tangier, for I know not what reasons; and my Lord of Peterborough to be called home: which, though it is said it is done with kindness, I am sorry to see a Catholicke Governor sent to command there, where all the rest of the officers almost are such already. But God knows what the reason is! and all may see how slippery places all courtiers stand in. Thence home, in my way calling upon Sir John Berkenheade,[1] to speak about my assessment of £42 to the Loyal Sufferers; which, I perceive, I cannot help; but he tells me I have been abused by Sir R. Ford. Thence called at the Major-General's, Sir R. Browne, about my being assessed arms to the militia; but he was abroad; and so driving through the back-side of the shambles in Newgate Market, my coach plucked down two pieces of beef into the dirt, upon which the butchers stopped the horses, and a great rout of people in the street, crying that he had done him 40*s.* and £5 worth of hurt; but, going down, I saw that he had done little or none; and so I gave them a shilling for it, and they were well contented: and so home. Lady Batten tells me she hath just now a letter from Sir William, how that he and Sir J. Minnes did very narrowly escape drowning on the roade, the waters are so high; but is well. But, Lord, what a hypocrite-like face she made to tell it me!

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[1] Andrew Rutherford, son of William Rutherford, of Quarryholes, went young into the French service, and became a lieutenant-general of that kingdom. At the Restoration, he brought over an honourable testimony from the King of France, and was created a Baron of Scotland, and in 1663 advanced to the Earldom of Teviot, for his management of the sale of Dunkirk, of which he was Governor. He was afterwards appointed Governor of Tangier, and was killed by the Moors in 1664: dying without issue, his earldom became extinct; but the barony of Rutherford descended, according to the patent, to Sir Thomas Rutherford, of Hunthill.

16th. To dinner, thinking to have had Mr. Coventry, but he could not go with me; and so I took Captain Murford: of whom I do hear what the world says of me; that all do conclude Mr. Coventry, and Pett, and me, to be of a knot; and that we do now carry all things before us: and much more in particular of me, and my studiousnesse, &c., to my great content. To White Hall, to Secretary Bennet's, and agreed with Mr. Lee to set upon our new adventure at the Tower to-morrow.

17th. This morning come Mr. Lee, Wade, and Evett, intending to have gone upon our new design to the Tower; but it raining, and the work being to be done in the open garden, we put it off to Friday next.

18th. Mr. Coventry inviting himself to my house to dinner, of which I was proud; but my dinner being a legg of mutton and two capons, they were not done enough, which did vex me; but we made shift to please him, I think; but I, when he was gone, very angry with my wife and people.

19th. Up and by appointment with Mr. Lee, Wade, Evett, and workmen, to the Tower, and with the Lieutenant's leave set them to work in the garden, in the corner against the mayne-guard, a most unlikely place. It being cold, Mr. Lee and I did sit all the day till three o'clock by the fire in the

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[1] Sir John Berkenhead, F.R.S., a political author, held in some esteem, M.P. for Wilton, 1661, and knighted the following year. Master of the Faculty Office, and Court of Requests. Ob. 1679.

Governor's house; I reading a play of Fletcher's, being "A Wife for a Month," wherein no great wit or language. We went to them at work, and having wrought below the bottom of the foundation of the wall, I bid them give over, and so all our hopes ended. Home, a little displeased with my wife, who, poor wretch, is troubled with her lonely life, which I know not how, without great charge, to help as yet, but I will study how to do it.

20th. To the office, and thence with Mr. Coventry in his coach to St. James's, with great content and pride to see him treat me so friendly; and dined with him, and so to White Hall together; where we met upon the Tangier Commission, and discoursed many things thereon: but little will be done before my Lord Rutherford comes there, as to the fortification and Mole. That done, my Lord Sandwich and I walked together a good while in the matted gallery, he acquainting me with his late enquiries into the Wardrobe business to his content; and tells me how things stand. And that the first year was worth about £3,000 to him, and the next about as much; so that, at this day, if he were paid, it will be worth about £7,000 to him. But t contents me, above all things, to see him trust me as his confident: so I bid him good night, he being to go into the country, to keep his Christmas, on Monday next.

21st. (Lord's day.) To White Hall, and there to chapel, and from thence up stairs, and up and down the house and gallerys on the King's and Queen's side, and so through the garden to my Lord's lodgings, where there was Mr. Gibbons, Madge, Mallard, and Pagett; and by and by comes in my Lord Sandwich, and so we had great store of good musique. By and by comes in my simple Lord Chandois,[1] who, my Lord Sandwich being gone out to Court, began to sing psalms, but so dully that I was weary of it. At last we broke up; and by and by comes in my Lord Sandwich again, and he and I to talk together about his businesses, and so he to bed, and I and Mr. Creed and Captain Ferrers fell to a cold goose pye of Mrs. Sarah's, heartily.

22d. To my Lord's, who is getting himself ready for his journey o Hinchingbroke. I walked to Mr. Coventry's chamber, where found him gone out into the Park with the Duke, so I shifted myself into a riding-habitt, and followed him through White Hall, and in the Park Mr. Coventry's people having a horse eady for me, so fine a one that I was almost afraid to get upon im, but I did, and found myself more feared[2] than hurt; and followed the Duke, who, with some of his people, among others Mr. Coventry, was riding out; and with them to Hide Park; where Mr. Coventry asking leave of the Duke, he bid us go to Woolwich. So he and I to the water-side, and our horses coming by the ferry, we by oars over to Lambeth, and from thence, with brave discourse by the way, rode to Woolwich, where we put in practice my new way of the Call-booke, which will be of great use. Here we got up again, and brought night home with us, and fresh weather. Home, and presently shifted myself, and so had the barber come; and my wife and I to read "Ovid's Metamorphoses," which I brought her home from Paul's Churchyard to-night.

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[1] William Brydges, seventh Lord Chandos. Ob. 1676.

[2] The vulgarism is still common.

23d. To make up my accounts, and find that my ordinary housekeeping comes to £7 a month, which is a great deal. Dr. Pierce tells me that my Lady Castlemaine's interest at Court increases, and is more and greater than the Queen's; that she hath brought in Sir H. Bennet, and Sir Charles Barkeley; but that the Queen is a most good lady, and takes all with the greatest meekness that may be. He tells me, also, that Mr. Edward Montagu is quite broke at Court with his repute and purse; and that he lately was engaged in a quarrell against my Lord Chesterfield: but that the King did cause it to be taken up. He tells me, too, that the King is much concerned in the Chancellor's sickness, and that the Chancellor is as great, he thinks, as ever with the King. He also tells me what the world says of me, "that Mr. Coventry and I do all the business of the office almost:" at which I am highly proud.

24th. To my bookseller's, and paid at another shop £4 10*s.* for Stephen's "Thesaurus Græcæ Linguæ," given to Paul's Schoole.[1] To my Lord Crewe's, and dined alone with him. I understand there are great factions at Court, and something he said that did imply a difference like to be between the King and the Duke, in case the Queen should not be with child: I understand, about this bastard.[2] He says, also, that some great man will be aimed at when Parliament comes to sit again; I understand, the Chancellor: and that there is a bill will be brought in, that none that have been in armes for the Parliament shall be capable of office; and that the Court are weary of my Lord Albemarle and Chamberlain.[3] He wishes that my Lord Sandwich had some good occasion to be abroad this summer which is coming on, and that my Lord Hinchingbroke were well married, and Sydney[1] had some place at Court. He pities the poor ministers that are put out, to whom, he says, the King is beholden for his coming in, and that if any such thing had been foreseen, he had never come in. After this, and much other discourse of the sea, and breeding young gentlemen to the sea, I went away, and homeward. Met Mr. Creed at my bookseller's, in Paul's Church-yard, who takes it ill my letter last night to Mr. Povy, wherein I accuse him of the neglect of the Tangier boats, in which I must confess I did not do altogether like a friend; but however, it was truth, and I must own it to be so, though I fall wholly out with him for it. This evening, Mr. Gauden sent me, against Christmas, a great chine of beef and three dozen of tongues. I did give 5*s*. to the man that brought it, and half-crowne to the porters. This day, also, the parish-clerk brought the general bills of mortality, which cost me half-crowne more.

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[1] See December 27th, 1661, *ante.*

[2] Shortly afterwards created Duke of Monmouth.

[3] Edward, Earl of Manchester.

25th. (Christmas day.) Had a pleasant walk to White Hall, where I intended to have received the Communion with the family, but I come a little too late. So I walked up into the house, and spent my time looking over pictures, particularly the ships in King Henry the VIIIth's voyage to Bullaen;[2] marking the great difference between those built then and now. By and by down to the chapel again, where Bishop Morley[3] preached upon the song of the Angels, "Glory to God on high, on earth peace, and good will towards men." Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long, and, reprehending the common jollity of the Court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on these days, he particularized concerning their excess in playes and gaming, saying that he whose office it is to keep the gamesters in order and within bounds, serves but for a second rather in a duell, meaning the groome-porter. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehensions of a bishop seriously, that they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and courses. He did much press us to joy in these public days of joy, and to hospitality; but one that stood by whispered in my eare that the Bishop do not spend one groate to the poor himself. The sermon done, a good anthem followed with vialls, and the King come down to receive the Sacrament. But I staid not, but calling my boy from my Lord's lodgings, and giving Sarah some good advice by my Lord's order to be sober, and look after the house, I walked home again with great pleasure, and there dined by my wife's bed-side with great content, having a mess of brave plum-porridge and a roasted pullet for dinner, and I sent for a mince-pie abroad, my wife not being well, to make any herself yet.

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[1] Lord Sandwich's second son, who married afterwards Anne, daughter and heir of Sir Francis Wortley of Wortley, by whom he was father of Edward Wortley Montagu, the husband of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Their daughter married John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, whose second son took the name and estates of Wortley, and was father of he first Lord Wharncliffe.

[2] Boulogne. These pictures were given by George III. to the Society of Antiquaries, who in return presented to the King a set of Hearne's works, on large paper. The pictures were reclaimed by George IV., and are now at Hampton Court. They have been engraved in the *Vetusta Monumenta*, published by the Society. The set of Hearne's works is now in the King's Library, in the British Museum.

[3] George Morley, Bishop of Winchester, to which See he was translated rom Worcester, in 662. Ob. 1684.

26th. To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called Hudebras, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2*s.* 6*d.* But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18*d.* To the Duke's house, and saw "The Villaine." Here I was better pleased with the play than I was at first,[1] understanding the design better than I did. Here I saw Gosnell and her sister at a distance, and could have found in my heart to have accosted them, but thought it not prudent. Home, and found my wife busy among her pies. We are both displeased for some slight words that Sarah, now at Sir W. Pen's, hath spoke of us, but it is no matter. We shall endeavour to joyne the lion's skin to the fox's tail.

27th. With my wife to the Duke's Theatre, and saw the second part of "Rhodes,"[2] done with the new Roxalana; which do it rather better in all respects for person, voice, and judgment, than the first Roxalana. Not so well pleased with the company at the house to-day, which was full of citizens—there hardly being a gallant man or woman in the house.

28th. (Lord's day.) With my wife to church, and coming out, went out both before my Lady Batten, he not being there, which I believe will vex her. To the French church, where I heard an old man make a tedious long sermon, till they were fain to light candles to baptize the children by.

29th. To Westminster Hall, where I staid reading at Mrs. Mitchell's shop. She told me what I heard not of before, the strange burning of Mr. de Laun, a merchant's house in Loath-bury, and his lady, Sir Thomas Allen's daughter, and her whole family; not one thing, dog nor cat, escaping;[1] nor any of the neighbours almost hearing of it till the house was quite down and burnt. How this should come to pass, God knows, but a most strange thing it is! Hither come Jack Spicer, and talked of Exchequer matters, and how the Lord Treasurer [Southampton] hath now ordered all monies to be brought into the Exchequer, and hath settled the King's revenues, and given to every general expence proper assignments; to the Navy £200,000 and odde. He also told me of the great vast trade of the goldsmiths in supplying the King with money at dear rates. Thence to White Hall, and got up to the top gallerys in the Banquetting House, to see the audience of the Russia Embassador;[2] which took place after our long waiting and fear of the falling of the gallery, it being so full and part of it being parted from the rest, for nobody to come up, merely from the weaknesse thereof: and very handsome it was. After they had come in, I went down and got through the croude almost as high as the King and the Embassadors, where I saw all the presents, being rich furs, hawkes, carpets, cloths of tissue, and sea-horse teeth. The King took two or three hawkes upon his fist, having a glove on, wrought with gold, given him for the purpose. The son of one of the Embassadors was in the richest suit for pearl and tissue, that ever I did see, or shall, I believe. After they and all the company had kissed the King's hand, then the three Embassadors and the son, and no more, did kiss the Queen's. One thing more I did observe, that the chief Embassador did carry up his master's letters in state before him on high; and as soon as he had delivered them, he did fall down to the ground, and lay there a great while. After all was done, the company broke up; and I spent a little while walking up and down the gallery seeing the ladies, the two Queens, and the Duke of Monmouth[3] with his little mistress,[1] which is very little, and like my brother-in-law's wife. Sat late talking with my wife, about our entertaining Dr. Clerke's lady and Mrs. Pierce shortly, being in great pain that my wife hath never a winter gown, being almost ashamed of it that she should be seen in a taffata one, when all the world wears moyre;[2] but we could not come to any resolution what to do therein, other than to appear as she is.

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[1] See 20th October, 1662.

[2] "The Siege of Rhodes," mentioned before, July 2, 1661.

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[1] The seven inmates all perished.—Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[2] "On Monday last, betwixt two and three in the afternoon, His Ma-esty gave audience to the great Lord Ambassador, the great Duke and Governor of Foulsky, Peeter, the son of Simon, surnamed Prozorofskee, to the Lord Governor of Coarmeski, John, son of Offonassey, surnamed Zelobousky, and Juan Stephano, Chancellor, &c., Ambassadors from the Emperor of Russia. They passed along from York House to White Hall through His Majesties Guards who stood on both sides of the street, and made a lane for their more orderly procession."—*Mercurius Publicus*, Jan. 1, 1662–3.

[3] The Duke of Monmouth is here spoken of by anticipation, or else Pepys has corrected the entry at a later time. He was not created Duke until 14th Feb., 1662–3.

30th. Visited Mrs. Ferrers, and staid talking with her a good while, there being a little, proud, ugly, talking lady there, that was much crying up the Queen-Mother's Court at Somerset House above our own Queen's; there being before her no allowance of laughing and the mirth that is at the other's; and indeed it is observed that the greatest Court now-a-days is there. Thence to White Hall, where I carried my wife to see the Queen in her presence-chamber; and the maydes of honour and the young Duke of Monmouth playing at cards. Some of them, and but a few, were very pretty; though all well dressed in velvet gowns. Thence to my Lord's lodgings, where Mrs. Sarah did make us my Lord's bed.

31st. William Bowyer tells me how the difference comes between his fair cozen Butler and Colonel Dillon, upon his opening letters of her brother's from Ireland, complaining of his knavery, and forging others to the contrary; and so they are long ago quite broke off. Mr. Povy and I to White Hall; he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the King. He brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchess at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by, comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess, and all the great ones: and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of York; and the Duke, the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine; and so other lords other ladies: and they danced the Brantle.[3] After that, the King led a lady a single Coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he, "Cuckolds all awry,"[4] the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke's,[1] were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queen herself, stand up; and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having staid here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at Court, I went home, leaving them dancing.

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[1] Lady Anne Scot.

[2] By *moyre* is meant *mohair*. See the note on ferrandin, Jan. 28th, 1662-3.

[3] Branle. Espèce de danse de plusieurs personnes, qui se tiennent par la main, et qui se menent tour-à-tour.—*Dictionnaire de l'Académie.*

[4] The tune of "Cuckolds all awry" may be seen in Chappell's Collection.

Thus ends this year, with great mirth to me and my wife. Our condition being thus:—we are at present spending a night or two at my Lord's lodgings at White Hall. Our home at the Navy Office, which is and hath a pretty while been in good condition, finished and made very convenient. By my last year's diligence in my office, blessed be God! I am come to a good degree of knowledge therein; and am acknowledged so by all the world, even the Duke himself, to whom I have a good access: and by that, and by my being Commissioner for Tangier, he takes much notice of me; and I doubt not but, by the continuance of the same endeavours, I shall in a little time come to be a man much taken notice of in the world, specially being come to so great an esteem with Mr. Coventry. Publick matters stand thus: The King is bringing, it is said, his family, and Navy, and all other his charges, to a less expence. In the mean time, himself following his pleasures more than with good advice he would do; at least, to be seen to all the world to do so. His dalliance with my Lady Castlemaine being publick, every day, to his great reproach; and his favouring of none at Court so much as those that are the confidants of his pleasure, as Sir H. Bennet and Sir Charles Barkeley; which, good God, put it into his heart to mend, before he makes himself too much contemned by his people for it! The Duke of Monmouth is in so great splendour at Court, and so dandled by the King, that some doubt that, if the King should have no child by the Queen, which there is yet no appearance of, whether he would not be acknowledged for a lawful son; and that there will be a difference follow between the Duke of York and him; which God prevent! My Lord Chancellor is threatened by people to be questioned, the next sitting of the Parliament, by some spirits that do not love to see him so great: but certainly he is a good servant to the King. The Queen-Mother is said to keep too great a Court now; and her being married to my Lord St. Albans is commonly talked of; and that they had a daughter between them in France; how true, God knows. The Bishops are high, and go on without any diffidence in pressing uniformity; and the Presbyters seem silent in it, and either conform or lay down, though without doubt they expect a turn, and would be glad these endeavours of the other Fanatiques would take effect; there having been a plot lately found, for which four have been publickly tried at the Old Bayley and hanged. My Lord Sandwich is still in good esteem, and now keeping his Christmas in the country; and I in good esteem, I think, as any man can be, with him. Mr. Moore is very sickly, and I doubt will hardly get over his late fit of sickness, that still hangs on him. In fine, for the good condition of myself, wife, family, and estate, in the great degree that it is, and for the public state of the nation, so quiet as it is, the Lord God be praised!

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[1] Sir Henry de Vic, of Guernsey, Bart., had been twenty years Resident for Charles II. at Brussels, and was Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, and in 1662 became Comptroller of the Duke of York's Household, with a salary of £400. He died in 1672, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His only daughter, Anna Charlotta, married John Lord Frescheville, Baron of Stavely, in Derbyshire.

1662–63

January 1st. To White Hall, where I spent a little time walking among the courtiers, which I perceive I shall be able to do with great confidence, being now beginning to be pretty well known among them. Among other discourse, Mrs. Sarah tells us how the King sups at least four times every week with my Lady Castlemaine; and most often stays till the morning with her, and goes home through the garden all alone privately, and that so as the very sentrys take notice of it and speak of it; and that about a month ago Lady Castlemaine quickened at my Lord Gerard's[1] at dinner, and cried out that she was undone; and all the lords and men were fain to quit the room, and women called to help her. In fine, I find that there is nothing almost but wonder at Court from top to bottom, as if it were fit I could instance, but it is not necessary: only they say that my Lord Chesterfield, Groom of the Stole to the

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[1] Charles Gerard, created Baron Gerard of Brandon, November 8, 1645, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II., and Captain of his Guards; advanced to the Earldom of Macclesfield 1679, and died about 1693. His wife, mentioned afterwards, was a French lady, whose name has not been preserved; but she bore him two sons, with the youngest of whom, Fytton, the third Earl, the honours expired, in 1702. Macclesfield House, then Lord Gerard's residence, was in Soho. The names are preserved in Macclesfield Street and Gerard Street.

Queen, is either gone or put away from Court upon the score of his lady's having smitten the Duke of Yorke, so as that he is watched by the Duchess of Yorke, and the lady is retired into the country upon it. How much of this is true, God knows, but it is common talk. After dinner, to the Duke's house, where we saw "The Villaine" againe; and the more I see it, the more I am offended at my first undervaluing the play, it being very good and pleasant, and yet a true and allowable tragedy. The house was full of citizens, and so the less pleasant, but that I was willing to make an end of my gaddings. Here we saw the old Roxalana[1] in the chief box, in a velvet gown, as the fashion is, and very handsome, at which I was glad.

2d. To see Sir W. Pen, who is fallen sick again. I staid a while talking to him, and so to my office, practising arithmetique.

4th. (Lord's day.) Up and to church, where a lazy sermon. My wife did propound my having of my sister Pall again to be her woman, since one we must have, it being a very great trouble to me that I should have a sister of so ill a nature, that I must be forced to spend money upon a stranger, when it might better be upon her, if she were good for anything.

5th. To the Duke, who himself told me that Sir J. Lawson was come home to Portsmouth from the Streights, with great renown among all men, and, I perceive, mightily esteemed at Court by all. The Duke did not stay long in his chamber, whither, by and by, the Russian Embassadors come; who, it seems, have a custom that they will not come to have any treaty with our or any King's Commissioners, but they will themselves see at the time the face of the King himself, be it forty days one after another; and so they did to-day only go in and see the King; and so out again to the Council-chamber. To the Duke's closet, where Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, Mr. Coventry, and myself attended him about the business of the Navy; and, after much discourse and pleasant talk, he went away. To the Cockpitt, where we saw "Claracilla," a poor play, done by the King's house; but neither the King nor the Queen were there, but only the Duke and Duchess, who did show some impertinent, and, methought, unnaturall dalliances there, before the whole world, such as kissing of hands, and leaning upon one another; but to my very little content—they not acting in any degree like the Duke's people.

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[1] Mrs. Davenport.

6th. (Twelfth day.) Into St. Paul's church, and there finding Elborough, my old schoolfellow at Paul's, now a parson, whom I know to be a silly fellow, he tells me, and so do others, that Dr. Calamy is this day sent to Newgate for preaching, Sunday was sennight, without leave, though he did it only to supply the place; otherwise the people must have gone away without ever a sermon, they being disappointed of a minister: but the Bishop of London will not take that as an excuse. Thence into Wood Street, and there bought a fine table for my dining-roome, cost me 50*s.*; and while we were buying it, there was a scare-fire in an ally over against us, but they quenched it. To the Duke's house, and there saw Twelfth-Night acted well, though it be but a silly play, and not relating at all to the name or day. Home, and found all well, only myself somewhat vexed at my wife's neglect in leaving of her scarfe, waistcoate, and night-dressings in the coach, to-day, that brought us from Westminster; though, I confess, she did give them to me to look after. It might be as good as 25*s.* loss.

8th. Dined at home; and there being the famous new play acted the first time to-day, which is called "The Adventures of Five Hours," at the Duke's house, being, they say, made or translated by Colonel Tuke,[1] I did long to see it; and so we went; and though early, were forced to sit, almost out of sight, at the end of one of the lower formes, so full was the house. And the play, in one word, is the best, for the variety and the most excellent continuance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw, or think ever shall, and all possible, not only to be done in the time, but in most other respects very admittable, and without one word of ribaldry; and the house, by its frequent plaudits, did show their sufficient approbation. So home; with much ado in an hour getting a coach home, and now resolving to set up my rest as to plays till Easter, if not Whitsuntide next, excepting plays at Court.

9th. My wife begun to speak again of the necessity of our keeping somebody to bear her company; for her familiarity with the other servants is it that spoils them all, and other company she hath none, which is too true. Comes Major Tolhurst, one of my old acquaintance in Cromwell's time, and sometimes of our clubb, to see me, and I could do no less than carry him to the Mitre, Tolhurst telling me the manner of their collierys in the North.

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[1] Sir George Tuke, of Cressing Temple, in Essex, John Evelyn's cousin. The play was taken from the original of the Spanish poet, Calderon. Evelyn saw it on the same occasion.

12th. To the King's Head ordinary, but people being set down, we went to two or three places; at last found some meat at a Welch cook's at Charing Crosse, and here dined and our boys. Mine had struck down Creed's boy in the dirt, with his new suit on, and the boy taken by a gentlewoman into a house to make clean, but the poor boy was in a pitiful taking and pickle, but I basted my rogue soundly. I found my Lord within, and he and I went out through the garden, towards the Duke's chamber, to sit upon the Tangier matters; but a lady called to my Lord out of my Lady Castlemaine's lodging, telling him that the King was there, and would speak with him. My Lord could not tell me what to say at the Committee to excuse his absence, but that he was with the King; nor would suffer me to go into the Privy Garden, which is now a thorough passage and common, but bid me go through some other way, which I did; so that I see he is a servant of the King's pleasures too, as well as business. To my Lady Batten's, and set with her a while, but I did it out of design to get some oranges for my feast to-morrow of her, which I did. So home, and found my wife's new gown come home, and she mightily pleased with it.

13th. My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning, before day, and went to market and bought fowles and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jacke, of which I was doubtfull, do carry it very well, things being put in order, and the cook come. By and by comes Dr. Clerke and his lady, his sister, and a she-cosen, and Mr. Pierce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits and lamb, and a rare chine of beef. Next, a great dish of roasted fowle, cost me about 30*s.*, and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble, and enough. I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a good fire in it; my dining-room above, and my chamber being made a withdrawing-chamber; and my wife's a good fire, also. I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. At supper, had a good sack posset and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and indeed their company was very fine, and Mrs. Clerke a very witty, fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. I believe this day's feast will cost me near £5.

14th. Examining part of my sea-manuscript with great pleasure, my wife sitting working by me.

15th. Mr. Coventry to dine with me, I having a wild goose roasted, and a cold chine of beef and a barrel of oysters; and then he and I to fit ourselves for horseback, he having brought me a horse; and so to Deptford, the ways being very dirty. Did our main business, which was to examine the proof of our new way of the call-bookes, which we think will be of great use. And so I home with his horse, leaving him to go over the fields to Lambeth.

16th. Mr. Battersby, the apothecary, coming to see me, I called for the cold chine of beef, and made him eat, and drink wine, and talked, there being with us Captain Brewer, the paynter, who tells me how highly the Presbyters do talk in the coffee-houses still, which I wonder at.

17th. To the Duke's playhouse, where we did see "The Five Hours'" entertainment again, which indeed is a very fine play, though, through my being out of order, it did not seem so good as at first; but I could discern it was not any fault in the play. To the China alehouse, and so home.

18th. (Lord's day.) I went to church. Then to Sir W. Pen's, to see how he do, and find him pretty well, and ready to go abroad again.

19th. To wait on my Lord Sandwich, whom I found not very well, and Dr. Clerke with him. He is feverish, and hath sent for Mr. Pierce to let him blood. Then to the Duke; and in his closet discoursed as we used to do, and then broke up. Singled out Mr. Coventry into the matted gallery, and there I told him the complaints I meet every day about our Treasurer's or his people's paying no money but at the goldsmiths' shops, where they are forced to pay fifteen, or twenty sometimes, per cent. for their money, which is a most horrid shame, and that which must not be suffered. Nor is it likely that the Treasurer—at least, his people—will suffer Maynell the Goldsmith to go away with £10,000 per annum, as he do now get, by making people pay after this manner for their money. To Mr. Povy's, where really he made a most excellent and large dinner, of their variety, even to admiration, he bidding us, in a frolique, to call for what we had a mind, and he would undertake to give it us; and we did for prawns, swan, venison, after I had thought the dinner was quite done, and he did immediately produce it, which I thought great plenty, and he seems to set up his rest in this plenty, and the neatness of his house, which he after dinner showed me, from room to room, so beset with delicate pictures; and, above all, a piece of perspective in his closet in the low parlour: his stable, where was some most delicate horses, and the very racks painted and mangers, with a neat leaden painted cistern, and the walls done with Duch tiles, like my chimnies. But still, above all things, he bid me go down into his wine-cellar, where, upon several shelves, there stood bottles of all sorts of wine, new and old, with labels pasted upon each bottle, and in the order and plenty as I never saw books in a bookseller's shop; and herein, I observe, he puts his highest content, and will accordingly commend all that he hath; but still they deserve to be so. Here dined with me Dr. Moore. To my Lord Chancellor's, where the King was to meet my Lord Treasurer and many great men, to settle the revenue of Tangier. I staid talking awhile there, but the King not coming, I walked to my brother's. This day by Dr. Clerke I was told the occasion of my Lord Chesterfield's going and taking his lady, my Lord Ormond s daughter, from Court. It seems, he not only hath been long jealous of the Duke of York, but did find them two talking together, though there were others in the room, and the lady, by all opinions, a most good, virtuous woman. He, the next day, of which the Duke was warned by somebody that saw the passion my Lord Chesterfield was in the night before, went and told the Duke how much he did apprehend himself wronged, in his picking out his lady of the whole Court to be the subject of his dishonor; which the Duke did answer with great calmness, not seeming to understand the reason of complaint, and that was all that passed: but my Lord did presently pack his lady into the country in Derbyshire, near the Peake;[1] which is become a proverb at Court, to send a man's wife to the Peake when she vexes him.

21st. Dined at Mr. Ackworth's,[2] where a pretty dinner, and she a pretty, modest woman; but, above all things, we saw her Rocke, which is one of the finest things done by a woman that ever I saw. I must have my wife to see it. On board the Elias, and found the timber brought by her from the forest of Deane to be exceeding good.

22d. Mr. Dixon come to dine with me, to give me an account of his success with Mr. Wheatly, for his daughter for my brother; and in short is, that his daughter cannot fancy my brother, because of his imperfection in his speech, which I am sorry for, but there the business must die. With the rest of the officers to Mr. Russell's buriall, where we had wine and rings, and a great and good company of the aldermen and the livery of the Skinners' Company. We went to St. Dunstan's in the East church, where sermon, but I staid not. To my Lord's, and there find him expecting his fit to-night of an ague.

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[1] Bretby Hall, the country-seat of the Earls of Chesterfield, is no longer standing. There is a good view of it by Knyff and Kip.

[2] Who held some office in Deptford Yard.

23d. Mr. Grant and I to a coffee-house, where Sir J. Cutler[1] was; and he did fully make out that the trade of England is as great as ever it was, only in more hands; and that of all trades there is a greater number than ever there was, by reason of men's taking more 'prentices. His discourse was well worth hearing. I bought "Audley's Way to be Rich,"[2] a serious pamphlett, and some good things worth my minding. Meeting Sir W. Batten, drunk more. Much discourse, but little to be learned, but of a design in the North of a rising, which is discovered, among some men of condition, and they sent for up. To see Sir W. Pen, where was Sir J. Lawson and his lady and daughter, which is pretty enough.

25th. (Lord's day.) I understand the King of France is upon consulting his divines upon the old question, what the power of the Pope is? and do intend to make war against him, unless he do right him for the wrong his Embassador received;[3] and banish the Cardinall Imperiall; by which I understand is not meant the Cardinall belonging or chosen by the Emperor, but the name of his family is Imperiali.[1] To my Lord, who had his ague-fit last night, and I staid talking with him an hour alone in his chamber, about sundry publick and private matters. Among others, he wonders what the project should be of the Duke's going down to Portsmouth again now with his lady, at this time of the year: it being no way, we think, to increase his popularity, which is not great; nor yet safe to do it, for that reason, if it would have any such effect. Captain Ferrers tells me of my Lady Castlemaine's and Sir Charles Barkeley being the great favourites at Court, and growing every day more and more so; and that upon a late dispute between my Lord Chesterfield, that is the Queen's Lord Chamberlain, and Mr. Edward Montagu, her Master of the Horse, who should have the precedence in taking the Queen's upperhand abroad out of the house, which Mr. Montagu challenges, it was given to my Lord Chesterfield. So that I perceive he goes down the wind in honour as well as every thing else, every day. A messenger is come, that tells us how Colonel Honiwood, who was well yesterday at Canterbury, was flung by his horse in getting up, and broke his scull, and so is dead.[2]

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[1] Citizen and grocer of London; most bitterly stigmatized by Pope. Two statues were erected to his memory—one in the College of Physicians, and the other in the Grocers' Hall. They were erected and one removed (that in the College of Physicians) before Pope stigmatized "sage Cutler." Pope says that Sir John Cutler had an only daughter; in fact he had two: one married to Lord Radnor; the other mentioned afterwards by Pepys, the wife of Sir William Portman.

[2] See note, 23d November, 1662, *ante*.

[3] On the 20th of August, the Duc de Crequi, then French ambassador at Rome, was insulted by the Corsican armed police, a force whose ignoble duty it was to assist the Sbirri, and the Pope Alexander VII. at first refused reparation for the affront offered to the French. Louis, as in the case of D'Estrades, took prompt measures. He ordered the Papal Nuntio forthwith to quit France; he seized upon Avignon, and his army prepared to enter Italy Alexander found it necessary to submit. In fulfilment of a treaty signed at Pisa in 1664, Cardinal Chigi, the Pope's nephew, came to Paris, to tender the Pope's apology to Louis. The guilty individuals were punished; the Corsicans banished for ever from the Roman States; and in front of the guard-house which they had occupied a pyramid was erected, bearing an inscription, which embodied the Pope's apology. This pyramid Louis permitted Clement IX. to destroy on his accession.

26th. By water with Sir W. Batten to Whitehall. I met with Monsieur Raby, who is lately come from France. He tells me that my Lord Hinchingbroke and his brother do little improve there, and are much neglected in their habits and other things; but I do believe he hath a mind to go over as their tutour, and so I am not apt to believe what he says therein. I had a great deal of very good discourse with him, concerning the difference between the French and the Pope, and the occasion, which he told me very particularly, and to my great content; and of most of the chief affairs of France, which I did enquire: and that the King is a most excellent Prince, doing all business himself: and that it is true he hath a mistress, Mademoiselle La Valière, one of the Princess Henriette's women, that he courts for his pleasure every other day, but not so as to make him neglect his publick affairs. He tells me how the King do carry himself nobly to the relations of the dead Cardinall,[3] and will not suffer one pasquill to come forth against him; and that he acts by what directions he received from him before his death.

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[1] Lorenzo Imperiali, of Genoa. He had been appointed Governor of Rome by Innocent X., in 1654, and he had acted in that capacity at the time of the tumult.

[2] Colonel Henry Honywood, of Little Archer's Court River, Kent, who had taken up arms against Charles I. He was the son of Arthur Honywood, of Lincoln's Inn and Maidstone, and had sepulchre at Christ Church, Canterbury.—Hasted's *Kent*, vol. iv., p. 40.

[3] Cardinal Mazarin.

27th. I have news this day from Cambridge that my brother hath had his bachelor's cap put on; but that which troubles me is, that he hath the pain of the stone, it beginning just as mine did. I pray God help him.

28th. To my Lord Sandwich's, whom I find missing his ague fit to-day, and is pretty well, playing at dice, and by this I see how time and example may alter a man; he being now acquainted with all sorts of pleasures and vanities, which heretofore he never thought of, nor loved, nor, it may be, hath allowed, with Ned Pickering and his page Lond. To Wotton's, the shoemaker, and there bought another pair of new boots. I drank with him and his wife—a pretty woman, they broaching a vessel of cyder on purpose for me. My wife come home, and seeming to cry; for, bringing home in a coach her new ferrandin waistecoate,[1] in Cheapside, a man asked her whether that was the way to the Tower; and, while she was answering him, another, on the other side, snatched away her bundle out of her lap, and could not be recovered, but ran away with it, which vexes me cruelly, but it cannot be helped.

30th. A solemn fast for the King's murther, and we were forced to keep it more than we would have done, having forgot to take any victuals into the house. I to church in the forenoon, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon upon David's heart smiting him for cutting off the garments of Saul. My manuscript is brought home handsomely bound, to my full content; and now I think I have a better collection in reference to the Navy, and shall have by the time I have filled it, than any of my predecessors.

31st. In the evening examining my wife's letter, intended to my Lady, and another to Mademoiselle, they were so false spelt, that I was ashamed of them.

February 1st. (Lord's day.) To my Lord Sandwich's. Many discourses we had; but, among others, how Sir R. Bernard is turned out of his Recordership of Huntingdon by the Commissioners for Regulation, &c., at which I am troubled, because he, thinking it is done by my Lord Sandwich, will act some of his revenge, it is likely, upon me in my business. This day Creed and I, walking in White Hall, did see the King coming privately from my Lady Castlemaine's; which is a poor thing for a Prince to do; and so I expressed my sense of it to Creed, in terms which I should not have done, but that I believe he is trusty in that point.

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[1] *Ferrandin*, which was sometimes spelt *farendon*, was a stuff made of silk mixed with some other material, like what is now called poplin: both mohair and farendon are generally cheap materials; for in the case of Manby v. Scott, decided in the Exchequer Chamber in 1663, and reported in the first vol. of Modern Reports, the question being as to the liability of a husband to pay for goods supplied against his consent to his wife, who had separated from him. Mr. Justice Hyde (whose judgment is most amusing) observes, in putting various supposed cases, that "The wife will have a velvet gown and a satin petticoat, and the husband thinks a *mohair* or *farendon* for a gown, and watered tabby for a petticoat, is as fashionable, and fitter for her quality."

2d. With Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten to the Duke; and after discourse as usual with him in his closet, I went to my Lord's: the King and the Duke being gone to chapel, it being a collar-day, Candlemas-day; where I staid with him until towards noon, there being Jonas Moore talking about some mathematical businesses. With Mr. Coventry down to his chamber, where he did tell me how he do make himself an interest by doing business truly and justly, though he thwarts others greater than himself, not striving to make himself friends by addresses; and by this he thinks and observes he do live as contentedly, now he finds himself secured from fear of want, and, take one time with another, as void of fear or cares, or more, than they that, as his own termes were, have quicker pleasures and sharper agonies than he. I met Madam Turner, she and her daughter having been at the play to-day at the Temple, it being a revelling time with them. Thence called at my brother's, who is at church, at the buriall of young Cumberland—a lusty young man.

4th. To Paul's Schoole, it being Opposition-day there. I heard some of their speeches, and they were just as schoolboys used to be, of the seven liberal sciences; but I think not so good as our's were in our time. Thence to Bow Church, to the Court of Arches, where a judge sits, and his proctors about him in their habits, and their pleadings all in Latin. Here I was sworn to give a true answer to my uncle's libells. And back again to Paul's School, and went up to see the head forms posed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but I think they do not answer in any so well as we did, only in geography they did pretty well. Dr. Wilkins and Outram[1] were examiners. So down to the school, where Mr. Crumlum did me much honour by telling many what a present I had made to the school, shewing my Stephanus in four volumes. He also shewed us upon my desire an old edition of the grammer of Colett's, where his epistle to the children is very pretty; and in rehearsing the creed it is said "borne of the cleane Virgin Mary."

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[1] William Outram, D.D., Prebendary of Westminster. Ob. 1679; one of the ablest and best of the Conformists, eminent for his piety and charity, and an excellent preacher.

5th. To dinner, and found it so well done, above what I did expect from my maid Susan, now Jane is gone, that I did call her in, and give her sixpence.

6th. To Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre building in Covent Garden,[1] which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought Hudibras again, it being certainly some ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no. To Mr. Povy's, and there found them at dinner, and dined there—there being, among others, Mr. Williamson,[2] Latin secretary, who, I perceive, is a pretty knowing man and a scholar, but, it may be, thinks himself to be too much so. To the Temple, to my cozen Roger Pepys, where met us my uncle Thomas and his son; and, after many high demands, we at last come to a kind of agreement upon very hard terms, which are to be prepared in writing against Tuesday next.

8th. (Lord's day.) Up, and, it being a very great frost, I walked to White Hall to chapel, where there preached little Dr. Duport,[3] of Cambridge, upon Josiah's words:—"But I and my house, we will serve the Lord." Thence with Mr. Creed to the King's Head ordinary. After dinner, Sir Thomas Willis[4] and another stranger, and Creed and I, fell a-talking; they of the errours and corruption of the Navy, and great expence thereof, not knowing who I was, which, at last, I did undertake to confute, and disabuse them: and they took it very well, and

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[1] Killigrew's, opened 8th of April, 1663.

[2] Joseph Williamson, Keeper of the State-Paper Office at White Hall, and in 1663 made Under-Secretary of State, and soon afterwards knighted. In 1664 he became Secretary of State, which appointment he filled four years. He represented Thetford or Rochester in different parliaments, and was in 1678 President of the Royal Society. Ob. 1701.

[3] James Duport, D.D., Dean of Peterborough, 1664, and Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, 1668. Ob. 1679.

[4] Sir Thomas Willis, mentioned April 20, 1660, possessed some property at Ditton, in Cambridgeshire, where he was buried, in 1705, in his ninety-first year. In 1679, he had been put out of the Commission of the Peace for that County, for concurring with the Fanatic party in opposing the Court.—*Cole's MSS.*

I hope it was to good purpose, they being Parliament-men. Creed, and I, and Captain Ferrers to the Parke, and there walked finely, seeing people slide, we talking all the while; and Captain Ferrers telling me, among other Court passages, how, about a month ago, at a ball at Court, a child was dropped by one of the ladies in dancing, but nobody knew who, it being taken up by somebody in their handkercher. The next morning all the Ladies of Honour appeared early at Court for their vindication, so that nobody could tell whose this mischance should be. But it seems Mrs. Wells[1] fell sick that afternoon, and hath disappeared ever since, so that it is concluded it was her. Another story was how Lady Castlemaine, a few days since, had Mrs. Stuart[2] to an entertainment, and at night begun a frolique that they two must be married—and married they were, with ring and all other ceremonies of church service, and ribbands[3] and a sack posset in bed, and flinging the stocking; but, in the close, it is said that my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the King come and took her place. This is said to be very true. Another story was, how Captain Ferrers and W. Howe both have often, through my Lady Castlemaine's window, seen her go to bed, and Sir Charles Barkeley in the chamber. The little Duke of Monmouth, it seems, is ordered to take place of all Dukes, and so do follow Prince Rupert now, before the Duke of Buckingham, or any else.

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[1] Winifred Wells, who has been considered as one of Charles's mistresses; but the "*petite disgrace*," as Hamilton styles it, here related, occurred to another of the Queen's Maids of Honour, Mary Kirk, sister to the Countess of Oxford. She retired from the Court, and, three years afterwards, having assumed the name of Warmestre, and having passed as a widow, married Sir Thomas Kirk, who was Killegrew's cousin. "The merry Mrs. Kite," says Warburton, speaking of the Court at Oxford, in 1642, "is said to have fascinated the grave Prince Maurice." This was the mother of Lady Vernon. "The Queen," says Lord Cornbury, in a letter to the Marchioness of Worcester, 10th June, 1662, "is much concerned that the English ladies spend so much time in dressing themselves. She fears they bestow but little on God Almighty and on housewifery. We are a very unsettled family, not one Lady of the Bed-chamber named, besides my Lady Suffolk, who is waiting; and they say both the number and persons you formerly mentioned, will be much altered. The four Dressers are fixed, who are my Lady Scroope, Lady Wood, Mrs. Fraizer, and Mrs. La Garde. The Maids of Honour are likewise in waiting—viz., Mrs. Cary, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Warmestry. The Maids of he Privy Chamber are but two, my Lady Mary Savage, and my Lady Betty Livingstone, my Lord Newborough's daughter."—Eliot Warburton's *Memoirs of Prince Rupert*, vol. iii., p. 461–464. This seems to be the best account of Queen Catherine's household; but Warmestry, if it is correct, was the Maid of Honour's real name, and not that which she assumed when banished from the Court.

[2] Frances Terese, eldest daughter of Walter Stuart, third son of the first Lord Blantyre, one of the greatest beauties at the Court of Charles II., became the third wife of Charles Lennox, sixth Duke of Lennox, and ourth Duke of Richmond. She died October 15, 1702, without issue, having survived her husband thirty years. Pepys spells her name Stuart, Steward, and Stewart; the first is right.

[3] See *ante*, Jan. 24, 1659–60, note.

10th. W. Warren[1] come himself to the door, and left a letter and box for me, and went his way. His letter mentions giving me and my wife a pair of gloves; but, opening the box, we found a pair of plain white gloves for my hand, and a fair state-dish of silver, and cup, with my armes, ready cut, upon them, worth, I believe, about £18, which is a very noble present, and the best I ever had yet. So, after some contentful talk with my wife, she to bed and I to rest.

11th. At night my wife read Sir H. Vane's trial to me, and I find it a very excellent thing—worth reading, and him to have been a very wise man.

13th. Mr. Cole, our timber-merchant, sent me five couple of ducks. To my office, where late upon business; Mr. Bland sitting with me, talking of my Lord Windsor's being come home from Jamaica, unlooked-for; which makes us think that these young Lords are not fit to do any service abroad, though it is said that he could not have his health there, but hath razed a fort of the King of Spain upon Cuba, which is considerable, or said to be so, for his honour.

14th. My uncle Thomas, and his sons both, and I, did meet at my cozen Roger's, and there sign and seal to an agreement, and with great seeming love parted.

15th. (Lord's day.) Talking long with my wife, and teaching her things in astronomy.

16th. To Westminster Hall, and there find great expectation what the Parliament will do, when they come two days hence to sit again, in matters of religion. The great question is, whether the Presbyters will be contented to let the Papists have the same liberty of conscience with them, or no, or rather be denied it themselves: and the Papists, I hear, are very busy in designing how to make the Presbyters consent to take their liberty, and to let them have the same with them, which some are apt to think they will. It seems a priest was taken in his vests officiating somewhere in Holborne the other day, and was committed by Secretary Morris, according to law; and they say the Bishop of London do give him thanks for it.

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[1] Afterwards Sir William Warren.

17th. To my office, my wife being gone to Chelsey with her brother and sister and Mrs. Lodum, to see the wassel at the schoole, where Mary Ashwell is. To my Lord Sandwich, whom I found at cards with Pickering; but he made an end soon: and so all alone, he told me he had a great secret to tell me, such as no flesh knew but himself, nor ought; which was this:—that yesterday morning, Eschar, Mr. Edward Montagu's man, did come to him from his master with some of the Clerkes of the Exchequer, for my Lord to sign to their books for the Embassy money;[1] which my Lord very civilly desired not to do till he had spoke with his master himself. In the afternoon, my Lord and my Lady Wright being at cards in his chamber, in comes Mr. Montagu; and, desiring to speak with my Lord at the window in his chamber, he began to charge my Lord with the greatest ingratitude in the world: that he, that had received his earldom, garter, £4000 per annum, and whatever he has in the world, from him, should now study him all the dishonour that he could: and so fell to tell my Lord, that if he should speak all that he knew of him, he could do so and so. In a word, he did rip up all that could be said that was unworthy, and in the basest terms they could be spoke in. To which my Lord answered with great temper, justifying himself, but endeavouring to lessen his heat, which was a strange temper in him, knowing that he did owe all he hath in the world to my Lord, and that he is now all that he is by his means and favour. But my Lord did forbear to increase the quarrel, knowing that it would be to no good purpose for the world to see a difference in the family; but did allay him so as that he fell to weeping. And after much talk, among other things, Mr. Montagu telling him that there was a fellow in the towne, naming me, that had done ill offices, and that if he knew it to be so, he would have him cudgelled, my Lord did promise him, that, if upon account he saw that there was not many tradesmen unpaid, he would sign the books; but, if there was, he could not bear with taking too great a debt upon him. So this day he sent him an account, and a letter, assuring him there was not above £200 unpaid; and so my Lord did sign to the Exchequer books. Upon the whole, I understand fully what a rogue he is, and how my Lord do think and will think of him for the future; telling me that thus he has served his father, my Lord Manchester, and his whole family, and now himself: and, which is worst, that he hath abused, and in speeches every day do abuse, my Lord Chancellor, whose favour he hath lost; and hath no friend but Sir H. Bennet, and that, I knowing the rise of his friendship, only from the likeness of their pleasures, and acquaintance, and concernments, they have in the same matters of lust and baseness; for which God forgive them! But he do flatter himself, from promises of Sir H. Bennet, that he shall have a pension of £2000 per annum, and be made an Earl. My Lord told me he expected a challenge from him, but told me there was no great fear of him, for there was no man lies under such an imputation as he do in the business of Mr. Cholmly, who, though a simple, sorry fellow, do brave him, and struts before him with the Queen, to the sport and observation of the whole Court. He did keep my Lord at the window, reviling and braving him above an hour, my Lady Wright being by; but my Lord tells me she could not hear every word, but did well know what their discourse was; she could hear enough to know that. So that he commands me to keep it as the greatest secret in the world, and bids me beware of speaking words against Mr. Montagu, for fear I should suffer by his passion thereby. Mr. Pickering tells me the story is very true of a child being dropped at the ball at Court; and that the King had it in his closet a week after, and did dissect it; and making great sport of it, said that, in his opinion, it must have been a month and three houres old; and that, whatever others think, he hath the greatest loss, it being a boy, as he says, that hath lost a subject by the business. He tells me too, that the other [story], of my Lady Castlemaine's and Stuart's marriage, is certain, and that it was in order to the King's coming to Stuart, as is believed generally. He tells me that Sir H. Bennet is a Catholique, and how all the Court almost is changed to the worse since his coming in, they being afraid of him. And that the Queen-Mother's Court is now the greatest of all; and that our own Queen hath little or no company come to her, which I know also to be very true, and am sorry to see it.

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[1] That to Portugal, respecting the Royal marriage.

18th. Mr. Hater and I alone at the office, finishing our account of the extra charge of the Navy, not properly belonging to the Navy, since the King's coming in to Christmas last; and, all extra things being abated, I find that the true charge of the Navy to that time hath been after the rate of £374,743 a-year. I made an end by eleven o'clock at night. This day the Parliament met again, after their long prorogation; but I know not any thing what they have done, being within doors all day.

19th. My eyes begin to fail me, lying so long by candle-light upon white paper. This day I read the King's speech to the Parliament yesterday, which is very short, and not very obliging; but only telling them his desire to have a power of indulging tender consciences, and that he will yield to have any mixture in the uniformity of the Church's discipline; and says the same for the Papists, but declares against their ever being admitted to have any offices or places of trust in the kingdom; but, God knows, too many have.

21st. To the office, where Sir J. Minnes, most of the rest being at the Parliament-house, all the morning answering petitions and other business. Towards noon, there comes a man, as if upon ordinary business, and shows me a writ from the Exchequer, called a Commission of Rebellion, and tells me that I am his prisoner in Field's business; which, methought, did strike me to the heart, to think that we could not sit in the middle of the King's business. I told him how and where we were employed, and bid him have a care; and perceiving that we were busy, he said he would, and did withdraw for an hour: in which time Sir J. Minnes took coach and to Court, to see what he could do from thence: and our solicitor against Field come by chance, and told me that he would go and satisfy the fees of the Court, and would end the business. So he went away about that, and I staid in my closet, till by and by the man and four more of his fellows come to know what I would do; and I told them to stay till I heard from the King or my Lord Chief Baron, to both whom I had now sent. With that they consulted, and told me, that if I would promise to stay in the house, they would go and refresh themselves, and come again, and know what answer I had: so they away, and I home to dinner. Before I had dined, the bayleys come back again with the constable, and at the office knock for me, but found me not there; and I, hearing in what manner they were come, did forbear letting them know where I was; so they stood knocking and enquiring for me. By and by, at my parler-window comes Sir W. Batten's Mingo, to tell me that his master and lady would have me come to their house, through Sir J. Minnes's lodgings, which I could not do; but, however, by ladders, did get over the pale between our yards and their house, where I found them, as they have reason, to be much concerned for me, my lady, especially. The fellows staid in the yard, swearing, with one or two constables, and some time we locked them into the yard, and by and by let them out again, and so kept them all the afternoon, not letting them see me, or know where I was. One time, I went up to the top of Sir W. Batten's house, and out of one of their windows spoke to my wife out of one of ours; which methought, though I did it in mirth, yet I was sad to think what a sad thing it would be for me to be really in that condition. By and by comes Sir J. Minnes, who, like himself and all that he do, tells us that he can do no good, but that my Lord Chancellor wonders that we did not cause the seamen to fall about their eares, which we wished we could have done without our being seen in it; and Captain Grove being there, he did give them some affront, and would have got some seamen to have drubbed them, but he had not time, nor did we think it fit to have done it, they having executed their commission; but there was occasion given that he did draw upon one of them who did complain that Grove had pricked him in the breast, but no hurt done; but I see that Grove would have done our business to them if we had bid him. By and by comes Mr. Clerke, our solicitor, who brings us a release from our adverse atturney, we paying the fees of the commission, which comes to five markes, and the charges of these fellows, which are called the commissioners, but are the most rake-shamed rogues that ever I saw in my life; so he showed them this release, and they seemed satisfied, and went away with him to their atturney to be paid by him. But before they went, Sir W. Batten and my lady did begin to taunt them, but the rogues answered them as high as themselves, and swore they would come again, and called me rogue and rebel, and they would bring the sheriffe and untile his house, before he should harbour a rebel in his house, and that they would be here again shortly. Well, at last, they went away, and I by advice took occasion to go abroad, and walked through the street to show myself among the neighbours, that they might not think worse than the business is. I home to Sir W. Batten's again, where Sir J. Lawson, Captain Allen, Spragg,[1] and several others, and all our discourse about the disgrace done to our office, to be liable to this trouble, which we must get removed. Hither comes Mr. Clerke by and by, and tells me that he hath paid the fees of the Court for the commission;

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[1] Edward Spragg, knighted for his gallant conduct, as a Captain in the first sea-fight with the Dutch in 1665. After rendering many important naval services to his country, he was unfortunately drowned, on the 11th of August, 1673, whilst passing in a boat to the Royal Charles, from his own ship, which had been disabled in the action with Van Tromp. He lies buried in Westminster Abbey, without any memorial; nor have we the slightest record of his early history, or of the family from which he was descended.

but the men are not contented with under £5 for their charges, which he will not give them, and therefore advises me not to stir abroad till Monday, that he comes or sends to me again, whereby I shall not be able to go to White Hall to the Duke of York, as I ought. Here I staid vexing, and yet pleased to see every body for me, man, woman, and child, my Lady and Mrs. Turner especially for me; and so home, where my people are mightily surprised to see this business; but it troubles me not very much, it being nothing touching my particular person or estate. Sir W. Batten tells me that little is done yet in the Parliament-house, but only this day it was moved and ordered that all the members of the House do subscribe to the renouncing of the Covenant, which, it is thought, will try some of them. There is also a bill brought in for the wearing of nothing but cloth or stuffs of our own manufacture, and is likely to be passed. Among other talk this morning, my Lady did speak concerning Commissioner Pett's calling the present King bastard, and other high words heretofore: and Sir W. Batten did tell us, that he did give the Duke and Mr. Coventry an account of that and other like matters in writing, under oath, of which I was ashamed, and for which I was sorry.

22d. (Lord's day.) Went not out all the morning; but after dinner to Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's, where discoursing much of yesterday's trouble and scandal; but that which troubled me most, was Sir J. Minnes coming from Court at night, and instead of bringing great comfort from thence, but I expected no better from him, he tells me that the Duke and Mr. Coventry make no great matter of it.

23d. Up by times; and not daring to go by land, did, Griffin going along with me, for fear, slip to White Hall by water; where to Mr. Coventry, and, as we used to do, to the Duke; the other of my fellows being come. But we did nothing of our business, the Duke being sent for to the King, that he could not stay to speak with us. This morning come my Lord Windsor to kiss the Duke's hand, being returned from Jamaica. He tells the Duke, that from such a degree of latitude going thither he began to be sick, and was never well till his coming so far back again, and then presently begun to be well. He told the Duke of their taking the fort of St. Jago, upon Cuba, with his men; but, upon the whole, I believe, that he did matters like a young lord, and was weary of being upon service out of his own country, where he might have pleasure; for methought it was a shame to see him this very afternoon, being the first day of his coming to town, to be at a playhouse.

To my Lord Sandwich: it was a great trouble to me, and I had great apprehensions of it, that my Lord desired me to go to Westminster Hall, to the Parliament-house door, about business; and to Sir William Wheeler,[1] which I told him I would, but durst not go for fear of being taken by these rogues; but was forced to go to White Hall and take boat, and so land below the Tower at the Iron-gate, and so the back way over little Tower Hill; and, with my cloak over my face, took one of the watermen along with me, and staid behind our garden-wall, while he went to see whether any body stood within the Merchants' Gate. But there was nobody; and so I got safe into the garden, and, coming to open my office door, something behind it fell in the opening, which made me start. So that God knows in what a sad condition I should be if I were truly in debt: and therefore ought to bless God that I have no such reall reason, and to endeavour to keep myself, by my good deportment and good husbandry, out of any such condition. At home, I find, by a note, that Mr. Clerke, in my absence, hath left here, that I am free; and that he hath stopped all matters in Court; and I was very glad of it, and immediately had a light thought of taking pleasure to rejoice my heart, and so resolved to take my wife to a play at court to-night, and the rather because it is my birthday, being this day thirty years old, for which let me praise God. While my wife dressed herself, Creed and I walked out to see what play was acted to-day, and we find it "The Slighted Mayde."[2] To the Duke's house, where we saw it well acted, though the play hath little good in it, being most pleased to see the little girl dance in boy's apparel, she having very fine legs, only bends in the hams, as I perceive all women do. The play being done, we took coach, and to Court, and there saw "The Wilde Gallant"[3] performed by the King's house, but it was ill acted, and the play so poor a thing as I never saw in my life almost, and so little answering the name, that, from the beginning to the end, I could not, nor can, at this time, tell certainly which was the Wild Gallant. The King did not seem pleased at all, the whole play, nor any body else. My Lady Castlemaine was all worth seeing to-night, and little Steward. Mrs. Wells do appear at Court again, and looks well; so that, it may be, the late report of laying the dropped child to her was not true.[1] This day I was told that my Lady Castlemaine hath all the King's Christmas presents, made him by the peers, given to her, which is a most abominable thing; and that at the great ball she was much richer in jewells than the Queen and Duchess put both together.

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[1] Sir William Wheler, of Westminster, was created a Baronet August 11, 1660, with remainder to his cousin, Charles Wheler, who succeeded to the honour, upon his death. He was then M.P. for Queenborough.

[2] A Comedy, by Sir Robert Stapylton, acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

[3] Dryden's first play. Evelyn saw it at Court, 5th February, 1662–3, the night (as appears from the original Prologue) on which it was first acted. Dryden has a copy of verses to the Countess of Castlemaine on her encouraging his first play.

24th. Among other things, my Lord tells me, that he hears the Commons will not agree to the King's late declaration, nor will yield that the Papists have any ground given them to raise themselves up again in England, which I perceive by my Lord was expected at Court.

25th. The Commons in Parliament, I hear, are very high to stand to the Act of Uniformity, and will not indulge the Papists, which is endeavoured by the Court Party, nor the Presbyters.

26th. Sir W. Batten and I by water to the Parliament-house: he went in, and I walked up and down the Hall. All the newes is the great oddes yesterday in the votes between them that are for the Indulgence to the Papists and Presbyters, and those that are against it, which did carry it by 200 against 30. And pretty it is to consider how the King would appear to be a stiff Protestant and son of the Church; and yet willing to give a liberty to these people, because of his promise at Breda; and yet all the world do believe that the King would not have the liberty given them at all.

27th. About 11 o'clock, Commissioner Pett and I walked to Chyrurgeons' Hall, we being all invited thither, and promised to dine there, where we were led into the Theatre; and by and by comes the reader, Dr. Tearne,[2] with the Master and Company, in a very handsome manner: and all being settled, he begun his lecture; and his discourse being ended, we had a fine dinner and good learned company, many Doctors of Phisique, and we used with extraordinary great respect. Among other observables, we drunk the King's health out of a gilt cup[3] given by King Henry VIII. to this Company, with bells hanging at it, which every man is to ring by shaking, after he hath drunk up the whole cup. There is also a very excellent piece of the King, done by Holbein, stands up in the Hall, with the officers of the Company kneeling to him to receive their Charter. Dr. Scarborough took some of his friends, and I went with them, to see the body of a lusty fellow, a seaman, that was hanged for a robbery. I did touch the dead body with my bare hand: it felt cold, but methought it was a very unpleasant sight. It seems, one Dillon, of a great family, was, after much endeavours to have saved him, hanged with a silken halter this Sessions, of his own preparing, not for honour only, but, it being soft and sleek, it do slip close and kills, that is, strangles presently: whereas, a stiff one do not come so close together, and so the party may live the longer before killed. But all the Doctors at table conclude, that there is no pain at all in hanging, for that it do stop the circulation of the blood; and so stops all sense and motion in an instant. To Sir W. Batten's, to speak upon some business, where I found Sir J. Minnes pretty well fuddled, I thought. He took me aside, to tell me how, being at my Lord Chancellor's to-day, my Lord told him that there was a Great Seal passing for Sir W. Pen, through the impossibility of the Comptroller's duty to be performed by one man, to be, as it were, joynt-comptroller with him, at which he is stark mad, and swears he will give up his place. For my part, I do hope, when all is done, that my following my business will keep me secure against all their envys. But to see how the old man do strut, and swear that he understands all his duty as easily as crack a nut, and easier, he told my Lord Chancellor, for his teeth are gone; and that he understands it as well as any man in England; and that he will never leave to record that he should be said to be unable to do his duty alone; though, God knows, he cannot do it more than a child. All this I am glad to see fall out between them, and myself safe, and yet I hope the King's service well done for all this, for I would not that should be hindered by any of our private differences.

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[1] See *ante*, Feb. 8, 1662-3, and note.

[2] Christopher Terne, of Leyden, M.D., originally of Cambridge, and Fellow of the College of Physicians. Ob. 1673.

[3] Still existing, and has been engraved.

28th. The House have this noon been with the King, to give him their reasons for refusing to grant any indulgence to Presbyters or Papists; which he, with great content and seeming pleasures, took, saying, that he doubted not but he and they should agree in all things, though there may seem a difference in judgments, he having writ and declared for an indulgence: and that he did believe never prince was happier in a House of Commons than he was in them. To my Lord Sandwich, who continues troubled with his cold. Our discourse most upon the outing of Sir R. Bernard and my Lord's being made Recorder [of Huntingdon] in his stead, which he seemed well contented with, saying, that it may be for his convenience to have the chief officer of the town dependant upon him, which is very true. At the Privy Seale I did see the docquet by which Sir W. Pen is made the Comptroller's assistant, as Sir J. Minnes told me last night, which I must endeavour to prevent.

March 1st. (Lord's day.) To White Hall Chappell, where preached one Dr. Lewes, said heretofore to have been a great witt; but he read his sermon every word, and that so brokenly and so low, that nobody could hear at any distance, nor I anything worth hearing that sat near. But, which was strange, he forgot to make any prayer before sermon, which all wonder at, but they impute it to his forgetfulness. After sermon a very fine anthem: so I up into the house among the courtiers, seeing the fine ladies, and, above all, my Lady Castlemaine, who is above all, that only she I can observe for true beauty. The King and Queen being set to dinner, I went to Mr. Fox's, and there dined with him. Much genteel company, and, among other things, I hear for certain that peace is concluded between the King of France and the Pope: and also I heard the reasons given by our Parliament yesterday to the King why they dissent from him in matter of Indulgence, which are very good quite through, and which I was glad to hear. Thence to my Lord Sandwich, who continues with a great cold, locked up; and, being alone, we fell into discourse of my uncle the Captain's death and estate, and I took the opportunity of telling my Lord how matters stand, and read his will, and told him all what a poor estate he hath left, at all which he wonders strangely, which he may well do. All to bed, without prayers, it being washing day to-morrow.

3d. (Shrove Tuesday.) At noon, by promise, Mrs. Turner and her daughter, and Mrs. Morrice, come along with Roger Pepys to dinner. We were as merry as I could be, having but a bad dinner for them; but so much the better, because of the dinner which I must have at the end of this month. And here Mrs. The. showed me my name upon her breast as her Valentine, which will cost me 20*s.* After dinner, I took them down into the wine-cellar, and broached my tierce of claret for them. This afternoon, Roger Pepys tells me, that for certain the King is for all this very highly incensed at the Parliament's late opposing the Indulgence; which I am sorry for, and fear it will breed great discontent.

5th. To the Lobby, and spoke with my cousin Roger, who is going to Cambridge to-morrow. In the Hall I do hear that the Catholiques are in great hopes for all this, and do set hard upon the King to get Indulgence. Matters, I hear, are all naught in Ireland, and the people, that is, the Papists, do cry out against the Commissioners sent by the King; so that they say the English interest will be lost there. To see my Lord Sandwich, who I found very ill, and by his cold being several nights hindered from sleep, he is hardly able to open his eyes, and is very weak and sad upon it, which troubled me much.

6th. Up betimes, and by coach with four horses with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten to Woolwich—a pleasant day, and so into Mr. Falconer's, where we had some fish, which we brought with us dressed; and there dined with us his new wife, which had been his maid, but seems to be a genteel woman, well enough bred and discreet. This day it seems the House of Commons have been very high against the Papists, being incensed by the stir which they make for their having an Indulgence; which, without doubt, is a great folly in them to be so hot upon at this time, when they see how averse already the House have showed themselves from it. This evening Mr. Povy tells me that my Lord Sandwich is this day so ill that he is much afraid of him, which puts me to great pain, not more for my own sake than for his poor family's.

7th. The. Turner come on foot in a frolick to beg me to get a place at sea for John, their man, which is a rogue; but, however it may be, the sea may do them good in reclaiming him, and therefore I will see what I can do. She dined with me; and after dinner I took coach and carried her home; in our way, in Cheapside, lighting and giving her a dozen pair of white gloves as my Valentine. Thence to my Lord Sandwich, who is gone to Sir W. Wheeler's for his more quiet being, where he slept well last night; and I took him, very merry, playing at cards, and much company with him. Creed told me how, for some words of my Lady Gerard's,[1] against my Lady Castlemaine to the Queen, the King did the other day apprehend [2] her in going out to dance with her at a ball, when she desired it as the ladies do, and is since forbid attending the Queen by the King; which is much talked of, my Lord her husband being a great favourite.

8th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall to-day: I heard Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester, make a good and eloquent sermon upon these words: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Whence, the chapel in Lent being hung with black, and no anthem sung after sermon, as at other times, to my Lord Sandwich at Sir W. Wheeler's. I found him out of order, thinking himself to be in a fit of ague. After dinner up to my Lord, there being Mr. Rumball. My Lord, among other discourse, did tell us of his great difficultys passed in the business of the Sound, and of his receiving letters from the King there, but his sending them by Whetstone was a great folly; and the story how my Lord being at dinner with Sydney,[1] one of his fellow plenipotentiarys and his mortal enemy, did see Whetstone, and put off his hat three times to him, and the fellow would not be known, which my Lord imputed to his coxcombly humour, of which he was full, and bid Sydney take notice of him too, when, at the very time he had letters [2] in his pocket from the King, as it proved afterwards. And Sydney afterwards did find it out at Copenhagen, the Dutch Commissioners telling him how my Lord Sandwich had desired one of their ships to carry back Whetstone to Lubeck, he being come from Flanders from the King. But I cannot but remember my Lord's equanimity in all these affairs with admiration.

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[1] See note, Jan. 1, 1662-3, *ante*.

[2] *Sic orig.*: probably the word should be *reprehend*, and *denied*, in the following line, should perhaps be substituted for *desired*.

9th. About noon, Sir J. Robinson, Lord Mayor, desiring way through the garden from the Tower, called in at the office, and there invited me and Sir W. Pen, who happened to be in the way, to dinner, and we did go; and there had a great Lent dinner of fish, little flesh. There dined with us to-day Mr. Slingsby [3] of the Mint, who showed us all the new pieces, both gold and silver, examples of them all, that were made for the King of Blondeau's way; [4] and compared them with those made for Oliver. The pictures of the latter made by Symons,[5] and of the King by one Rotyr,[6] a German, I think, that dined with us also. He extols those of Rotyr above the others; and, indeed, I think they are the better, because the sweeter of the two; but, upon my word, those of the Protector are more like in my mind than the King's, but both very well worth seeing. The crownes of Cromwell are now sold, it seems, for 25*s.* and 30*s.* a-piece.[7]

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[1] The well-known Algernon Sidney, one of the Ambassadors sent to Sweden and Denmark by Richard Cromwell.

[2] These letters are in Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. vii. One was from the King, the other from Chancellor Hyde.

[3] Master of the Mint, frequently mentioned by Evelyn.

[4] There is an account of this matter in Hawkins' *English Coins*, pp. 213, 214.

[5] Thomas Simons, an engraver of coins and medals, and the greatest of English die-sinkers. Ob. 1665.

[6] There were three brothers named Rotier, all Medallists; Philip introduced the likeness of Frances Stuart in the figure of Britannia.

[7] Although modern numismatists may smile at the preference given by Mr. Slingsby to Rotier's coins, Pepys's remark that Oliver's crowns were

11th. News by Mr. Wood that Butler, our chief witness against Field, was sent by him to New England contrary to our desire, which made me mad almost; and so Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Pen, and I dined together at Trinity House.

12th. My uncle Thomas and his son do order their tenants to pay their rents to us, which pleases me well.

13th. To Mrs. Hunt's, and there found my wife, and so took them up by coach, and carried them to Hide Park, where store of coaches and good faces.

15th. (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife and Ashwell the first time to church, where our pew so full with Sir J. Minnes's sister and her daughter, that I perceive, when we come altogether, some of us must be shut out, but I suppose we shall come to some order what to do therein.

16th. To the Duke, where we met of course, and talked of our Navy matters. Then to the Commission of Tangier and there had my Lord Peterborough's Commission read over; and Mr. Secretary Bennet did make his querys upon it, in order to the drawing one for my Lord Rutherford more regularly, that being a very extravagant thing. Here long discoursing upon my Lord Rutherford's despatch, and so broke up. Mr. Coventry and I discoursed how the Treasurer doth intend to come to pay in course, which is the thing of the world that will do the King the greatest service in the Navy, and which joys my heart to hear of. He tells me of the business of Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Pen; which, he said, was chiefly to make Mr. Pett's being joyned with Sir W. Batten to go down the better. And how he well sees that neither the one nor the other can do their duties without help. To my wife at my Lord's lodgings, where I heard Ashwell play first upon the harpsichon, and I find she do play pretty well. Thence home by coach, buying at the Temple the printed virginall-book for her.

then selling at 25*s*. or 30*s*. is very curious, for it is to this day considered doubtful whether these beautiful pieces by Simons, were current coin or pattern pieces. Snelling, in his *Silver Coinage*, 1762, calls them "very scarce," and so they remain, as the prices they still bring at sales seems to show, varying from £2 10*s*. to £11, according to condition.

Mr. Joseph Gibbs, of the Inner Temple, who kindly furnished the above remarks, has one of the crowns *without any flaw*, for which he paid £4 18*s*.; and Mr. Cureton, the coin collector, had six sets of these monies at the time he was robbed and nearly murdered, in the winter of 1850. Pepys's evidence of the high value of the crown in 1663, strengthens the idea that they were pattern pieces only; there is a tradition, that the die became cracked across the neck after a few impressions were struck, which having been considered ominous, the issue was stopped, but the truth of the story must still remain matter of conjecture.

17th. To St. Margaret's Hill, in Southwark, where the Judge of the Admiralty come,[1] and the rest of the Doctors of the Civill law, and some other Commissioners, whose Commission of Oyer and Terminer was read, and then the charge, given by Dr. Exton,[2] which methought was somewhat dull, though he would seem to intend it to be very rhetoricall, saying that Justice had two wings, one of which spread itself over the land, and the other over the water, which was this Admiralty Court. That being done, and the jury called, they broke up, and to dinner to a taverne hard by, where a great dinner and I with them; but I perceive that this Court is yet but in its infancy: as to its rising again, and their design and consultation, was—I could overhear them—how to proceed with the most solemnity, and spend time, there being only two businesses to do, which of themselves could not spend much time. In the afternoon to the court again, where, first, Abraham, the boatswain of the King's pleasure-boat, was tried for drowning a man; and next, Turpin, accused by our wicked rogue Field for selling the King's timber; but, after full examination, they were both acquitted, and so I was glad of the first, for the saving the man's life; so I did take the other as a very good fortune to us; for, if Turpin had been found guilty, it would have sounded very ill in the ears of all the world, in the business between Field and us. Sir W. Batten and I to my Lord Mayor's [Sir John Robinson], where we found my Lord with Colonel Strangways[3] and Sir Richard Floyd,[4] Parliament-men, in the cellar drinking, where we sat with them, and then up; and by and by come in Sir Richard Ford. We had many discourses, but from all of them I do find Sir R. Ford a very able man of his brains and tongue, and a scholler. But my Lord Mayor a-talking, bragging, buffleheaded fellow, that would be thought to have led all the City in the great business of bringing in the King, and that nobody understood his plot, and the dark lanthorn he walked by; but he led them and ploughed with them as oxen and asses, his own words, to do what he had a mind: when in every discourse I observe him to be as very a coxcombe as I could have thought had been in the City. But he is resolved to do great matters in pulling down the shops quite through the City, as he hath done in many places, and will make a thorough passage quite through the City, through Canning Street, which indeed will be very fine. And then his precept, which he, in vain-glory, said he had drawn up himself, and hath printed it, against coachmen and carrmen affronting of the gentry in the street; it is drawn so like a fool, and some faults were openly found in it, that I believe he will have so much wit as not to proceed upon it, though it be printed. Here we staid talking till eleven at night, Sir R. Ford breaking to my Lord Mayor our business of our patent to be Justices of the Peace in the City, which he struck at mightily; but, however, Sir R. Ford knows him to be a fool, and so in his discourse he made him appear, and cajoled him into a consent to it: but so as I believe when he comes to his right mind to-morrow, he will be of another opinion: and though Sir R. Ford moved it very weightily and neatly, yet I had rather it had been spared now. But to see how he rants, and pretends to sway all the City in the Court of Aldermen, and says plainly that they cannot do, nor will he suffer them to do, anything but what he pleases; nor is there any officer of the City but of his putting in; nor any man that could have kept the City for the King thus well and long but him. And if the country can be preserved, he will undertake that the City shall not dare to stir again. When I am confident there is no man almost in the City cares for him, nor hath he brains to outwit any ordinary tradesmen.

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[1] The old Admiralty Court, then held at Marshalsea, and finally abolished 31st December, 1849.

[2] Sir Thomas Exton, Dean of the Arches, and Judge of the Admiralty Court.

[3] Giles Strangways, M.P. for Dorsetshire.

[4] Probably Sir Richard Lloyd, M.P. for Radnorshire.

18th. This day my tryangle, which was put in tune yesterday, did please me very well—Ashwell playing upon it pretty well.

19th. After doing my own business in my office, writing letters, etc. Home to supper and to bed, being weary, and vexed that I do not find other people so willing to do business as myself, when I have taken pains to find out what in the yards is wanting and fitting to be done.

20th. In Fleet Street, bought me a little sword, with gilt handle, cost me 23*s.*, and silk stockings to the colour of my riding cloth suit cost me 15*s.*, and bought me a belt there cost 15*s.* Meeting with Mr. Kirton's kinsman in Paul's Church Yard, he and I to a coffee-house; where I hear how there had like to have been a surprizall of Dublin by some discontented Protestants, and other things of like nature; and it seems the Commissioners have carried themselves so high for the Papists that the others will not endure it. Hewlett and some others are taken and clapped up; and they say the

King hath sent over to dissolve the Parliament there, who went very high against the Commissioners. Pray God send all well!

21st. By appointment our full board met, and Sir Philip Warwick and Sir Robert Long[1] come from my Lord Treasurer to speak with us about the state of the debts of the Navy; and how to settle it, so as to begin upon the new foundation of £200,000 per annum, which the King is now resolved not to exceed.

22d. (Lord's day.) Wrote out our bill for the Parliament about our being made Justices of Peace in the City. So to church, where a dull formall fellow that prayed for the Right Hon. John Lord Barkeley, Lord President of Connaught, etc. To my Lord Sandwich, and with him talking a good while; I find the Court would have this Indulgence go on, but the Parliament are against it. Matters in Ireland are full of discontent. Thence with Mr. Creed to Captain Ferrers, where many fine ladies; the house well and prettily furnished. She lies in, in great state, Mr. G. Montagu, Colonel Williams,[2] Cromwell that was, and Mrs. Wright, as proxy for my Lady

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[1] Sir Robert Long, who came of an ancient family in Wiltshire, had been Secretary to Charles II. during his exile, and was subsequently made Auditor of the Exchequer, and a Privy Councillor, and created a Baronet in 1662, with remainder to his nephew James. He died unmarried in 1673

[2] Colonel Williams—"*Cromwell that was*," appears to have been Henry Cromwell, grandson of Sir Oliver Cromwell, and first cousin, once removed, to the Protector. He was seated at Bodsey House, in the Parish of Ramsey, which had been his father's residence, and held the commission of a colonel. He served in several Parliaments for Huntingdonshire, voting, in 1660, for the restoration of the monarchy: and as he knew the name of Cromwell would not be grateful to the Court, he disused it and assumed that of Williams, which had belonged to his ancestors; and he is so styled in a list of Knights of the proposed Order of the Royal Oak. He died at Huntingdon, 3d August 1673.—Abridged from Noble's *Memoirs of the Cromwells*, vol. i., p. 70.

Richard Williams, *alias* Cromwell, Esq., to whom Ramsey Abbey was partly given, partly sold, was one of the five Tilters who, in the 32d Henry VIII., made the bold challenge at justs to all comers that would, in France, Flanders, Scotland, and Spain. . . . This Richard came into the place as Esquire, but departed a Knight, dubbed by the King for his valour, clearly carrying away the credit: overthrowing Mr. Palmer in the field at justs one day, and the next serving Mr. Culpepper, at barriers, in the same manner. Hereupon there goeth a tradition in the family, that King Henry, highly pleased with his prowesse, "Formerly," saith he, "thou wast my Dick, but hereafter shall be my Diamond;" and thereat let fall his diamond upon him. In accordance whereof, these Cromwells have ever since given for their crest, a lion holding a diamond ring in his forepaw.—Fuller's *Church History*, book vi., sect. vi., 11, 12.

Jemimah, were witnesses. Very pretty and plentiful entertainment. My coach cost me 7*s.*

23d. This day Greatorex brought me a very pretty weather-glasse for heat and cold.

24th. To my office, where we sat, and, among other things, had Cooper's[1] tried against Captain Holmes, but I find Cooper a fuddling, troublesome fellow, though a good artist.

25th. To the Sun Taverne, to my Lord Rutherford, and dined with him, and some other of his officers, and Scotch gentlemen, of fine discourse and education. My Lord used me with great respect, and discoursed upon his business as with one that he did esteem. By and by he went away, forgetting to take leave of me, my back being turned, looking upon the aviary, which is there very pretty, and the birds begin to sing well this spring. This evening come Captain [Edward] Grove about hiring ships for Tangier. I did hint to him my desire that I could make some lawfull profit thereof, which he promises.

26th. This day is five years since it pleased God to preserve me at my being cut of the stone, of which I bless God I am in all respects well. This morning come a new cooke-maid at £4 per annum, the first time I ever did give so much. She did live last at my Lord Monke's house.

29th. (Lord's day.) After dinner, in comes Mr. Moore, and sat and talked with us a good while; among other things telling me, that neither my Lord nor he are under apprehensions of the late discourse in the House of Commons, concerning resumption of Crowne lands.

April 1st. I went to the Temple, to my Cozen Roger Pepys, to see and talk with him a little; who tells me that, with much ado, the Parliament do agree to throw down Popery: but he says it is with so much spite and passion, and an endeavour of bringing all Non-conformists into the same condition, that he is afraid matters will not yet go so well as he could wish. Home, calling on the virginall maker, buying a rest for myself to tune my tryangle, and taking one of his people along with me to put it in tune once more, by which I learned how to go about it myself for the time to come. To my office all the afternoon: Sir J. Minnes like a mad coxcomb did swear and stamp, swearing that Commissioner Pett hath still the old heart against the King that ever he had, and that this was his envy against his brother that was to build the ship, and all the damnable reproaches in the world, at which I was ashamed, but said little; but, upon the whole, I find him still a fool, led by the nose by stories told by Sir W. Batten, whether with or without reason. So, vexed in my mind to see things ordered so unlike gentlemen or men of reason, I went home.

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[1] Some word is omitted in the MS., without which the sentence is incomplete. Cooper was the person who gave Pepys lessons in arithmetic.

2d. Sir W. Pen told me, that this day the King hath sent to the House his concurrence wholly with them against the Popish priests, Jesuits, &c., which gives great content, and I am glad of it.

3d. To White Hall and to Chappell, which being most monstrous full, I could not go into my pew, but sat among the quire. Dr. Creeton, the Scotchman, preached a most admirable, good, learned, and most severe sermon, yet comicall, upon the words of the woman, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that give thee suck: and he answered, nay: rather is he blessed that heareth the word of God, and keepeth it." He railed bitterly ever and anon against John Calvin, and his brood, the Presbyterians, and against the present terme, now in use, of "tender consciences." He ripped up Hugh Peters, (calling him the execrable skellum[1]) his preaching, stirring up the maids of the city to bring in their bodkins and thimbles. I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, and took it, knowing as I found it to be, the proceed of the place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I come home—not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece in gold, and £4 in silver. To the Tangier Committee, where we find ourselves at a great stand; the establishment being but £70,000 per annum, and the forces to be kept in the town at the least estimate that my Lord Rutherford can be brought to bring is £53,000. The charge of this year's work of the Mole will be £13,000; besides £1000 a-year to my Lord Peterborough as a pension, and the fortifications and contingencys, which puts us to a great stand. I find at Court that there is some bad news from Ireland of an insurrection of the Catholiques there, which puts them into an alarme. I hear also in the City that for certain there is an embargo upon all our ships in Spayne, upon this action of my Lord Windsor's at Cuba, which signifies little or nothing, but only he hath a mind to say he hath done something before he comes back again.

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[1] Villain—*Johnson*. Scoundrel—*Skinner*.

4th. After dinner to Hide Parke; Mrs. Wright and I in one coach, and all the rest of the women in Mrs Turner's; Roger Pepys being gone in haste to the Parliament about the carrying this business of the Papists, in which it seems there is a great contest on both sides. At the Parke was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every turn. This being my feast, in lieu of what I should have had a few days ago, for the cutting of the stone, very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our own only mayde. We had a fricasee of rabbits, and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie, a most rare pie, a dish of anchoves, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble, and to my great content.

6th. To the Committee of Tangier, where I found, to my great joy, my Lord Sandwich, the first time I have seen him abroad these some months, being it seems this night to go to Kensington, or Chelsey, where he hath taken a lodging for a while to take the ayre.

8th. By water to White Hall, to chapel; where preached Dr. Pierce, the famous man that preached the sermon so much cried up, before the King against the Papists. His matter was the Devil tempting our Saviour, being carried into the Wilderness by the Spirit. And he hath as much of natural eloquence as most men that ever I heard in my life, mixed with so much learning. After sermon, I went up and saw the ceremony of the Bishop of Peterborough's paying homage upon the knee to the King, while Sir H. Bennet, Secretary, read the King's grant of the Bishopric of Lincolne, to which he is translated. His name is Dr. Lany.[1] Here I also saw the Duke of Monmouth, with his Order of the Garter, the first time I ever saw it. I hear that the University of Cambridge did treat him a little while since with all the honour possible, with a comedy at Trinity College, and banquet; and made him Master of Arts there: all which, they say, the King took very well, Dr. Raynbow,[2] Master of Magdalene, being now Vice-Chancellor.

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[1] Benjamin Lany, S.T.P., Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles I., made Bishop of Peterborough 1660, translated to Lincoln 1662–3, and to Ely 1667. Ob. 1674.

[2] Edward Rainbow, Chaplain to the King, and Dean of Peterborough, and in 1664 Bishop of Carlisle. Ob. 1684.

10th. After great expectation from Ireland, and long stop of letters, there is good news come, that all is quiett, though some stir hath been, as was reported. To the Royal Duke Taverne, in Lombarde Streete, where Alexander Broome[1] the poet was, a merry and witty man, I believe, if he be not a little conceited. With my wife, and walked to the New Exchange. There laid out 10*s.* upon pendents, and painted leather gloves, very pretty and all the mode.

12th. (Lord's day.) Got a coach to Gray's Inn Walks, where some handsome faces. Coming home to-night, a drunken boy was carrying by our constable to our new pair of stocks to hansel them, being a new pair, and very handsome.

13th. To the Tangier Committee, where we had very fine discourse from Dr. Walker and Wiseman,[2] civilians, against our erecting a court-merchant at Tangier, and well answered by my Lord Sandwich, whose speaking I never till now observed so much to be very good.

14th. By barge to Woolwich, to see "The Royall James" launched, where she hath been under repair a great while. Then to Mr. Falconer's, to a dinner of fish of our own sending, and when it is just ready to come upon the table, word is brought that the King and Duke are come, so they all went away to shew themselves, while I staid, and had a little dish or two by myself, and by the time I had dined, they come again, having gone to little purpose, the King, I believe, taking little notice of them. And so home, the ship well launched. Sir G. Carteret tells me to-night that he perceives the Parliament s likely to make a great bustle before they will give the King any money; will call all things in question; and, above all, the expences of the Navy; and do enquire into the King's expences everywhere, and into the truth of the report of people being orced to sell their bills at 15 per cent. losse in the Navy; and, astly, that they are in a very angry pettish mood at present, and not likely to be better.

16th. Met to pass Mr. Pitt's, Sir J. Lawson's Secretary and Deputy-Treasurer, accounts for the voyage last to the Streights, wherein the demands are strangely irregular, and I dare not ppose it alone; but God knows, it troubles my heart to see it, and to see the Comptroller, whose duty it is, to make no more matter of it.

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[1] Alexander Broome, an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court, author of *Loyal Songs and Madrigals*, much sung by the Cavaliers, and of a transation of portions of Horace. His death is recorded in the *Diary* on the rd July, 1666. He was regretted as an agreeable companion.

[2] Afterwards Sir William Walker and Sir Robert Wiseman.

17th. It being Good Friday, our dinner was only sugar-sopps and fish; the only time that we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent. To Paul's Church Yard, to cause the title of my English "Mare Clausum" to be changed, and the new title, dedicated to the King, to be put to it, because I am ashamed to have the other seen, dedicated to the Commonwealth.

19th. (Easter-day.) Up, and this day put on my close-kneed coloured suit, which, with new stockings of the colour, with belt, and new gilt-handled sword, is very handsome. To church, where the young Scotchman preaching, I slept awhile. After supper, fell in discourse of dancing, and I find that Ashwell hath a very fine carriage, which makes my wife almost ashamed of herself to see herself so outdone, but to-morrow she begins to learn to dance for a month or two. Will being gone, with my leave, to his father's this day for a day or two, to take physique these holydays.

20th. To Mr. Grant's. There saw his prints, which he shewed me, and indeed are the best collection of anything almost that ever I saw, there being the prints of most of the greatest houses, churches, and antiquitys in Italy and France, and brave cutts. I had not time to look them over as I ought. With Sir G. Carteret and Sir John Minnes to my Lord Treasurer's, thinking to have spoken about getting money for paying the Yards; but we found him with some ladies at cards: and so, it being a bad time to speak, we parted. This day the little Duke of Monmouth was marryed at White Hall, in the King's chamber; and to-night is a great supper and dancing at his lodgings, near Charing Cross. I observed his coate at the tail of his coach: he gives the arms of England, Scotland, and France, quartered upon some other fields;[1] but what it is that speaks his being a bastard I know not.

21st. I ruled with red ink my English "Mare Clausum," which, with the new orthodox title, makes it now very handsome.

22d. To my uncle Wight's, by invitation, where we had but a poor dinner, and not well dressed; besides, the very sight of my aunt's hands, and greasy manner of carving, did almost turn my stomach. After dinner, to the king's play-house, where we saw but part of "Witt without Mony,"[1] which I do not like much—it costing me four half-crowns for myself and company.

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[1] The arms granted to the Duke of Monmouth, 8th April, 1665, were, Quarterly, i. and iv.; Ermine, on a pile *gu.* three lions passant gardant *or;* ii. and iii., *or*, an inescutcheon of France, within a double tressure glory counter glory, *gu.* On the 22nd April, 1667, another grant was made to the Duke of the arms of Charles II., with a baton sinister *arg.;* over all, an inescutcheon of Scott. The present Duke of Buccleuch bears these arms quarterly. It is quite clear that Pepys knew nothing of heraldry.

23d. St. George's day and Coronacion, the King and Court being at Windsor, at the installing of the King of Denmarke by proxy, and the Duke of Monmouth.

25th. In the evening, merrily practising the dance which my wife hath begun to learn this day of Mr. Pembleton, but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing. At Westminster Hall, this day, I bought a book lately printed and licensed by Dr. Stradling,[2] the Bishop of London's chaplain, being a book discovering the practices and designs of the papists—a very good book; but, forasmuch as it touches one of the Queen-Mother's father confessors, the Bishop, which troubles many good men and members of Parliament, hath called it in, which I am sorry for. Another book I bought, being a collection of many expressions of the great Presbyterian preachers upon public occasions, in the late times, against the King and his party, as some of Mr. Marshall, Case, Calamy, Baxter,[3] &c., which is good reading now, to see what they then did teach, and the people believe, and what they would seem to believe now. I did hear that the Queen is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he not having supped once with her this quarter of a year, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine, who hath been with him this St. George's feast at Windsor, and come home with him last night; and, which is more, they say is removed as to her bed from her own home to a chamber in White Hall, next to the King's owne; which I am sorry to hear, though I love her much.

26th. (Lord's day.) Tom coming, with whom I was angry for his botching my camlott coat, to tell me that my father was at our church, I got me ready, and had a very good sermon of a country minister upon "How blessed a thing it is for brethren to live together in unity." My wife, Ashwell, and the boy and I, and the dog, over the water, and walked to half-way house, and beyond into the fields, gathering of cow-slipps, and so to half-way house, with some cold lamb we carried with us, and there supped, and had a most pleasant walk back again, Ashwell all along telling us some parts of their maske at Chelsey school, which was very pretty, and I find she hath a most prodigious memory, remembering so much of things acted six or seven years ago. So home, being sleepy, without prayers to-bed, for which God forgive me!

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[1] A Comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher. Mohun played Valentine.

[2] George Stradling, D.D., in 1672 made Dean of Chichester. Ob. 1688.

[3] "Evangelium Armatum. A Specimen or Short Collection of several Doctrines and Positions destructive to our Government, both Civil and Ecclesiastical, preached and vented by the known leaders and abettors of the pretended Reformation, such as Mr. Calamy, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Case, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Caryll, Mr. Marshall, and others." London: Printed for William Garrett, 1663, 4to.

27th. Will Griffin tells me this morning that Captain Browne, Sir W. Batten's brother-in-law, is dead of a blow given him two days ago by a seaman, a servant of his, being drunk, with a stone striking him on the forehead, for which I am sorry, he having a good woman and several small children. By water to White Hall; but found the Duke of York gone to St. James's for this summer; and thence with Mr. Coventry and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke's closet, and a good while with him about Navy business. And so I to White Hall, and there a long while with my Lord Sandwich, discoursing about his debt to the Navy, wherein he hath given me some things to resolve him in. The Queen, which I did not know, it seems, was at Windsor, at the late St. George's feast there; and the Duke of Monmouth dancing with her, with his hat in his hand, the King came in and kissed him, and made him put on his hat, which every body took notice of.

29th. To Chelsey, where we found my Lord all alone with one joynt of meat at dinner, and mightily extolling the manner of his retirement, and the goodness of his diet: the mistress of the house, Mrs. Becke, having been a woman of good condition heretofore, a merchant's wife, hath all things most excellently dressed; among others, her cakes admirable, and so good, that my Lord's words were, they were fit to present to my Lady Castlemaine. From ordinary discourse my Lord fell to talk of other matters to me, of which chiefly the second part of the fray, which he told me a little while since of, between Mr. Edward Montagu and himself; that he hath forborn coming to him almost two months, and do speak not only slightly of my Lord every where, but hath complained to my Lord Chancellor of him, and arrogated all that ever my Lord hath done to be only by his direction and persuasion. Whether he hath done the like to the King or no, my Lord knows not;

but my Lord hath been with the King since, and finds all things fair; and my Lord Chancellor hath told him of it; but he so much contemns Mr. Montagu, as my Lord knows himself very secure against any thing the fool can do; and, notwithstanding all this, so noble is his nature, that he professes himself ready to show kindness and pity to Mr. Montagu on any occasion. My Lord told me of his presenting Sir H. Bennet with a gold cup of £100, which he refuses, with a compliment; but my Lord would have been glad he had taken it, that he might have had some obligations upon him, which he thinks possible the other may refuse to prevent it; not that he hath any reason to doubt his kindness. But I perceive great differences there are at Court; and Sir H. Bennet, and my Lord Bristol, and their faction, are likely to carry all things before them, which my Lord's judgement is, will not be for the best and particularly against the Chancellor, who, he tells me, is irrecoverably lost: but, however, that he do so not actually joyne in any thing against the Chancellor, whom he do own to be a most sure friend, and to have been his greatest; and therefore will not openly act in either, but passively carry himself even. The Queen, my Lord tells me, he thinks he hath incurred some displeasure with, for his kindness to his neighbour, my Lady Castlemaine. My Lord tells me he hath no reason to fall for her sake, whose wit, management, nor interest, is not likely to hold up any man, and therefore he thinks it not his obligation to stand for her, against his own interest. The Duke and Mr. Coventry my Lord sees he is very well with, and fears not but they will show themselves his very good friends, specially at this time, he being able to serve them, and they needing him, which he did not tell me wherein. Talking of the business of Tangier, he tells me that my Lord Teviott[1] is gone away without the least respect paid to him, nor indeed to any man, but without his commission; and, if it be true what he says, having laid out seven or eight thousand pounds in commodities for the place; and besides having not only disobliged all the Commissioners for Tangier, but also Sir Charles Barkeley the other day, who spoke in behalf of Colonel Fitz-Gerald, that having been deputy-governor there already, he ought to have been expected and had the governorship upon the death or removal of the former Governor. And whereas it is said that he and his men are Irish, which is indeed the main thing that hath moved the King and Council to put in Teviott, to prevent the Irish having too great and the whole command there, under Fitz-Gerald; he further said, that there was never an Englishman fit to command Tangier; my Lord Teviott answered yes, there were many more fit than himself, or Fitz-Gerald either. So that Fitz-Gerald being so great with the Duke of York, and being already made deputy-governor, independent of my Lord Teviott, and he being also left here behind him for a while, my Lord Sandwich do think, that, putting all these things together, the few friends he hath left, and the ill posture of his affairs, my Lord Teviott is not a man of the conduct and management that either people take him to be, or is fit for the command of the place. And here, speaking of the Duke of York and Sir Charles Barkeley, my Lord tells me that he do very much admire the good management, and discretion, and nobleness of the Duke, that however he may be led by him or Mr. Coventry singly in private, yet he did not observe that in public matters, but he did give as ready hearing and as good acceptance to any reasons offered by any other man against the opinions of them, as he did to them, and would concur in the prosecution of it. Then we come to discourse upon his own sea-accompts, and come to a resolution how to proceed in them; wherein, though I offered him a way of evading the greatest part of his debt honestly, by making himself debtor to the Parliament, before the King's time, which he might justly do, yet he resolved to go openly and nakedly in it, and put himself to the kindness of the King and Duke, which humour I must confess, and so did tell him, with which he was not a little pleased, had thriven very well with him, being known to be a man of candid and open dealing, without any private tricks or hidden designs, as other men commonly have in what they do. From that we had discourse of Sir G. Carteret, and of many others; and upon the whole, I do find that it is a troublesome thing for a man of any condition at Court to carry himself even, and without contracting envy or envyers; and that much discretion and dissimulation is necessary to do it. W. Howe and I went down and walked in the gardens, which are very fine, and a pretty fountayne, with which I was finely wetted, and up to a banquetting-house, with a very fine prospect. With Captain Ferrers to my Lord, to tell him that my Lady Jemimah is come to town, and that Will Stankes is come with my father's horses.

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[1] See *ante*, p. 315, note.

30th. To dinner, where Mrs. Hunt, my father, and W. Stankes; but, Lord! what a stir Stankes makes, with his being crowded in the streets, and wearied in walking in London, and would not be wooed by my wife and Ashwell to go to a play nor to White Hall, or to see the lyons,[1] though he was carried in a coach. I never could have thought there had been upon earth a man so little curious in the world as he is.

May 1st. After dinner, I got my father, brother Tom, and myself together, and I advised my father to good husbandry, and to be living within the compass of £50 a year, and all in such kind words, as not only made both them but myself to weep. That being done, we all took horse, and I, upon a horse hired of Mr. Game, saw him out of London, at the end of Bishopsgate Street, and so I turned, and rode, with some trouble, through the fields, and then Holborne, &c., towards Hide Park, whither all the world, I think, are going; and in my going, almost thither, met W. Howe coming, galloping upon a little crop black nag, it seems, one that was taken in some ground of my Lord's, by some mischance being left by his master, a thiefe—this horse being found with black cloth eares on, and a false mayne, having none of his own, and I back again with him to the Chequer, at Charing Crosse, and there put up my own dull jade, and by his advice saddled a delicate stone-horse of Captain Ferrers, and with that rid in state to the park, where none better mounted than I almost; but being in a throng of horses, seeing the King's riders showing tricks with their managed horses, which were very strange, my stone-horse was very troublesome, and begun to fight with other horses, to the dangering him and myself; and with much ado I got out, and kept myself out of harm's way. Here I saw nothing good—neither the King, nor my Lady Castlemaine, nor any great ladies or beauties being there, there being more pleasure a great deal at an ordinary day; or else those few good faces that there were choked up with the many bad ones, there being people of all sorts in coaches there, to some thousands. Going thither in the highway again, by the park gate, I met a boy in a sculler-boat, carried by a dozen people at least, rowing as hard as he could drive—it seems, upon some wager. By and by, about seven o'clock, homeward; and changing my horse again, I rode home, coaches going in great crowds to the further end of the town, almost. In my way, in Leadenhall Street, there was morris-dancing, which I have not seen a great while. So set up my horse at Games's, paying 5*s*. for him, and went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the harpsichon; but, Lord! it was enough to make any man sick to hear her: yet was I forced to commend her highly. This day, Captain Grove sent me a side of pork, which was the oddest present, sure, that was ever made any man; and the next, I remember I told my wife, I believed would be a pound of candles, or a shoulder of mutton; but the fellow do it in kindness, and is one I am beholden to. So to bed, very weary, and a little galled, for lack of riding, praying to God for a good journey to my father, of whom I am afraid, he being so lately ill.

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[1] The lions were in the Tower; whence the word lionize, which may puzzle the etymologists of the next century, the menagerie no longer existing.

3d. (Lord's day.) To church, where Sir W. Pen shewed me the young lady which young Dawes,[1] that sits in the new corner-pew in the church, hath stole away from Sir Andrew Rickard,[2] her guardian, worth £1000 per annum, present, good land, and some money, and a very well-bred and handsome lady: he, I doubt, but a simple fellow. However, he got this good luck to get her, which methinks I could envy him, with all my heart.

4th. The dancing-master [Pembleton] come, whom standing by, seeing him instructing my wife, when he had done with her, he would needs have me try the steps of a coranto; and what with his desire and my wife's importunity, I did begin, and then was obliged to give him entry money 10*s*., and am become his scholler. The truth is, I think it is a thing very useful for any gentleman. To St. James's, where Mr. Coventry, Sir W. Pen, and I staid for the Duke's coming in, but not coming, we walked to White Hall; and meeting the King, we followed him into the Park, where Mr. Coventry and he talking of building a new yacht out of his private purse, he having some contrivance of his own. The talk being done, we fell off to Whitehall, leaving the King in the Park; and going back, met the Duke going towards St. James's to meet us. So he turned back again, and to his closet at White Hall; and there, my Lord Sandwich present, we did our weekly errand, and so broke up; and I to the garden with my Lord Sandwich; after we had sat an hour at the Tangier Committee, and after talking largely of his own businesses, we began to talk how matters are at Court: and though he did not flatly tell me any such thing, yet I do suspect that all is not kind between the King and the Duke, and that the King's fondness to the little Duke do occasion it; and it may be that there is some fear of his being made heire to the Crown. But this my Lord did not tell me, but is my guess only; and that my Lord Chancellor is without doubt falling past hopes.

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[1] John, son of Thomas Dawes, of Putney. He married Christian, daughter and heir of William Lyons, Esq., of Barking, Essex, and was created a Baronet in June, 1663. His third son, Sir William Dawes, became Archbishop of York.

[2] Sir Andrew Rickard, an eminent London merchant, chairman of the East India and Turkey Companies: knighted, 10th July, 1662. He was one of the principal inhabitants of St. Olave's, Hart Street, in the church of which parish he lies buried, and where his statue is still to be seen. He died 6th September, 1672, æt. suæ 68. He was father-in-law to John, Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, frequently mentioned by Pepys.

5th. With Sir J. Minnes, he telling many old stories of the Navy, and of the state of the Navy at the beginning of the late troubles; and I am troubled at my heart to think, and shall hereafter cease to wonder at the bad success of the King's cause, when such a knave as he, if it be true what he says, had the whole management of the fleet, and the design of putting out of my Lord Warwicke,[1] and carrying the fleet to the King, wherein he failed most fatally, to the King's ruine.

6th. To the Exchange with Creed, where we met Sir J. Minnes, who tells us, in great heat, that the Parliament will make mad work; that they will render all men incapable of any military or civil employment that have borne arms in the late troubles against the King, excepting some persons; which, if it be so, as I hope it is not, will give great cause of discontent, and I doubt will have but bad effects. To the Trinity House, and there dined, where, among other discourse worth hearing among the old seamen, they tell us that they have catched often, in Greenland, whales with the iron grapnells that had formerly been struck into their bodies covered over with fat; that they have had eleven hogsheads of oyle out of the tongue of a whale.

7th. Sir Thomas Crewe this day tells me that the Queen, hearing that there was £40,000 per annum brought into her account among the other expences of the Crown before the Committee of Parliament, she took order to let them know that she hath yet, for the payment of her whole family, received but £4000, which is a notable act of spirit, and I believe is true. To my Lord Crewe's, and there dined with him. He tells me of the order the House of Commons have made for the drawing an Act for the rendering none capable of preferment or employment in the State, but who have been loyall and constant to the King and Church; which will be fatal to a great many, and makes me doubt lest I myself, with all my innocence during the late times, should be brought in, being employed in the Exchequer; but, I hope, God will provide for me.

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[1] Robert Rich, second Earl of Warwick of that family, Admiral for the Parliament. Ob. 1658.

8th. By water to the Strand, and there viewed the Queen-Mother's works at Somerset House,[1] and thence to the new playhouse, but could not get in to see it: so to visit my Lady Jemimah, who is grown much since I saw her; but lacks mightily to be brought into the fashion of the court to set her off. Took my wife and Ashwell to the Theatre Royall, being the second day of its being opened. The house is made with extraordinary good convenience, and yet hath some faults, as the narrowness of the passages in and out of the pit, and the distance from the stage to the boxes, which I am confident cannot hear; but for all other things is well; only, above all, the musique being below, and most of it sounding under the very stage, there is no hearing of the bases at all, nor very well of the trebles, which sure must be mended. The play was "The Humorous Lieutenant," a play that hath little good in it, nor much in the very part which, by the King's command, Lacy now acts, instead of Clun. In the dance, the tall devil's actions was very pretty. The play being done, we home by water, having been a little shamed that my wife and woman were in such a pickle, all the ladies being finer and better dressed in the pit than they used, I think, to be. To my office, to set down this day's passage, and, though my oath against going to plays do not oblige me against this house, because it was not then in being, yet, believing that at the time my meaning was against all public houses, I am resolved to deny myself the liberty of two plays at Court, which are in arreare to me for the months of March and April. At supper comes Pembleton, and afterwards we all up to dancing till late. They say that I am like to make a dancer.

9th. At Mr. Jervas's, my old barber, I did try two or three borders and perriwiggs, meaning to wear one; and yet I have no stomach [for it], but that the pains of keeping my hair clean is so great. He trimmed me, and at last I parted, but my mind was almost altered from my first purpose, from the trouble that I foresee will be in wearing them also.

10th. (Lord's day.) Put on a black cloth suit, with white lynings under all, as the fashion is to wear, to appear under the breeches. I walked to St. James's, and was there at masse, and was forced in the crowd to kneel down: and masse being done, to the King's Head ordinary, where many Parliament-men; and most of their talk was about the news from Scotland, that the Bishop of Galloway was besieged in his house by some women, and had like to have been outraged, but I know not how he was secured; which is bad news, and looks as it did in the beginning of the late troubles. From thence they talked of rebellion; and I perceive they make it their great maxime to be sure to master the City of London, whatever comes of it or from it. After that to some other discourse, and, among other things, talking of the way of Ordinaries, that it is very convenient, because a man knows what he hath to pay: one did wish that, among many bad, we could learn her good things, of France, which were that we would not think it below the gentleman, or person of honour, at a taverne, to bargain for his meat before he eats it; and next, to take his servants without certificate from some friend or gentleman of his good behaviour and abilities.

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[1] Somerset House was greatly improved for Henrietta Maria. The river front was built by Inigo Jones, and the County Fire Office, in Regent Street, is a copy of it.

11th. On foot to Greenwich, where, going, I was set upon by a great dog, who got hold of my garters, and might have done me hurt; but, Lord! to see in what a maze I was, that, having a sword about me, I never thought of it, or had the heart to make use of it, but might, for want of that courage, have been worried. With Sir W. Pen to St. James's, where we attended the Duke of York: and, among other things, Sir G. Carteret and I had a great dispute about the different value of the pieces of eight rated by Mr. Creed at 4*s*. and 5*d*., and by Mr. Pitts at 4*s*. and 9*d*., which was the greatest husbandry to the King? he proposing that the greatest sum was; which is as ridiculous a piece of ignorance as could be imagined. However, it is to be argued at the Board, and reported to the Duke next week; which I shall do with advantage, I hope. I went homeward, after a little discourse with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, who tells me that my Lady Castlemaine hath now got lodgings near the King's chamber at Court; and that the other day Dr. Clarke and he did dissect two bodies, a man and a woman, before the King, with which the King was highly pleased. I called upon Mr. Crumlum, and did give him the 10*s*. remaining not laid out, of the £5 I promised him for the school, with which he will buy strings, and golden letters upon the books I did give them.

12th. A little angry with my wife for minding nothing now but the dancing-master, having him come twice a day, which is folly.

14th. Met Mr. Moore; and with him to an ale-house in

Holborne; where in discourse he told me that he fears the King will be tempted to endeavour the setting the Crown upon the little Duke, which may cause troubles; which God forbid, unless it be his due! He told me my Lord do begin to settle to business again; and that the King did send for him the other day to my Lady Castlemaine's, to play at cards, where he lost £50; for which I am sorry, though he says my Lord was pleased at it, and said he would be glad at any time to lose £50 for the King to send for him to play, which I do not so well like. This day we received a baskett from my sister Pall, made by her, of paper, which hath a great deal of labour in it for country innocent work.

15th. I walked in the Parke, discoursing with the keeper of the Pell Mell, who was sweeping of it; who told me of what the earth is mixed that do floor the Mall, and that over all there is cockle-shells powdered, and spread to keep it fast; which, however, in dry weather, turns to dust and deads the ball. Thence to Mr. Coventry; and, sitting by his bedside, he did tell me that he did send for me to discourse upon my Lord Sandwich's allowances for his several pays, and what his thoughts are concerning his demands; which he could not take the freedom to do face to face, it being not so proper as by me: and did give me a most friendly and ingenuous account of all; telling me how unsafe, at this juncture, while every man's, and his actions particularly, are descanted upon, it is either for him to put the Duke upon doing, or my Lord himself to desire any thing extraordinary, 'specially the King having been so bountifull already; which the world takes notice of, even to some repinings. All which he did desire me to discourse to my Lord of; which I have undertaken to do. At noon by coach to my Lord Crewe's, hearing that my Lord Sandwich dined there; where I told him what had passed between Mr. Coventry and myself; with which he was contented, though I could perceive not very well pleased. And I do believe that my Lord do find some other things go against his mind in the House; for, in the motion made the other day in the House by my Lord Bruce,[1] that none be capable of employment but such as have been loyal and constant to the King and Church, that the General[2] and my Lord were mentioned to be excepted; and my Lord Bruce did come since to my Lord, to clear himself that he meant nothing to his prejudice, nor could it have any such effect if he did mean it. After discourse with my Lord, to dinner with him; there dining there my Lord Montagu,[1] of Boughton, Mr. William Montagu,[2] his brother, the Queen's Sollicitor, &c., and a fine dinner. Their talk about a ridiculous falling-out two days ago at my Lord of Oxford's house, at an entertainment of his, there being my Lord of Albemarle, Lynsey,[3] two of the Porters,[4] my Lord Bellasses, and others, where there were high words and some blows, and pulling off of perriwiggs; till my Lord Monk took away some of their swords, and sent for some soldiers to guard the house till the fray was ended. To such a degree of madness the nobility of this age is come! After dinner, I went up to Sir Thomas Crewe, who lies there not very well in his head, being troubled with vapours and fits of dizzinesse: and there I sat talking with him all the afternoon upon the unhappy posture of things at this time; that the King do mind nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thoughts of business; that my Lady Castlemaine rules him, who, he sees, hath all the tricks of Aretin. If any of the sober counsellors give him good advice, and move him in anything that is to his good and honour, the other part, which are his counsellors of pleasure, take him when he is with my Lady Castlemaine, and in a humour of delight, and then persuade him that he ought not to hear nor listen to the advice of those old dotards or counsellors that were heretofore his enemies: when, God knows! it is they that now-a-days do most study his honour. It seems the present favourites now are my Lord Bristol, Duke of Buckingham, Sir H. Bennet, my Lord Ashley, and Sir Charles Barkeley; who, among them, have cast my Lord Chancellor upon his back, past ever getting up again; there being now little for him to do, and he waits at Court attending to speak to the King as others do: which I pray God may prove of good effects, for it is feared it will be the same with my Lord Treasurer shortly. But strange to hear how my Lord Ashley, by my Lord Bristol's means, he being brought over to the

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[1] Robert Bruce, second Earl of Elgin, created, in 1663-4, Baron and Viscount Bruce, and Earl of Ailesbury (English honours). He was also a Privy-Councillor, and one of the Lords of the King's Bedchamber. He died in 1685, just after his appointment as Lord Chamberlain to James II.

[2] Monk.

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[1] Edward, second Lord Montagu of Boughton, in 1664 succeeded his father, who had been created a Baron by James I., and died 1683, leaving a son, afterwards Duke of Montagu.

[2] Afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Ob. 1707, æt. 89.

[3] Montagu Bertie, second Earl of Lindsey, whose mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Edward, first Lord Montagu of Boughton.

[4] Charles and Thomas Porter. The latter was engaged in a fatal duel with Sir H. Bellasis. See 29th July and 8th and 12th August, 1667.

Catholique party against the Bishops, whom he hates to the death, and publicly rails against them; not that he is become a Catholique, but merely opposes the Bishops; and yet, for aught I hear, the Bishop of London keeps as great with the King as ever, is got into favour, so much that, being a man of great business and yet of pleasure; and, drolling, too, he, it is thought, will be made Lord Treasurer upon the death or removal of the good old man.[1] My Lord Albemarle, I hear, do bear through and bustle among them, and will not be removed from the King's good opinion and favour, through none of the Cabinett; but yet he is envied enough. It is made very doubtful whether the King do not intend the making of the Duke of Monmouth legitimate; but surely the Commons of England will never do it, nor the Duke of York suffer it, whose Lady, I am told, is very troublesome to him by her jealousy. But it is wonderfull that Sir Charles Barkeley should be so great still, not with the King, but Duke also; who did so stiffly swear that he had intrigued with her. No care is observed to be taken of the main chance, either for maintaining of trade or opposing of factions, which, God knows, are ready to break out, if any of them, which God forbid! should dare to begin; the King and every man about him minding so much their pleasures or profits. My Lord Hinchingbroke, I am told, hath had a mischance to kill his boy by his birding-piece going off as he was a-fowling. The gun was charged with small shot, and hit the boy in the face and about the temples, and he lived four days. In Scotland, it seems, for all the news-books tell us every week that they are all so quiet and every thing in the Church settled, the old woman had like to have killed, the other day, the Bishop of Galloway, and not half the Churches of the whole kingdom conform. Strange were the effects of the late thunder and lightning about a week since at Northampton, coming with great rain, which caused extraordinary floods in a few houres, bearing away bridges, drowning horses, men, and cattle. Two men passing over a bridge on horseback, the arches before and behind them were borne away, and that left which they were upon: but, however, one of the horses fell over and was drowned. Stacks of faggots carried as high as a steeple, and other dreadful things; which Sir Thomas Crewe showed me letters to him about from Mr. Freemantle and others, that it is very true. The Portugalls have choused[2] us, it seems, in the island of Bombay, in the East Indys; for, after a great charge of our fleets being sent thither with full commission from the King of Portugall to receive it, the Governour, by some pretence or other, will not deliver it to Sir Abraham Shipman, sent from the King, nor to my Lord of Marlborough [1]; which the King takes highly ill, and I fear our Queen will fare the worse for it. The Dutch decay there exceedingly, it being believed that their people will revolt from them there, and they forced to give over their trade. Sir Thomas showed me his picture, and Sir Anthony Vandike's, in crayon in little, done exceedingly well.

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[1] The Earl of Southampton.

[2] In 1609, a *Chiaus* sent by Sir Robert Shirley, from Constantinople to London, had *chiaused* (or choused) the Turkish and Persian merchants out

16th. After dinner comes Pembleton again, and I did go up to them to practise, and did make an end of "La Duchesse," [2] which I think I should, with a little pains, do very well.

17th. (Lord's day.) Up, and in my chamber all the morning, preparing my great letters [3] to my father, stating to him the perfect condition of our estate.

18th. I walked to White Hall, and into the Park, seeing the Queen and Maids of Honour passing through the house, going to the Park. But, above all, Mrs. Stuart is a fine woman, and they say now a common mistress to the King, as my Lady Castlemaine is; which is a great pity. Taking a coach to Mrs. Clerke's—took her, and my wife, and Ashwell, and a Frenchman, a kinsman of her's, to the Park; where we saw many fine faces, and one exceeding handsome, in a white dress over her head, with many others very beautiful. Home, talking much of what we had observed to-day of the poor household stuff of Mrs. Clerke, and her show and flutter that she makes in the world; and pleasing myself in my own

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of £4000, before the arrival of his employer, and had decamped. The affair was quite recent in 1610, when Jonson's "Alchemist" appeared, in which it is thus alluded to:—

> "*D.* What do you think of me?
> That I am a *Chiaus?*
> Face. What's that?
> *D.* The Turk was here.
> As one would say, do you think I am a Turk."
> —*Alch.*, i. 2.

"The Turk," says Mr. Gifford, "was probably little conscious that he had enriched the language with a word, the etymology of which would mislead Upton and puzzle Dr. Johnson." Hence, therefore, to *chouse.*—See Nares's *Glossary.*

[1] James Ley, third Earl of Marlborough, killed in the great sea-fight with the Dutch, 1665.

[2] The name of a dance.

[3] The letters about the Brampton Estate alluded to are in Rawlinson MS. A 191.

house and manner of living more than ever I did, by seeing how much better and more substantially I live than others do.

19th. With Sir John Minnes to the Tower; and by Mr. Slingsby, and Mr. Howard, Comptroller of the Mint, we were shown the method of making this new money. That being done, the Comptroller would have us dine with him and his company, the King giving them a dinner every day. And very merry and good discourse upon the business we have been upon, and after dinner went to the Assay Office, and there saw the manner of assaying of gold and silver, and how silver melted down with gold do part, [upon] just being put into aqua-fortis, the silver turning into water, and the gold lying whole, in the very form it was put in, mixed of gold and silver, which is a miracle; and to see no silver at all, but turned into water which they can bring again into itself out of the water: and at table they told us of two cheats, the best I ever heard. One of a labourer discovered to convey away bits of silver cut out for pence by swallowing them, and so they could not find him out, though, of course, they searched all the labourers: but, having reason to doubt him, they did, by threats and promises, get him to confess, and did find £7 of it in his house at one time. The other of one that got a way of coyning as good and passable, and large as the true money is, and yet saved fifty per cent. to himself, which was by getting moulds made to stamp groats like old groats, which is done so well, and I did beg two of them, which I keep for rarities, that there is not better in the world, and is as good and better than those that commonly go, which was the only thing that they could find out to doubt them by, besides the number that the party do go to put off, and then, coming to the Comptroller of the Mint, he could not, I say, find out any other thing to raise any doubt upon, but only their being so truly round or near it. He was neither hanged nor burned; the cheat was thought so ingenious, and being the first time they could ever trap him in it, and so little hurt to any man in it, the money being as good as commonly goes. They now coyne between 16 and 24,000 pounds in a week. At dinner they did discourse very finely to us of the probability, that there is a vast deal of money hid in the land, from this: that in King Charles's time there was near ten millions of money coyned, besides what was then in being of King James's and Queen Elizabeth's, of which there is a good deal at this day in being. Next, that there was but £750,000 coyned of the Harp and Crosse money,[1] and of this there was £500,000 brought in upon its being called in. And rom very good arguments they find that there cannot be less of it in Ireland and Scotland than £100,000; so that there is but £150,000 missing; and of that, suppose that there should be not above £50,000 still remaining, either melted down, hid, or lost, or hoarded up in England, there will then be but £100,000 left to be thought to have been transported. Now, if £750,000 in twelve years' time lost but a £100,000 in danger of being transported, then £10,000,000 in thirty-five years' time will have lost but £3,888,880 and odd pounds; and, as there is £650,000 remaining after twelve years' time in England, so, after thirty-five years' time, which was within this two years, there ought in proportion to have been resting £6,111,120 or thereabouts, besides King James and Queen Elizabeth's money. Now, that most of this must be hid is evident, as they reckon, because of the dearth of money mmediately upon the calling-in of the State's money, which was £500,000 that come in; and then there was not any money to be had in this City, which they say to their own observation and knowledge was so. And therefore, though I can say nothing in it myself, I do not dispute it.

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[1] This was the money coined by the Commonwealth, having on one side

22d. Rendall, the house-carpenter at Deptford, hath sent me a ine blackbird, which I went to see. He tells me he was offered 20*s.* for him as he come along, he do so whistle. We walked pleasantly to Woolwich, in our way hearing the nightingales sing.

23d. Waked this morning between four and five by my blackbird, which whistled as well as ever I heard any; only it s the beginning of many tunes very well, but there leaves them, and goes no further. To White Hall; where, in the Matted Gallery, Mr. Coventry was, who told us how the Parliament have required of Sir G. Carteret and him an account what money shall be necessary to be settled upon the Navy for the ordinary charge, which they intend to report £200,000 per annum. And how to allott this, we met this afternoon, and took their papers for our perusal, and so parted. There was walking in the gallery some of the Barbary company, and there we saw a draught of the armes of the company, which the King is of, and so is called the Royall Company[1]—

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a shield, bearing the Cross of St. George, and on the other a shield bearing a Harp.—Hawkins's *English Silver Coins*, p. 208. See also May 13, 1660, *ante*, where the Harp was taken out of all the naval flags, no doubt because Charles II. objected to the arms used during the Protectorate.

[1] The Royal African or Guinea Company of Merchants. (See Strype's *Stow*, edit. 1720, b. v., p. 268.) Their house was called the African House see Pepys, 13th Feb., 1663-4), and stood in Leadenhall Street.

which is, in a field argent an elephant proper, with a Canton on which England and France is quartered, supported by two Moores. The crest an anchor winged, I think it is ; and the motto too tedious :—"Regio floret patrocinio commercium, commercioque Regnum." To Greatorex's, and there he showed me his varnish, which he hath invented, which appears every whit as good, upon a stick which he hath done, as the Indian.

24th. (Lord's day.) Meeting Mr. Lewis Phillips of Brampton, he and afterwards others tell me that news come last night to Court, that the King of France is sick of the spotted fever, and that they are struck in again ; and this afternoon my Lord Mandeville is gone from the King to make him a visit ; which will be great news, and of great import through Europe. By and by, in comes my Lord Sandwich : he told me this day a vote hath passed that the King's grants of land to my Lord Monk and him should be made good ; which pleases him very much. He also tells me that things do not go right in the House with Mr. Coventry ; I suppose he means in the business of selling places ; but I am sorry for it.

27th. With Pett to my Lord Ashley, Chancellor of the Exchequer ; where we met the auditors about settling the business of the accounts of persons to whom money is due before the King's time in the Navy, and the clearing of their imprests for what little of their debts they have received. I find my Lord, as he is reported, a very ready, quiet, and diligent person. I met with my cozen Roger Pepys, and he tells me that his sister Claxton now resolving to give over the keeping of his house, he thinks it fit to marry again, and would have me, by the help of my uncle Wright or others, to look him out a wife between thirty and forty years old, without children, and with a fortune, which he will answer in any degree with a joynture fit for her fortune. A woman sober, and no high-flyer, as he calls it. I demanded his estate. He tells me, which he says also he hath not done to any, that his estate is not full £800 per annum, but it is £780 per annum, of which £200 is by the death of his last wife, which he will allot for a joynture for a wife, but the rest, which lies in Cambridgeshire, he is resolved to leave entire for his eldest son. He tells me that the King hath sent to the Parliament to hasten to make an end by midsummer, because of his going into the country ; so they have set upon four bills to dispatch : the first of which is, he says, too devilish a severe act against conventicles ; so beyond all moderation, that he is afraid it will ruin all: telling me that it is matter of the greatest grief to him in the world, that he should be put upon this trust of being a Parliament-man, because he says nothing is done, that he can see, out of any truth and sincerity, but mere envy and design. Then into the Great Garden up to the Banqueting House; and there by my Lord's glass we drew in the species[1] very pretty. Afterwards to nine-pins, Creed and I playing against my Lord and Cooke. This day there was great thronging to Banstead Downes, upon a great horse-race and foot-race. I am sorry I could not go thither. By and by comes Pembleton, and there we danced country-dances, and single, my wife and I; and my wife paid him off for this month also, and so he is cleared.

28th. At the coffee-house in Exchange Alley, I bought a little book, "Counsell to Builders," by Sir Balth. Gerbier.[2] It is dedicated almost to all the men of any great condition in England, so that the dedications are more than the book itself, and both it and them not worth a farthing. By water to the Royal Theatre; but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's house; and there saw "Hamlett" done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton. Who should we see come upon the stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid, but neither spoke, danced, nor sung; which I was sorry for.

29th. This day is kept strictly as a holy-day, being the King's Coronation. Creed and I abroad, and called at several churches; and it is a wonder to see, and by that to guess the ill temper of the City at this time, either to religion in general, or to the King, that in some churches there was hardly ten people, and those poor people. To the Royall Theatre, but they not acting to-day, then to the Duke's house, and there saw "The Slighted Mayde," wherein Gosnell acted Pyramena, a great part, and did it very well, and I believe will do it better and better, and prove a good actor. The play is not very excellent, but is well acted, and in general, the actors in all particulars are better than at the other house. Then with Creed to see the German Princesse,[1] at the Gate-house at Westminster.

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[1] This word is here used as an optical term, and signifies the image painted on the retina of the eye, and the rays of light reflected from the several points of the surface of objects.

[2] Sir Balthazar Gerbier, a native of Antwerp, who resided many years in this country, and died here in 1667. He published many works connected with architecture, and was as much a painter as an architect. In the *Parliamentary Intelligencer* are several advertisements of lectures given by him at his academy in Whitefriars, in 1649–50, on all sorts of subjects, in all sorts of languages, with an entertainment of music, "so there be time for the same."

31st. (Lord's day.) After dinner, read part of the new play of "The Five Hours' Adventure," which though I have seen it twice, yet I never did admire or understand it enough—it being a play of the greatest plot that ever I expect to see. Made up my month's accounts, and find myself clear worth £726. This month the greatest news is, the height and heat that the Parliament is in, in enquiring into the revenue, which displeases the Court, and their backwardness to give the King any money. Their enquiring into the selling of places do trouble a great many; among the chief, my Lord Chancellor, against whom particularly it is carried, and Mr. Coventry; for which I am sorry. The King of France was given out to be poisoned and dead; but it proves to be the measles: and he is well, or likely to be soon well again. I find myself growing in the esteem and credit that I have in the office, and I hope falling to my business again will confirm me in it.

June 1st. The Duke having been a-hunting to-day, and so lately come home and gone to bed, we could not see him, and we walked away. And I with Sir J. Minnes to the Strand May-pole[2]; and there light out of his coach, and walked to the New Theatre, which, since the King's players are gone to the Royal one, is this day begun to be employed by the fencers to play prizes at. And here I come and saw the first prize I ever saw in my life: and it was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke, who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, that he was all over blood: and other deadly blows they did give and take in very good earnest, till Westwicke was in a sad pickle. They fought at eight weapons, three boutes at each weapon. This being upon a private quarrel, they did it in good earnest; and I felt one of their swords, and found it to be very little, if at all, blunter on the edge than the common swords are. Strange to see what a deal of money is flung to them both upon the stage between every boute. So, well pleased for once with this sight, I walked home. This day I hear at Court of the great plot which was lately discovered in Ireland, made among the Presbyters and others, designing to cry up the Covenant, and to secure Dublin Castle and other places; and they have debauched a good part of the army there, promising them ready money. Some of the Parliament there, they say, are guilty, and some withdrawn upon it; several persons taken, and among others a son of Scott's, that was executed here for the King's murder. What reason the King hath, I know not; but it seems he is doubtfull of Scotland: and this afternoon, when I was there, the Council was called extraordinary; and they were opening the letters this last post's coming and going between Scotland and us and other places. The King of France is well again.

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[1] Mary Moders, *alias* Stedman, *alias* Carleton, of whom see more June 7, *post*, and April 15, 1664. She was a celebrated impostor, who had induced the son of a London citizen to marry her, under the pretence that she was a German Princess. She next became an actress, after having been tried for bigamy and acquitted. The rest of her life was one continued course of robbery and fraud; and in 1678, she suffered at Tyburn, for stealing a piece of plate in Chancery Lane.

[2] The raising of the Strand Maypole has been assigned to John Clarges, a blacksmith whose daughter had the good fortune to become the wife of General Monk.—Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. iii., p. 260.

2d. To St. James's, to Mr. Coventry; where I had an hour's private talk with him concerning his own condition, at present being under the censure of the House, being concerned with others in the Bill for selling of offices. He tells me, that though he thinks himself to suffer much in his fame hereby, yet he values nothing more of evil to hang over him; for that it is against no statute, as is pretended, no more than what his predecessors time out of mind have taken; and that so soon as he found himself to be in an errour, he did desire to have his fees set, which was done; and since that time he hath not taken a token more. He undertakes to prove, that he did never take a token of any captain to get him employed in his life beforehand, or demanded any thing: and for the other accusation, that the Cavaliers are not employed, he looked over the list of them now in the service, and of the twenty-seven that are employed, thirteen have been heretofore always under the King; two neutralls, and the other twelve men of great courage, and such as had either the King's particular commands, or great recommendation to put them in, and none by himself. Besides that, he sees it is not the King's nor Duke's opinion that the whole party of the late officers should be rendered desperate. And lastly, he confesses that the more of the Cavaliers are put in, the less of discipline hath followed in the fleet; and that, whenever there comes occasion, it must be the old ones that must do any good. He tells me, that he cannot guess whom all this should come from; but he suspects Sir G. Carteret, as I also do, at least that he is pleased with it. But he tells me that he will bring Sir G. Carteret to be the first adviser and instructor of him [as to] what is to make his place of benefit to him; telling him that Smith did make his place worth £5,000, and he believed £7,000 to him the first year; besides something else greater than all this, which he forbore to tell me. It seems one Sir Thomas Tomkins,[1] of the House, that makes many mad motions, did bring it into the House, saying that a letter was left at his lodgings, subscribed by one Benson, which is a feigned name, for there is no such in the Navy, telling him how many places in the Navy have been sold. And in another letter, left in the same manner since, nobody appearing, he writes him that there is one Hughes, and another, Butler, both rogues, that have for their roguery been turned out of their places, that will swear that Mr. Coventry did sell their places and other things. I offered him my service, and will with all my heart serve him; but he tells me he do not think it convenient to meddle, or to any purpose. To Westminster Hall, where I hear more of the plot from Ireland; which it seems hath been hatching, and known to the Lord Lieutenant a great while, and kept close till within three days that it should have taken effect. The terme ended yesterday, and it seems the Courts rose sooner for want of causes than it is remembered to have done in the memory of man. To Mr. Beacham, the goldsmith, he being one of the jury to-morrow, in Sir W. Batten's case against Field. I have been telling him our case, and I believe he will do us good service there. With the vintner's man, who came by my direction to taste again my tierce of claret, to go down to the cellar with him to consult about the drawing of it; and there, to my great vexation, I find that the cellar door hath long been kept unlocked, and above half the wine drunk.

3d. Sir W. Batten is this morning gone to Guildhall, to his trial with Field. I to my office, and there read all the morning in my statute-book, consulting among others the statute against selling of offices, wherein Mr. Coventry is so much concerned; and though he tells me that the statute do not reach him, yet I much fear that it will. At noon, hearing that the trial is done, and Sir W. Batten come to the Sun behind the Exchange, I went thither, where he tells me that he had much ado to carry it on his side, but at the last he did, but the Jury, by the Judge's favour, did give us but £10 damages, and the charges of the suit, which troubles me, but it is well it went not against us, which would have been much worse.

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[1] Burgess for Weobly, and one of the proposed knights of the Royal Oak, for Herefordshire.

4th. In the Hall a good while; where I heard that this day the Archbishop of Canterbury, Juxon,[1] a man well spoken of by all for a good man, is dead; and the Bishop of London[2] is to have his seat. Sir J. Minnes do treat my Lord Chancellor and a great deal of guests to-day with a great dinner, which I thank God I do not pay for; and besides, I doubt it is too late for any man to expect any great service from my Lord Chancellor, for which I am sorry, and pray God a worse do not come in his room. The match between Sir J. Cutts[3] and my Lady Jemimah[4] is likely to go on[5]; for which I am glad. In the Hall to-day, Dr. Pierce tells me that the Queen begins to be briske, and play like other ladies, and is quite another woman from what she was. It may be, it may make the King like her the better, and forsake his two mistresses, my Lady Castlemaine and Stewart.

5th. To Paul's Churchyard, where I found several books ready bound for me: among others, the new Concordance of the Bible, which pleases me much, and is a book I hope to make good use of. To Deptford, where Dr. Britton,[6] parson of the town, a fine man and good company, dined with us, and good discourse. To Mrs. Turner's, and there saw Mr. Edward Pepys's lady, who my wife concurs with me to be very pretty,[7] as most women we ever saw.

6th. To York House, where the Russia Embassador do lie; and there I saw his people go up and down louseing themselves: they are all in a great hurry, being to be gone the beginning of next week. But that that pleased me best, was the remains of the noble soul of the late Duke of Buckingham appearing in his house, in every place, in the door-cases and the windows. Sir John Hebden,[8] the Russia Resident, did tell me how he is vexed to see things at Court ordered as they are by nobody that attends to business, but every man himself or his pleasures. He cries up my Lord Ashley to be almost the only man that he sees to look after business; and with the ease and mastery, that he wonders at him. He cries out against the King's dealing so much with goldsmiths, and suffering himself to have his purse kept and commanded by them. He tells me also with what exact care and order the States of Holland's[1] stores are kept in their Yards, and every thing managed there by their builders with such husbandry as is not imaginable; which I will endeavour to understand further.

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[1] William Juxon, made Bishop of London 1633, translated to Canterbury 1660.

[2] Gilbert Sheldon, who succeeded him.

[3] Of Childerley, near Cambridge.

[4] Montagu.

[5] It went off, and she married Philip Carteret.

[6] Robert Bretton, D.D., vicar of St. Nicholas, Deptford. He was also rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and Prebendary of Cadington Minor, in the church of St. Paul's. See Evelyn's *Diary*, Feb. 20, 1672.

[7] Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of John Walpole of Bransthorp, Norfolk. Ob. *s. p. s.*, 1668.

[8] Who had made a fortune in Russia by trade. On the 30th May, 1663, he was knighted by Charles, at Whitehall.

7th. (Lord's day.) Mrs. Turner, who is often at Court, do tell me to-day that for certain the Queen hath much changed her humour, and is become very pleasant and sociable as any; and they say is with child, or believed to be so. After church to Sir W. Batten's; where my Lady Batten inveighed mightily against the German Princess, and I as high in the defence of her wit and spirit, and glad that she is cleared at the Sessions.

10th. To dinner, and thence to the Royal Theatre by water, and landing, met with Captain Ferrers his friend, the little man that used to be with him, and he with us, and sat by us while we saw "Love in a Maze." The play is pretty good, but the life of the play is Lacy's part, the clowne, which is most admirable; but for the rest, which are counted old and excellent actors, in my life I never heard both men and women so ill pronounce their parts. Thence to the whay-house, and drank a great deal of whay, and so by water home.

12th. To the Royal Theatre; and there saw "The Committee"[2] a merry but indifferent play, only Lacy's part, an Irish footman, is beyond imagination. Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge,[3] and his lady, my Lady Mary Cromwell, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad: but when the house began to fill, she put on her vizard,[4] and so kept it on all the play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face. So to the Exchange, to buy things with my wife; among others, a vizard for herself.

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[1] Hebden had been resident with the States General in 1660.

[2] A Comedy, by Sir Robert Howard.

[3] Thomas Belasses, Viscount Falconberg, frequently called Falconbridge, married Mary, third daughter of Oliver Cromwell. She died 1712.

[4] Vizard Masques probably came into fashion about this time. On the 1st of June, 1704, a song was sung at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, called "The Misses' Lamentation for want of their Vizard Masques at the Theatre." Notwithstanding the gross licentiousness of the drama, after the Restoration, numbers of females of all denominations frequented the theatres, though many of them wore masks to disguise their features, and this bad habit had a still worse effect, by the facilities it afforded to intrigue and assignation. The custom is pointedly referred to in Pope's well-known lines:—

"The fair sat painting at a courtier's play,
And not a Mask went improved away;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blushed before.

13th. To the Royal Theatre; here we saw "The Faithful Sheepeardesse,"[1] a most simple thing, and yet much thronged after, and often shown, but it is only for the scenes' sake, which is very fine indeed, and worth seeing; but I quite out of opinion of any of their actings but Lacy's, compared with the other house. In our way saw my Lady Castlemaine, who, I fear, is not so handsome as I have taken her for, and now she begins to decay something. This is my wife's opinion also, for which I am sorry. Thence by coach, with a mad coachman, that drove like mad, and down byeways, through Bucklersbury home—everybody through the street cursing him, being ready to run over them. Yesterday, upon conference with the King in the Banqueting House, the Parliament did agree with much ado, it being carried but by forty-two voices, that they would supply him with a sum of money; but what, and how, is not yet known, but expected to be done with great disputes the next week. But if done at all, it is well.

14th. (Lord's day.) I did give my wife 40*s.* to carry into the country to-morrow with her, whereof 15*s.* is to go for the coach-hire for her and Ashwell, there being 20*s.* paid here already in earnest. To Sir W. Pen's, to visit him, and, finding him alone, sent for my wife, who is in her riding-suit, to see him, which she hath not done these many months, I think. Comes Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten. So we sat talking: among other things, Sir J. Minnes brought many fine expressions of Chaucer, which he doats on mightily, and without doubt [he] is a very fine poet.

15th. I was forced to go to Thames Street: thence home, but finding my wife gone, I took coach and after her to her inne, where I am troubled to see her forced to sit in the back of the coach, though pleased to see her company none but women and one parson, and so kissing her often, and Ashwell once, I bid them adieu. To the Trinity House; where, among others, I found my Lords Sandwich and Craven, and my cousin Roger Pepys, and Sir William Wheeler. Great variety of talk. Mr. Prin, among many, had a pretty talk of one that brought n a bill in parliament for the impowering him to dispose his and to such children as he should have that should bear the name of his wife. It was in Queen Elizabeth's time. One eplied, that there are many species of creatures where the male gives the denomination to both sexes, as swan and woodcocke, but not above one where the female do, and that is goose. Both at and after dinner, we had great discourses of the nature and power of spirits, and whether they can animate dead bodies; in all which, as of the general appearance of spirits, my Lord Sandwich is very scepticall. He says the greatest warrants that ever he had to believe any, is the present appearing of the Devil[1] in Wiltshire, much of late talked of, who beats a drum up and down. There are books of it, and, they say, very true; but my Lord observes, though he do answer any tune that you will play to him upon another drum, yet one time he tried to play and could not; which makes him suspect the whole; and I think it is a good argument. They talked of handsome women; and Sir J. Minnes saying that there was no beauty like what he sees in the country-markets, and specially at Bury, in which I will agree with him. My Lord replied thus: Sir John, what do you think of your neighbour's wife? looking upon me. Do you not think that he hath a great beauty to his wife? Upon my word he hath. Which I was not a little proud of.

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[1] A pastoral, by John Fletcher

16th. Dined with Sir W. Batten; who tells me that the House have voted the supply, intended for the King, shall be by subsidy.

17th. To White Hall, and in the garden spoke to my Lord Sandwich, who is in his gold-buttoned suit, as the mode is, and looks nobly. Captain Ferrers, I see, is come home from France. He tells me the young gentlemen are well there: so my Lord went to my Lord Albemarle's to dinner, I by water home. I sent my cozen Edward Pepys his lady, at my cozen Turner's, a piece of venison given me yesterday, and Madam Turner I sent for a dozen bottles of her's, to fill with wine for her. This day I met with Pierce, the surgeon: who tells me that the King has made peace between Mr. Edward Montagu and his father Lord Montagu, and that all is well again; at which, for the family's sake, I am glad, but do not think it will hold long.

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[1] "In 1664, there being a general report all over the kingdom of Mr. Monpesson, his house being haunted, which he himself affirming to the King and Queen to be true, the King sent the Lord Falmouth, and the Queen sent mee, to examine the truth of it; but wee could neither see nor heare anything that was extraordinary; and about a year after, his Majesty told me that hee had discovered the cheat, and that Mr. Monpesson, upon his Majesty sending for him, confessed it to him. And yet Mr. Monpesson, in a printed letter, had afterwards the confidence to deny that he had ever made any such confession."—*Letters of the Second Earl of Chesterfield*, p. 24, 1829. 8vo. Joseph Glanville published a relation of the famous disturbance at the house of Mr. Monpesson, at Tedworth, Wilts, occasioned by the beating of an invisible drum every night for a year. This story, which was believed at the time, furnished the plot for Addison's play of "The Drummer, or the Haunted House." In the *Mercurius Publicus*, April 16–23, 1663, there is a curious examination on this subject, by which it appears that one William Drury, of Uscut, Wilts, was the invisible drummer.

19th. To Lambeth, expecting to have seen the Archbishop lie in state; but it seems he is not laid out yet. At the Privy Seale Office examined the books, and found the grant of increase of salary to the principall officers in the year 1639, £300 among the Comptroller, Surveyor and Clerk to the Shippes. Met Captain Ferrers; who tells us that the King of France is well again, and that he saw him train his Guards, all brave men, at Paris; and that when he goes to his mistress, Madame La Valière, a pretty little woman, now with child by him, he goes publicly, and his trumpets and kettledrums with him; and yet he says that, for all this, the Queen do not know of it, for that nobody dares to tell her; but that I dare not believe. To the Rhenish wine-house, where Mr. Moore showed us the French manner, when a health is drunk, to bow to him that drunk to you, and then apply yourself to him, whose lady's health is drunk, and then to the person that you drink to, which I never knew before; but it seems it is now the fashion.

21st. (Lord's day.) To Mr. Coventry's. He shewed me a list he hath prepared for the Parliament's viewe, if the business of his selling of offices should be brought to further hearing, wherein he reckons up, as I remember, 236 offices of ships which have been disposed of without his taking one farthing. This, of his own accord, he opened his cabinet on purpose to show me; meaning, I suppose, that I should discourse abroad of it, and vindicate him therein, which I shall with all my power do. To church, and slept all the sermon; the Scot [Creighton], to whose voice I am not to be reconciled, preaching.

22d. To Westminster, where all along I find the shops evening with the sides of the houses, even in the broadest streets; which will make the City very much better than it was. It seems the House do consent to send to the King to desire that he would be graciously pleased to let them know who it was that did inform him of what words Sir Richard Temple[1] should say, which were to this purpose: "That if the King would side with him, or be guided by him and his party, that he should not lack money:" but, without knowing who told it, they do not think fit to call him to any account for it. The

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[1] Sir Richard Temple, of Stowe, Bart., M.P. for Buckingham, and K.B. Ob. 1694.

Duke being gone a-hunting, by and by come in and shifted himself; he having in his hunting, rather than go about, 'light and led his horse through a river up to his breast, and came so home: and being ready, we had a long discourse with him.

23d. To the office; and, after an hour or two, by water to the Temple, to my cousin Roger; who, I perceive, is a deadly high man in the Parliament business, and against the Court, showing me how they have computed that the King hath spent, at least hath received, above four millions of money since he come in: and in Sir J. Winter's case, in which I spoke to him, he is so high that he says he deserves to be hanged. To the 'Change; and by and by comes the King and the Queen by in great state, and the streets full of people. I stood in Mr. ———'s balcone. They dine all at my Lord Mayor's; but what he do for victualls, or room for them, I know not.

24th. To St. James's, and there an hour's private discourse with Mr. Coventry; he told me one thing to my great joy, that in the business of Captain Cocke's hemp disputed before him the other day, Mr. Coventry absent, the Duke did himself tell him since, that Mr. Pepys and he did stand up and carry it against the rest that were there, which do please me much to see that the Duke do take notice of me. Speaking of Sir G. Carteret slightly, and diminishing of his services for the King in Jersey; that he was well rewarded, and had good lands and rents, and other profits from the King, all the time he was there; and that it was always his humour to have things done his way, he brought an example how he would not let the Castle there be victualled for more than a month, that so he might keep it at his beck, though the people of the town did offer to supply it more often themselves. Another thing he told me, how the Duke of York did give Sir G. Carteret and the Island his profit as Admirall, and other things, towards the building of a pier there; but it was never laid out, nor like to be. So, it falling out that a lady being brought to bed, the Duke was to be desired to be one of the godfathers; and it being objected that that would not be proper, there being no peer of the land to be joyned with him, the lady replied, "Why, let him choose; and if he will not be a godfather without a peer, then let him even stay till he hath made a pier of his own."[1] He tells me too that he hath lately been observed to tack about at Court, and to endeavour to strike in with the persons that are against the Chancellor; but this he says of him, that he do not say nor do any thing to the prejudice of the Chancellor. But he told me that the Chancellor was rising again, and that of late Sir G. Carteret's business and employment hath not been so full as it used to be while the Chancellor stood up. From that, we discoursed of the evil of putting out men of experience in business as the Chancellor, and of the condition of the King's party at present, who, as the Papists, though otherwise fine persons, yet being by law kept for these fourscore years out of employment, they are now wholly incapable of business; and so the Cavaliers for twenty years, who, says he, for the most part, have either given themselves over to look after country and family business, and those the best of them, and the rest to debauchery, &c.; and that was it that hath made him high against the late Bill brought into the House for the making all men incapable of employment that had served against the King. People, says he, in the sea-service, it is impossible to do any thing without them, there being not more than three men of the whole King's side that are fit to command almost; and these were Captain Allen, Smith,[1] and Beech;[2] and, it may be, Holmes, and Utber, and Batts might do something. This day I observed the house, which I took to be the new tennis-court, newly built next my Lord's lodgings, to be fallen down by the badness of the foundation or slight working, which my cozen Roger and his discontented party cry out upon, as an example how the King's work is done. It hath beaten down a good deal of my Lord's lodgings, and had like to have killed Mrs. Sarah, she having but newly gone out of it.

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[1] In the same spirit, long after this, some question arising as to the best material to be used in building Westminster Bridge, Lord Chesterfield remarked that there were too many piers (peers) at Westminster already.

25th. Sir G. Carteret did tell us that upon Tuesday last, being with my Lord Treasurer, he showed him a letter from Portugall, speaking of the advance of the Spaniards into their country, and yet that the Portuguese were never more courageous than now; for, by an old prophecy sent thither some years, hough not many since, from the French King, it is foretold hat the Spaniards should come into their country, and in such a valley they should be all killed, and then their country should be wholly delivered from the Spaniards. This was on Tuesday ast, and yesterday come the very first news that in this very alley they had thus routed and killed the Spaniards. This oon I received a letter from the country from my wife, wherein she seems much pleased with the country: God continue, that she may have pleasure while she is there. She by my Lady's advice desires a new petticoat of the new silk striped stuff—very pretty. So I went to Pater Noster Row presently, and bought her a very fine rich one—the best I did see there, and much better than she desires or expects.

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[1] Afterwards Sir Thomas Allen, and Sir Jeremy Smith.

[2] Richard Beach, afterwards knighted, and in 1668 Commissioner at ortsmouth.

26th. Mr. Moore and I discoursed of going to Oxford this commencement—Mr. Nathaniel Crewe[1] being proctor, and Mr. Childe commencing Doctor of Musique this year. A sad season. It is said there hath not been one fair day these three months, and I think it is true. The House is upon the King's answer to their message about Temple,[2] which is, that my Lord of Bristoll did tell him that Temple did say those words, so the House are resolved upon sending some of their members to him to know the truth, and to demand satisfaction, if it be not true. Sir W. Batten, Sir J. Minnes, my Lady Batten, and I by coach to Bednal Green, to Sir W. Rider's to dinner, where a fine place,[3] good lady mother, and her daughter, Mrs. Middleton, a fine woman. A noble dinner, and a fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner in the garden: the greatest quantity of strawberrys I ever saw, and good. This very house was built by the blind beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of and sang in ballads; but they say it was only some of the outhouses of it. At table discoursing of thunder and lightning, Sir W. Rider did tell a story of his own knowledge, that a Genoese gally in Leghorne Roads was struck by thunder, so as the mast was broke a-pieces, and the shackle upon one of the slaves was melted clear off his leg without hurting his leg. Sir William went on board the vessel, and would have contributed toward the release of the slave whom Heaven had thus set free; but he could not compass it, and so he was brought to his fetters again.

27th. To the Temple, and so to Lincoln's Inne, and there walked up and down to see the new garden which they are making, and will be very pretty, and so to walk under the Chappell by agreement.

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[1] Nathaniel, third Lord Crewe of Stene, successively Bishop of Oxford and Durham. He died in 1701, *s. p.*, when the title became extinct.

[2] See 1st July, *postea*.

[3] Called Kirby Castle, the property of Sir William Ryder, Knight, who died there in 1669.—Lysons's *Environs*. The house in which Sir William Ryder resided, was built by John Thorpe, in 1570, for "John Kirby," of whom nothing is known, except that it was called after him. Pepys was evidently misinformed in supposing that it ever could have been inhabited by the blind beggar.

29th. Up and down the streets is cried mightily the great ictory got by the Portugalls against the Spaniards, where 0,000 slain, 3 or 4,000 taken prisoners, with all the artillery, aggage, money, &c., and Don John[1] of Austria forced to flee ith a man or two with him. With my cozen Roger and Mr. Goldsborough to Gray's Inne to his counsel, one Mr. Rawworth, very fine man, where it being a question whether I as executor hould give a warrant to Goldsborough in my reconveying her state back again, the mortgage being performed against all acts f the testator, but only my own, my cozen said he never heard t asked before; and the other that it was always asked, and hat he never heard it denied, or scrupled before, so great a istance was there in their opinions, enough to make a man orswear ever having to do with the law; so they agreed to refer t to Serjeant Maynard.

30th. Yesterday and to-day the sun rising very bright and lorious; and yet yesterday, as it hath been these two months nd more, was foul the most part of the day—this being the nly fair day we have had these three or four months. Thus, y God's blessing, ends this book of two years; I being in all oints in good health, and a good way to thrive and do well. Some money I do and can lay up, but not much, being worth ow above £700, besides goods of all sorts. My wife in the ountry with Ashwell, her woman, with my father: myself at ome with W. Hewer and my cook-maid Hannah—my boy aynman being lately run away from me. In my office, my epute and understanding good, specially with the Duke and Ir. Coventry; only the rest of the officers do rather envy than ove me, I standing in most of their lights, specially Sir W. atten, whose cheats I do daily oppose to his great trouble, hough he appears mighty kind and willing to keep friendship ith me, while Sir J. Minnes, like a dotard, is led by the nose y him. Public matters are in an ill condition: Parliament itting and raising four subsidys for the King, which is but a ttle, considering his wants: and yet that parted withal with reat hardness. They being offended to see so much money o, and no debts of the public's paid, but all swallowed by a xurious Court; which the King, it is believed and hoped, will etrench in a little time, when he comes to see the utmost of e revenue which shall be settled on him; he expecting to ave his £1,200,000 made good to him, which is not yet done by above £150,000, as he himself reports to the House. My differences with my uncle Thomas at a good quiett, blessed be God! and other matters. The town full of the great overthrow lately given to the Spaniards by the Portugall, they being advanced into the very middle of Portugall. The charge of the Navy intended to be limited to £200,000 per annum, the ordinary charge of it, and that to be settled upon the Customes. The King gets greatly taken up with Madam Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, which Heaven put an end to! Myself very studious to learne what I can of all things necessary to my place.

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[1] He was a natural son of Philip IV., King of Spain, who, after his ther's death, in 1665, exerted his whole influence to overthrow the egency appointed during the young King's minority.

July 1st. This morning it rained so hard, though it was fair yesterday, and we therefore in hopes of having some fair weather, which we have wanted these three months, that it wakened Creed, who lay with me last night, and me. Being in the Parliament Lobby, I there saw my Lord of Bristoll come to the Commons' House to give his answer to their question, about some words he should tell the King that were spoke by Sir Richard Temple. A chair was set at the bar of the House for him, which he used but little, but made an harangue of half an hour bareheaded, the House covered. His speech being done, he come out into a little room till the House had concluded of an answer to his speech; which they staying long upon, I went away. And by and by out comes Sir W. Batten; and he told me that his Lordship had made a long and a comedian-like speech, and delivered with such action as was not becoming his Lordship. He confesses he did tell the King such a thing of Sir Richard Temple, but that upon his honour the words were not spoke by Sir Richard, he having taken a liberty of enlarging to the King upon the discourse which had been between Sir Richard and himself lately; and so took upon himself the whole blame, and desired their pardon, it being not to do any wrong to their fellow-member, but out of zeal to the King. He told them, among many other things, that as to religion he was a Roman Catholic, but such a one as thought no man to have a right to the crown of England but the Prince that hath it; and such a one as, if the King should desire counsel as to his own, he would not advise him to another religion than the old true reformed religion of this kingdom as it now stands; and concluded with a submission to what the House shall do with him, saying, that whatever they shall do,—"thanks be to God, this head, this heart, and this sword," pointing to them all, "will find me a being in any place in Europe." The House hath hereupon voted clearly Sir Richard 'emple to be free from the imputation of saying those words; ut when Sir William Batten come out, had not concluded hat to say to my Lord, it being argued that, to own any satis- action as to my Lord from his speech, would be to lay some ault upon the King, for the message he should upon no better ccounts send to the impeaching of one of their members. Valking out, I hear that the House of Lords are offended that ny Lord Bristol should come to this House and make a speech nere without leave first asked of the House of Lords. I hear lso of another difficulty now upon him; that my Lord of underland,[1] whom I do not know, was so near to the marriage f his daughter,[2] as that the wedding-clothes were made, and ortion and every thing agreed on and ready; and the other day e goes away nobody yet knows whither, sending her the next norning a release of his right or claim to her, and advice to his riends not to enquire into the reason of this doing, for he hath nough for it; and that he gives them liberty to say and think vhat they will of him, so they do not demand the reason of his eaving her, being resolved never to have her; but the reason lesires and resolves not to give. To Sir W. Batten, to the 'rinity House; and after dinner we fell a-talking, Mr. Batten elling us of a late trial of Sir Charles Sedley,[3] the other day, efore my Lord Chief Justice Foster[4] and the whole bench, for is debauchery[5] a little while since at Oxford Kate's.[6] It seems ny Lord and the rest of the Judges did all of them round give im a most high reproofe; my Lord Chief Justice saying, that was for him, and such wicked wretches as he was, that God's nger and judgments hung over us, calling him sirrah many imes. It seems they have bound him to his good behaviour, here being no law against him for it, in £5000. It being told that my Lord Buckhurst was there, my Lord asked whether it was that Buckhurst that was lately tried for robbery,[1] and when answered Yes, he asked whether he had so soon forgot his deliverance at that time, and that it would have more become him to have been at his prayers, begging God's forgiveness than now running into such courses again. This day I hear at dinner that Don John of Austria,[2] since his flight out of Portugall, is dead of his wounds: so there is a great man gone and a great dispute like to be indeed for the crowne of Spayne, if the King should have died before him. My cousin Roger told us the whole passage of my Lord Bristoll to-day, much as I have said here above; only that he did say that he would draw his sword against the Pope himself, if he should offer any thing against his Majesty, and the good of these nations; and that he never was the man that did either look for a Cardinal's cap for himself, or any body else, meaning Abbot Montagu: and the House upon the whole did vote Sir Richard Temple innocent; and that my Lord Bristoll hath cleared the honour of his Majesty, and Sir Richard Temple's, and given perfect satisfaction of his own respects to the House.

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[1] Robert, second Earl of Sunderland, too well known in the annals of olitical versatility. Ob. 1702.

[2] For a similar rumour, see a letter from M. de Lionne, July, 1663. The aarriage, nevertheless, took place, and the youthful bride, Lady Ann Digby, second daughter, and eventually sole heir of George Digby, Earl of ristol, became, by the alliance, the ancestress of the Dukes of Marlborough nd Earls Spencer.

[3] Sir Charles Sedley, Bart., well known for his wit and profligacy, and uthor of several plays. He is said to have been fined £500 for this utrage. He was father to James the Second's mistress, created Countess f Dorchester, and died 1701.

[4] Sir Robert Foster, Knt., Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Ob. 1663.

[5] The details in the *Diary* are too gross to print, and may well have isgusted the bench of Judges, accustomed as they were in those times to ndecency and profaneness.

[6] In Bow Street. See Shadwell's *Works*, vol. i., p. 45; and art. Bow treet in Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, ed. 1850.

2d. Walking in the garden this evening with Sir G. Carteret and Sir J. Minnes, Sir G. Carteret told us with great content how like a stage-player my Lord Bristoll spoke yesterday pointing to his head as my Lord did, and saying, "First, for his head," says Sir G. Carteret, "I know when a calf's head would have done better by half: for his heart and his sword, I have nothing to say to them." He told us that for certain his head cost the late King his, for it was he that broke off the treaty at Uxbridge. He told us also how great a man he [Bristol] was raised from a private gentleman[3] in France by Monsieur Grandmont,[4] and afterwards by the Cardinal,[5] who raised him to be a Lieutenant-generall, and then higher; and entrusted by the Cardinal when he was banished out of France with great matters, and recommended by him to the Queen[6] as a man to be trusted and ruled by: yet, when he come to have some power over the Queen, he begun to dissuade her from her opinion of the Cardinal; which she said nothing to till the Cardinal was returned, and then she told him of it; who told my Lord Bristol, "Eh bien, Monsieur, vous estes un fort bon amy donc:" but presently put him out of all; and then, from a certainty of coming in two or three years to be Mareschall of France, to which all strangers, even Protestants,[1] and those as often as French themselves, are capable of coming, though it be one of the greatest places in France, he was driven to go out of France into Flanders; but there was not trusted, nor received any kindness from the Prince of Condé, as one to whom also he had been false, as he had been to the Cardinal and Grandmont. In fine, he told us that he is a man of excellent parts, but of no great faith nor judgment, and one very easy to get up to great height of preferment, but never able to hold it.

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[1] See an account of this trial, February 22d, 1661-2.

[2] It was not true.

[3] He had, however, in June 1641, been summoned to the House of Peers in his father's barony of Digby.

[4] Antoine, Maréchal-Duc de Grammont.

[5] Cardinal Mazarin.

[6] Anne of Austria, Queen of France.

3d. Mr. Moore tells me great news that my Lady Castlemaine is fallen from Court, and this morning retired. He gives me no account of the reason, but that it is so; for which I am sorry; and yet, if the King do it to leave off not only her, but all other mistresses, I should be heartily glad of it, that he may fall to look after business. I hear my Lord Bristoll is condemned at Court for his speech, and that my Lord Chancellor grows great again. With Mr. Creed over the water to Lambeth; but could not see the Archbishop's hearse: so over the fields to Southwarke. I spent half an hour in St. Mary Overy's Church, where are fine monuments of great antiquity.

4th. Sir Allen Apsley[2] showed the Duke the Lisbon Gazette in Spanish, where the late victory is set down particularly, and to the great honour of the English beyond measure. They have since taken back Evora, which was lost to the Spaniards, the English making the assault, and lost not more than three men. Here I learnt that the English foot are highly esteemed all over the world, but the horse not so much, which yet we count among ourselves the best: but they abroad have had no great knowledge of our horse, it seems. With Creed to the King's Head ordinary; but, coming late, dined at the second table very well for 12*d.*; and a pretty gentleman in our company, who confirms my Lady Castlemaine's being gone from Court, but knows not the reason; he told us of one wipe the Queen a little while ago did give her, when she come in and found the Queen under the dresser's hands, and had been so long: "I wonder your Majesty," says she, "can have the patience to sit so long a-dressing?"—"I have so much reason to use patience," says the Queen, "that I can very well bear with it." He thinks it may be the Queen hath commanded her to retire, though that is not likely. Thence with Creed to hire a coach to carry us to Hyde Parke, to-day there being a general muster of the King's Guards, horse and foot: but they demand so high, that I, spying Mr. Cutler, the merchant, did take notice of him, and he going into his coach, and telling me that he was going to the muster, I asked and went along with him; where a goodly sight to see so many fine horses and officers, and the King, Duke, and others come by a-horseback, and the two Queens in the Queen-Mother's coach, my Lady Castlemaine not being there. And after long being there, I light, and walk to the place where the King, Duke, &c., did stand to see the horse and foot march by and discharge their guns, to show a French Marquisse (for whom this muster was caused) the goodness of our firemen; which indeed was very good, though not without a slip now and then: and one broadside close to our coach we had going out of the Park, even to the nearnesse as to be ready to burn our hairs. Yet methought all these gay men are not the soldiers that must do the King's business, it being such as these that lost the old King all he had, and were beat by the most ordinary fellows that could be Thence with much ado out of the Park, and through St. James's down the water-side over to Lambeth, to see the Archbishop's corps, who is to be carried away to Oxford on Monday, but come too late, and so walked over the fields and bridge home. This day, in the Duke's chamber there being a Roman story in the hangings, and upon the standard written these four letters —S. P. Q. R., Sir G. Carteret came to me to know what the meaning of those four letters were; which ignorance is not to be borne in a Privy Counsellor, methinks, what a schoolboy should be whipt for not knowing.

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[1] Amongst others, Schomberg, who had commanded the Portuguese in the late fight, obtained this dignity.

[2] Sir Allen Apsley, a faithful adherent to Charles I., after the Restoration was made Falconer to the King, and Almoner to the Duke of York, in whose regiment he bore a commission. He was in 1661 M.P. for Thetford, and died 1683.

5th. (Lord's day.) Lady Batten sent twice to invite me to go with them to Walthamstow to-day—Mrs. Martha[1] being married already this morning to Mr. Castle, at our parish-church. I could not rise soon enough to go with them, but got myself ready, and so to Games's, where I got a horse, and rode thither very pleasantly. Being come thither, I was well received, and had two pair of gloves, as the rest, and walked up and down with my Lady in the garden, she mighty kind to me, and I have the way to please her. A good dinner and merry, but methinks none of the kindness nor bridall respect between the bridegroom and bride, that was between my wife and I, but as persons that marry purely for convenience. After dinner to church by coach, and there, my Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Lemon, and I only, we, in spite to one another, kept one another awake; and sometimes I read in my book of Latin plays, which I kept in my pocket, thinking to have walked it. An old doting parson preached. So home, Sir J. Minnes and I in his coach together, talking all the way of chymistry, wherein he do know something—at least, seems so to me, that cannot correct him.

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[1] Both daughters of Sir William Batten.

6th. At my office all the morning, writing out a list of the King's ships in my Navy collections with great pleasure.

7th. In Mr. Pett's garden I eat some of the first cherries I have eat this year, off the tree where the King himself had been gathering some this morning. Deane tells me, what Mr. Pett did to-day, that my Lord Bristoll told the King that he will impeach the Chancellor of High Treason: but I find that my Lord Bristoll hath undone himself already in every body's opinion, and now he endeavours to raise dust to put out other men's eyes, as well as his own; but I hope it will not take, in consideration merely that it is hard for a Prince to spare an experienced old officer, be he never so corrupt; though I hope this man is not so, as some report him to be. He tells me that Don John is yet alive, and not killed, as was said, in the great victory against the Spaniards in Portugall of late.

8th. I hear not what will become of the corn this year, we having had but two fair days these many months.

9th. Sir W. Pen tells me my Lady Castlemaine was at Court, for all this talk this week; but it seems the King is stranger than ordinary to her.

10th. I met Pierce, the chirurgeon, who tells me that for certain the King is grown colder to my Lady Castlemaine than ordinary, and that he believes he begins to love the Queen, and do make much of her, more than he used to do. Mr. Coventry tells me that my Lord Bristoll hath this day impeached my Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords of High Treason. The chief of the articles are these: 1st. That he should be the occasion of the peace made with Holland lately upon such disadvantageous terms, and that he was bribed to it. 2d. That Dunkirke was also sold by his advice chiefly, so much to the damage of England. 3d. That he had £6,000 given him for the drawing-up or promoting of the Irish declaration lately, concerning the division of the lands there. 4th. He did carry on the design of the Portugall match, so much to the prejudice of the Crown of England, notwithstanding that he knew the

Queen is not capable of bearing children. 5th. That the Duke's marrying of his daughter was a practice of his, thereby to raise his family; and that it was done by indiscreet courses. 6th. As to the breaking off of the match with Parma, in which he was employed at the very time when the match with Portugall was made up here, which he took as a great slur to him, and so it was; and that indeed is the chief occasion of all this fewde. 7th. That he hath endeavoured to bring in Popery, and wrote to the Pope for a cap for a subject of the King of England's, my Lord Aubigny;[1] and some say that he lays it to the Chancellor, that a good Protestant Secretary, Sir Edward Nicholas, was laid aside, and a Papist, Sir H. Bennet, put in his room: which is very strange, when the last of these two is his own creature, and such an enemy accounted to the Chancellor, that they never did nor do agree; and all the world did judge the Chancellor to be falling from the time that Sir H. Bennet was brought in. Besides my Lord Bristoll being a Catholique himself, all this is very strange. These are the main of the Articles. Upon which my Lord Chancellor desired the noble Lord that brought in these Articles, would sign to them with his hand; which my Lord Bristoll did presently. Then the House did order that the Judges should, against Monday next, bring in their opinion, Whether these articles are treason, or no? and next, they would know, Whether they were brought in regularly or no, without leave of the Lords' House?

11th. To the docke at Chatham by coach, to see "The Prince" launched, which hath lain in the docke in repairing these three years: went into her, and was launched in her. By barge to St. Mary's Creeke; where Commissioner Pett, doubtful of the growing greatnesse of Portsmouth by the finding of those creekes there, do design a wett docke at no great charge, and yet no little one; he thinks towards £10,000. And the place, indeed, is likely to be a very fit place, when the King hath money to do it with.

12th. (Lord's day.) With Sir J. Minnes to church, where an indifferent good sermon. Here I saw Mrs. Becky Allen, who hath been married, and is this day churched after her bearing a child. Coming out of the church, I kissed her, and her sister, and mother-in-law. Walked to the docke about eleven at night, and there got a boat and a crew, and rowed down to the guardships, it being a most pleasant moonshine evening that ever I saw almost. The guardships were very ready to hail us, being no doubt commanded thereto by their Captain, who remembers how I surprised them the last time I was here. However, I found him ashore; and so spent the whole night in visiting all the ships, in which I found, for the most part, neither an officer aboard, nor any men so much as awake, which I was grieved to find, specially so soon after a great alarum as Commissioner Pett brought us word that he provided against, and put all in a posture of defence but a week ago, all which I am resolved to represent to the Duke.

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[1] Brother to the Duke of Lennox and Richmond, and Almoner to the King.

13th. I walked to the Temple; and there, from my cousin Roger, hear that the Judges have this day brought in their answer to the Lords, That the articles against my Lord Chancellor are not Treason; and to-morrow they are to bring in their arguments to the House for the same. This day also the King did send by my Lord Chamberlain to the Lords, to tell them from him, that the most of the articles against my Lord Chancellor he himself knows to be false. I met the Queen Mother walking in the Pell Mell, led by my Lord St. Albans. And finding many coaches at the Gate, I found upon enquiry that the Duchess is brought to bed of a boy;[1] and hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park; and, seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid walking up and down. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress, a white laced waistcoate and a crimson short pettycoate, and her hair dressed *à la négligence*, mighty pretty: and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, who rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she 'light, did any body press, as she seemed to expect, and staid for it, to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady

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[1] James, Duke of Cambridge. Ob. 20th June, 1667.

Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

14th. This day, I hear the Judges, according to order yesterday, did bring into the Lords' House their reasons of their judgments in the business between my Lord Bristoll and the Chancellor; and the Lords do concur with the Judges that the articles are not Treason, nor regularly brought into the House, and so voted that a Committee should be chosen to examine them; but nothing to be done therein till the next sitting of this Parliament, which is likely to be adjourned in a day or two, and in the mean time the two Lords to remain without prejudice done to either of them.

15th. Captain Grove come and dined with me. He told me of discourse very much to my honour, both as to my care and ability, happening at the Duke of Albemarle's table the other day, both from the Duke and the Duchess themselves: and how I paid so much a year to him whose place it was of right, and that Mr. Coventry did report this of me.

21st. This day the Parliament kept a fast for the present unseasonable weather.

22d. To my Lord Crewe's. My Lord not being come home, I met, and staid below, with Captain Ferrers, who was come to wait upon my Lady Jemimah to St. James's, she being one of the four ladies that hold up the mantle at the christening this afternoon of the Duke's child, a boy. In discourse of the ladies at Court, Captain Ferrers tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is now as great again as ever she was; and that her going away was only a fit of her own upon some slighting words of the King, so that she called for her coach at a quarter of an hour's warning, and went to Richmond; and the King the next morning, under pretence of going a-hunting, went to see her and make friends, and never was a-hunting at all. After which she came back to Court, and commands the King as much as ever, and hath and doth what she will. No longer ago than last night, there was a private entertainment made for the King and Queen at the Duke of Buckingham's, and she was not invited: but being at my Lady Suffolk's, her aunt's,[1] where my Lady Jemimah and Lord Sandwich dined, yesterday, she was heard to say,

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[1] Barbara Villiers (widow of Philip, son of Viscount Wenman), wife of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk. There is a portrait of Lady Suffolk at Audley End. She died December, 1681, leaving an only child, Elizabeth, who married Sir Thomas Felton, Bart. From this match are descended the Earls and Marquis of Bristol, and Charles Ellis, Baron Howard de Walden.

"Well, much good may it do them, and for all that, I will be as merry as they:" and so she went home, and caused a great supper to be prepared. And after the King had been with the Queen at Wallingford House,[1] he come to my Lady Castlemaine's, and was there all night, and my Lord Sandwich with him. He tells me he believes that, as soon as the King can get a husband for Mrs. Stewart, however, my Lady Castlemaine's nose will be out of joynt; for that she comes to be in great esteem, and is more handsome than she. Wotton tells me the reason of Harris's[2] going from Sir William Davenant's house is, that he grew very proud, and demanded £20 for himself extraordinary, more than Betterton or any body else, upon every new play, and £10 upon every revive; which, with other things, Sir W. Davenant would not give him, and so he swore he would never act there more, in expectation of being received in the other house; but the King will not suffer it, upon Sir W. Davenant's desire that he would not, for then he might shut up house, and that is true. He tells me that his going is at present a great loss to the House, and that he fears he hath a stipend from the other House privately. He tells me that the fellow grew very proud of late, the King and every body else crying him up so high, and that above Betterton, he being a more ayery man, as he is indeed. But yet Betterton, he says, they all say do act some parts that none but himself can do. I hear that the Moores have made some attaques upon the outworks of Tangier; but my Lord Teviott,[3] with the loss of about 200 men, did beat them off, and kill many of them. To-morrow the King and Queen for certain go down to Tunbridge; but the King comes back again against Monday to raise the Parliament.

25th. Having intended this day to go to Banstead Downes to see a famous race, I sent Will. to get himself ready to go with me; but I hear it is put off, because the Lords do sit in Parliament to-day.[1] After some debate, Creed and I resolved to go to Clapham, to Mr. Gauden's. When I come there, the first thing was to show me his house,[2] which is almost built. I find it very regular and finely contrived, and the gardens and offices about it as convenient and as full of good variety as ever I saw in my life. It is true, he hath been censured for laying out so much money; but he tells me that he built it for his brother, who is since dead, (the Bishop)[3] who, when he should come to be Bishop of Winchester, which he was promised, to which bishopricke at present there is no house, he did intend to dwell there. By and by to dinner, and in comes Mr. Creed: I saluted Mr. Gauden's lady, and the young ladies, and his sister, the Bishop's widow; who was, it seems, Sir W. Russel's daughter,[4] the Treasurer of the Navy; who I find to be very well-bred, and a woman of excellent discourse. Towards the evening we bade them adieu! and took horse; being resolved that, instead of the race which fails us, we would go to Epsom. When we come there, we could hear of no lodging, the town so full; but, which was better, I went towards Ashted, and there we got a lodging in a little hole we could not stand upright in. While supper was getting, I walked up and down behind my cozen Pepys's house that was, which I find comes little short of what I took it to be, when I was a little boy.

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[1] Wallingford House stood on the site of the present Admiralty: it originally belonged to the Knollys family, and, during the Protectorate, the office for granting passes to persons going abroad was kept there.

[2] Joseph Harris, a celebrated actor, who first appeared at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1662. He probably died or left the stage, about 1676. That the Christian name of the actor at Davenant's house, and the friend of Pepys, was *Joseph*, rests upon the supposition that he was the Joseph Harris author of several plays produced in the reign of William III., and an actor also. If Pepys's Harris and the dramatic poet were identical, he lived into Queen Anne's reign. It seems more probable that they were different persons, and that Pepys's friend was named Henry. There is a mezzotint of Joseph Harris, in the character of Cardinal Wolsey, in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge; only one other impression of this print is known to exist, which belongs to Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury.

[3] See note to 15th December, 1662.

26th. (Lord's day.) Up and to the Wells, where a great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. Thence I walked to Mr. Minnes's house, and thence to Durdans, and walked within the Court Yard and to the Bowling-green, where I have seen so much mirth in my time; but now no family in it, my Lord Barkeley, whose it is, being with his family at London. Then rode through Epsom, the whole town over seeing the various companys that were there walking; which was very pleasant to see how they are there, without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. But, Lord! to see how many I met there of citizens, that I could not have thought to have seen there; that they had ever had t in their heads or purses to go down thither. We went hrough None-such [1] Parke to the house, and there viewed as nuch as we could of the outside, and looked through the reat gates, and found a noble court; and altogether believe t to have been a very noble house, and a delicate parke bout it, where just now there was a doe killed for the King, o carry up to Court.

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[1] The tables are turned; the two Houses now seldom sitting on the "Derby" day! In May, 1849, the adjournment of the House of Commons was carried after a division.

[2] See note to December 12, 1660, *ante*.

[3] Of Exeter.

[4] Sir William Russell, of Strensham, in Worcestershire, Bart. He advanced £600 to Sir William Davenant in 1660-1, and had a share in Davenant's Theatre.

27th. We rode hard home, and set up our horses at Fox Hall, and I by water, observing the King's barge attending is going to the House this day, home, it being about one 'clock. By water to Westminster, and there come most ickily to the Lords' House, as the House of Commons were oing into the Lords' House, and there I crowded in along ith the Speaker, and got to stand close behind him, where e made his speech to the King, who sat with his crown on nd robes, and so all the Lords in their robes, a fine sight; herein he told his Majesty what they have done this Parlianent, and now offered for his royall consent. The greatest natters were a bill for the Lord's day, which it seems the Lords have lost, and so cannot be passed, at which the Commons are displeased. The bills against Conventicles and Papists, but it seems the Lords have not passed them, and iving his Majesty four entire subsidys; which last, with about wenty smaller Acts, were passed with this form: The Clerk f the House reads the title of the bill, and then looks at he end, and there finds, writ by the King, I suppose, "Le Roy le veult," and that he reads. And to others he reads, "Soit fait comme vous désirez." And to the Subsidys, as ell that for the Commons, I mean the Layety, as for the Clergy, the King writes, "Le Roy remerciant les Seigneurs et Prélats, accepte leur bénévolence." The Speaker's speech was ar from any oratory, but was as plain, though good matter, s any thing could be, and void of elocution. After the bills assed, the King, sitting on his throne, with his speech writ in paper which he held in his lap, and scarce looked off of it ll the time, he made his speech to them, giving them thanks or their subsidys, of which, had he not need, he would not ave asked or received them; and that need, not from any xtravagancys of his, he was sure, in any thing, but the isorders of the times compelling him to be at greater charge nan he hoped for the future, by their care in their country, e should be: and that for his family expenses and others, he ould labour, however, to retrench in many things convenient, and would have all others to do so too. He desired tha nothing of old faults should be remembered, or severity fo the same used to any in the country, it being his desire t have all forgot, as well as forgiven. But, however, to use a care in suppressing any tumults, &c.; assuring them that the restless spirits of his and their adversaries have great expectations of something to be done this summer. And promised that though the Acts about Conventicles and Papists were no ripe for passing this Session, yet he would take care himsel that neither of them should in this intervall be encouraged to the endangering of the peace; and that at their next meeting he would himself prepare two bills for them concerning them. So he concluded that, for the better proceeding of justice, he did think fit to make this a Session, and do prorogue them to the 16th of March next. His speech was very plain, nothing at all of spirit in it, nor spoke with any; but rather, on the contrary, imperfectly, repeating many times his words, though he read all: which I am sorry to see, it having not been hard for him to have got all the speech without booke. So they all went away, the King out of the House at the upper end, He being by and by to go to Tunbridge to the Queen; and I in the Painted Chamber spoke with my Lord Sandwich while he was putting off his robes, who tells me he will now hasten down into the country. By water to White Hall, and walked over the Parke to St. James's, but missed Mr. Coventry; and so out again, and there the Duke was coming along the Pell-Mell. It being a little darkish, I staid not to take notice of him, but went directly back again. And in our walk over the Parke, one of the Duke's footmen come running behind us, and come looking just in our faces to see who we were, and went back again. What his meaning is I know not, but was fearful that I might not go far enough with my hat off.

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[1] See 21st Sept., 1665.

29th. To Deptford, reading by the way a most ridiculous play, a new one, called "The Politician cheated."[1]

30th. To Woolwich, and there come Sir G. Carteret, and then by water back to Deptford, where we dined with him at his house. I find his little daughter Betty,[2] that was in hanging sleeves but a month or two ago, and is a very little young child, married, and to whom, but to young Scott,[3] son to Madame

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[1] A Comedy, by Alexander Green.

[2] Her name was Caroline. Elizabeth was her younger sister, and died unmarried.

[3] Thomas, eldest son of Sir Thomas Scott, of Scott's Hall, in the parish of Smeeth, Kent.

Catharine Scott,[1] that was so long in law, and at whose trial I was with her husband; he pleading that it was unlawfully got and would not own it; but it seems, a little before his death, he did owne the child, and hath left him his estate not long since. So Sir G. Carteret hath struck up of a sudden a match with him for his little daughter. He hath about £2,000 per annum; and it seems Sir G. C. hath by this means over-reached Sir H. Bennet, who did endeavour to get this gentleman for a sister of his. By this means, Sir G. Carteret hath married two daughters this year, both very well.[2] The towne talk this day is of nothing but the great foot-race run this day on Banstead Downes, between Lee, the Duke of Richmond's footman, and a tyler, a famous runner. And Lee hath beat him; though the King and Duke of York and all men almost did bet three or four to one upon the tyler's head.

31st. To the Exchange, where I met Dr. Pierce, who tells me of his good luck to get to be groom of the Privy-Chamber to the Queene, and without my Lord Sandwich's help, but only by his good fortune, meeting a man that hath let him have his right for a small matter, about £60, for which he can every day have £400. But he tells me my Lord hath lost much honour in standing so long and so much for that coxcomb Pickering, and at last not carrying it for him; but hath his name struck out by the King and Queen themselves, after he had been in, ever since the Queen's coming. But he tells me he believes that either Sir H. Bennet, my Lady Castlemaine, or Sir Charles Barkeley, had received some money for the place, and so the King could not disappoint them, but was forced to put out this fool rather than a better man. And I am sorry to hear what he tells me, that Sir Charles Barkeley hath still such power over the King, as to be able to fetch him from the Council-table to my Lady Castlemaine when he pleases. He tells me also, as a friend, the great injury that he thinks I do myself by being so severe in the Yards, and contracting the ill-will of the whole Navy for those offices, singly upon myself. Now I discharge a good conscience therein, and I tell him that no man can, nor do he say any say it, charge me with doing wrong; but rather do as many good offices as any man. They think, he says, that I have a mind to get a good name with the King and Duke, who he tells me do not consider any such thing; but I shall have as good thanks to let all alone, and do as the rest. But I believe the contrary; and yet I told him I never go to the Duke alone, as others do, to talk of my own services. However, I will make use of his council, and take some course to prevent having the single ill-will of the office. Mr. Grant showed me letters of Sir William Petty's, wherein he says, that his vessel which he hath built upon two keeles, a modell whereof, built for the King, he showed me, hath this month won a wager of £50, in sailing between Dublin and Holyhead with the pacquett-boat, the best ship or vessel the King hath there; and he offers to lay with any vessel in the world. It is about thirty ton in burden, and carries thirty men, with good accommodation, as much more as any ship of her burden, and so any vessel of this figure shall carry more men, with better accommodation by half, than any other ship. This carries also ten guns, of about five tons weight. In their coming back from Holyhead, they started together, and this vessel come to Dublin by five at night, and the pacquett-boat not before eight the next morning; and when they come, they did believe that this vessel had been drowned, or at least [left] behind, not thinking she could have lived in that sea. Strange things are told of this vessel, and he concludes his letter with this position, "I only affirm that the perfection of sayling lies in my principle, finde it out who can."[1]

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[1] Prince Rupert was supposed to have intrigued with Mrs. Scott, and was probably the father of the child.

[2] The other daughter was Anne, wife of Sir Nicholas Slaning, K.B.

August 8th. I with Mr. Coventry down to the water-side, talking, wherein I see so much goodness and endeavours of doing the King service, that I do more and more admire him.

9th. (Lord's day.) To church, and heard Mr. Mills, who is lately returned out of the country, and it seems was fetched in by many of the parishioners, with great state, preach upon the authority of the ministers, upon these words, "We are therefore embassadors of Christ." Wherein, among many other high expressions, he said, that such a learned man used to say, that if a minister of the word and an angell should meet him together, he would salute the minister first; which methought was a little too high. This day I begun to make use of the silver pen, Mr. Coventry did give me, in writing of this sermon, taking only the heads of it in Latin, which I shall, I think, continue to do.

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[1] Among the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum, there is an English satirical poem on this vessel, the title of which is "In laudem Navis Geminæ e portu Dublinii ad Regem Carolum 11^{dum} missæ." It contains three hundred lines, and is too long and too scurrilous and worthless to print. "Petty," observes Lodge, (*Peerage of Ireland*, vol ii., p. 352) "in 1663 raised his reputation still higher, by the success of his invention of the double-bottomed ship, against the judgment of all mankind. Thomas Earl of Ossory and other persons of honour embarked on board this ship, which promised to excel all others in sailing, carriage, and security; but she was at last lost in a dreadful tempest, which overwhelmed a great fleet the same night. A model of the vessel was deposited by Petty in Gresham College."

10th. To the Committee of Tangier, where my Lord Sandwich, my Lord Peterborough, whom I have not seen before since his coming back, Sir W. Compton, and Mr. Povy. Our discourse about supplying my Lord Teviott with money, wherein I am sorry to see, though they do not care for him, yet they are willing to let him for civility and compliment only have money, almost without expecting any account of it; and he being such a cunning fellow as he is, the King is like to pay dear for our courtiers' ceremony. Thence by coach with my Lords Peterborough and Sandwich to my Lord Peterborough's house; and there, after an hour's looking over some fine books of the Italian buildings, with fine cuts, and also my Lord Peterborough's bowes and arrows, of which he is a great lover, we sat down to dinner, my Lady[1] coming down to dinner also, and there being Mr. Williamson,[2] that belongs to Sir H. Bennet, whom I find a pretty understanding and accomplished man, but a little conceited. Yesterday, I am told, that Sir J. Lenthall,[3] in Southwarke, did apprehend about one hundred Quakers, and other such people, and hath sent some of them to the gaole at Kingston, it being now the time of the Assizes. Dr. Pierce tells me the Queen is grown a very debonnaire lady; but my Lady Castlemaine, who rules the King in matters of state, and do what she list with him, he believes, is now falling quite out of favour. After the Queen is come back, She goes to Bath, and so to Oxford, where great entertainments are making for her. This day I am told that my Lord Bristoll hath warrants, issued out against him, to have carried him to the Tower; but he is fled away, or hid himself. So much the Chancellor hath got the better of him.

13th. Met with Mr. Hoole,[4] my old acquaintance of Magdalene, and walked with him an hour in the Parke, discoursing chiefly of Sir Samuel Morland, whose lady[1] is gone into France. It seems he buys ground and a farm in that country, and lays out money upon building, and God knows what! so that most of the money he sold his pension of £500 per annum for, to Sir Arthur Slingsby,[2] it is believed is gone. It seems he hath very great promises from the King, and Hoole hath seen some of the King's letters, under his own hand, to Morland, promising him great things; and among others, the order of the Garter,[3] as Sir Samuel says, but his lady thought it below her to ask any thing at the King's first coming, believing the King would do it of himself, when, as Hoole do really think, if he had asked to be Secretary of State at the King's first coming, he might have had it. And the other day, at her going into France, she did speak largely to the King herself, how her husband hath failed of what his Majesty had promised, and she was sure intended him; and the King did promise still, as he is a King and a gentleman, to be as good as his word in a little time, to a tittle: but I never believe it.

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[1] Lady Penelope O'Brien, daughter of Barnabas O'Brien, sixth Earl of Thomond, wife of the Earl of Peterborough.

[2] Afterwards Sir Joseph Williamson.

[3] Sir John Lenthall was the elder brother of Speaker Lenthall, and uncle of the person of the same, mentioned in the *Diary*, May 21, 1660. He had been knighted as early as 1616, and was Marshal of the Marshalsea; and, in 1665, was placed in the Commission of the Peace for Surrey, by a special vote of the House of Commons, which explains his crusade against the Quakers. He died in 1668.

[4] William, son of Robert Hoole, of Walkeringham, Notts, admitted of Magdalene College, June 1648.

21st. Meeting with Mr. Creed, he told me how my Lord Teviott hath received another attaque from Guyland at Tangier with 10,000 men, and at last, as is said, is come, after a personal treaty with him, to a good understanding and peace with him.

23d. (Lord's day.) To church, and so home to my wife; and with her read "Iter Boreale,"[4] a poem, made first at the King's coming home; but I never read it before, and now like it pretty well, but not so as it was cried up.

24th. At my Lord Sandwich's, where I was a good while alone with my Lord; and I perceive he confides in me, and loves me as he used to do, and tells me his condition, which is now very well: all I fear is that he will not live within compass. There come to him this morning his prints of the river Tagus and the City of Lisbon,[1] which he measured with his own hand, and printed by command of the King. My Lord pleases himself with it, but methinks it ought to have been better done than by Jobing. Besides, I put him upon having some took off upon white sattin, which he ordered presently I offered my Lord my accounts, and did give him up his old bond for £500, and took a new one of him for £700, which I am, by lending him more money, to make up: and am glad of it.

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[1] Susanne de Milleville, daughter of Daniel de Milleville, Baron of Boessen, in France, naturalized 1662. Sir Samuel Morland survived a second and a third wife, both buried in Westminster Abbey.

[2] A younger son of Sir Guildford Slingsby, Comptroller of the Navy, knighted by Charles II., and afterwards created a Baronet at Brussels 1657, which title has long been extinct.

[3] Compare Sir Samuel Morland's own account in his *Autobiography*, printed by Halliwell.

[4] Robert Wild, a Nonconformist Divine, published a poem in 1660, upon Monk's march from Scotland to London, called *Iter Boreale*. It is written in a harsh and barbarous style, filled with clenches and earwickets, as the time called them, which having been in the fashion in the reigns of James I. and his unfortunate son, were revived after the Restoration.—(Scott s *Dryden*, vol. xv., p. 296.) Wood mentions three others of the same title by Eades, Corbett, and Marten, it having been a favourite subject at that time.

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[1] All the researches after the plan of Lisbon, made for Lord Sandwich, had, until very lately, proved fruitless. A copy, however, has been discovered, during the passing of this volume through the press, by Mr. Carpenter, of the British Museum, at the country-house of a friend of his, and it has since been purchased for the Print Room of the Museum. The impression is one of those taken off on white satin, at Pepys's suggestion, but the engraver is the well-known Dirk Stoop: the passage in the *Diary* probably should be read—"It ought to have been better done than by jobbing." The title agrees verbally with that given by Pepys, and the engraving contains not only Lord Sandwich's arms, but also his portrait: he is represented as holding a measuring rod, which marks the scale of miles. In spite of Pepys's opinion, it may be considered a fine specimen of the artist's skill: its rarity is very great: it is not mentioned in any of Stoop's works, nor was it known to collectors. Neither the Pepysian, nor the Royal, nor the Museum collections possessed it. Lord Sandwich probably made presents only of the impressions.

Dirk Stoop, who came to England in the suite of Katharine of Braganza, in the capacity of Court Painter, designed and etched a series of plates, descriptive of the ceremonials and pageants which took place on her marriage. Each etching is 1 foot 10 inches. A complete set is very rare; the British Museum Collection, however, possesses them.

I. "The Entrance of y^{e} Lord Ambassador Montague into the Citty of Lisbone, y^{e} 28th day of March, 1662." Dedicated to the Earl of Sandwich.

II. "The publique proceedings of y^{e} Queenes Maj^{tie} of Greate Britaine through y^{e} Citty of Lisbone, y^{e} 20th day of April, 1662." Dedicated to Charles II.

III. "The manner how her Ma^{tie} Dona Catherina imbarketh from Lisbon for England." Dedicated to Francisco de Mello, Conde da Ponte.

IV. "The Duke of York's meeting with y^{e} Royall Navy after it came into y^{e} Channell." Dedicated to the Duke of York.

V. "The manner of y^{e} Queenes Ma^{ties} landing at Portsmouth." Dedicated to James, Duke of Ormond.

VI. "The coming of y^{e} King's Ma^{tie} and y^{e} Queenes from Portsmouth to Hampton-court." No dedication.

VII. "The triumphall entertainment of y^{e} King's and Queenes Ma^{ties} by y^{e} Right Hon^{ble} y^{e} Lord Mayor and Cittizens of London at their coming from Hampton Court to Whitehall (on y^{e} River Thames), Aug. 23, 1662." Dedicated to Sir John Frederick, Lord Mayor.

Walpole (or rather Vertue) who had seen only the first and sixth etching, mentions, after Basan, that there were eight pieces. The Plan of Lisbon, just mentioned, was probably supposed to belong to the series. Dirk Stoop also etched a large portrait of the Queen; the rarity of which is so great, that only two impressions are known: viz., one in the Pepysian Library, and one recently presented to the Print Room of the British Museum, by John Heywood Hawkins, Esq., of Bignor Park. Stoop's picture of the Procession to Whitehall, has been noticed in vol. i., 22, April, 1661.

25th. This noon, going to the Exchange, I met a fine fellow with trumpets before him in Leadenhall Street, and upon enquiry I find that he is the clerke of the City Market; and three or four men carried each of them an arrow of a pound weight in their hands. It seems this Lord Mayor[1] begins again an old custome, that upon the three first days of Bartholomew Fayre, the first, there is a match of wrestling, which was done, and the Lord Mayor there and the Alderman in Moore-fields yesterday: second day, shooting: and to-morrow hunting. And this officer of course is to perform this ceremony of riding through the city, I think to proclaim or challenge any to shoot. It seems that the people of the faire cry out upon it, as a great hindrance to them.

26th. To White Hall, where the Court full of waggons and horses, the King and Court going this day out towards the Bath.[2] Pleased to see Captain Hickes come to me with a list of all the officers of Deptford Yard, wherein he, being a high old Cavalier, do give me an account of every one of them to their reproach in all respects, and discovers many of their knaverys; and tells me, and so I thank God I hear every where, that my name is up for a good husband to the King, and a good man, for which I bless God; and that he did this by particular direction of Mr. Coventry.

28th. At the office betimes. Cold all night and this morning, and a very great frost, they say, abroad, which is much, having had no summer at all almost.

September 2d. To dinner with my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen, and a very great dinner and most excellent venison, but it almost made me sick by not daring to drink wine. After dinner, into a withdrawing-room; and there we talked, among other things, of the Lord Mayor's sword. They tell me this sword is at least a hundred or two hundred years old; and another that he hath, which is called the Black Sword, which the Lord Mayor wears when he mournes, but properly is their Lenten sword to wear upon Good Friday and other Lent days, is older than that. Mr. Lewellin, lately come from Ireland, ells me how the English interest falls mightily there, the Irish arty being too great, so that most of the old rebells are found nnocent, and their lands, which were forfeited and bought, or iven to the English, are restored to them; which gives great discontent there among the English. Going through the City, my Lord Mayor told me how the piller set up by Exeter House is only to show where the pipes of water run to the City; and observed that this City is as well watered as any city in the world, and that the bringing of water to the City hath cost it, first and last, above £300,000; but by the new building, and the building of St. James's,[1] by my Lord St. Albans, which is now about, and which the City stomach, I perceive, highly, but dare not oppose it, were it now to be done, it would not be done for a million of money.

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[1] Sir John Robinson.

[2] The King lay the first night at Maidenhead, and the second near Newbury.

4th. To Westminster Hall, and there bought the first newsbooks of L'Estrange's[2] writing, he beginning this week;[3] and makes, methinks, but a simple beginning. This day I read a Proclamation[4] for calling in, and commanding every body to apprehend, my Lord Bristoll.

5th. I did inform myself well in things relating to the East Indys; both of the country, and the disappointment the King met with the last voyage, by the knavery of the Portugall Viceroy, and the inconsiderableness of the place of Bombaim,[5] f we had had it. But, above all things, it seems strange to me, hat matters should not be understood before they went out; and also that such a thing as this, which was expected to be ne of the best parts of the Queen's portion, should not be better understood; it being, if we had it, but a poor place, and not really so as was described to our King in the draught of it, ut a poor little island; whereas they made the King and Lord Chancellor, and other learned men about the King, believe hat that and other islands which are near it, were all one piece; nd so the draught was drawn and presented to the King, and elieved by the King, and expected to prove so when our men ome thither; but it is quite otherwise.

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[1] St. Albans Street and Market, on the north side of Pall Mall, emoved for the Regent Street improvements. Jermyn Street, St. James's, lso takes its name from him.

[2] Roger L'Estrange, author of numerous pamphlets and periodical apers. He succeeded Muddyman, who had been put aside as to that mployment, and was Licenser of the Press to Charles II. and his successor; and M.P. for Winchester in James II.'s Parliament. Ob. 1704, ged 88.

[3] The first number of *The Intelligencer*, dated 31st August, 1663.

[4] Dated 25th August, 1663. A copy of it is in the British Museum.

[5] Bombay.

7th. To the Black Eagle in Bride Lane, and there had a chop of veale, and some bread, cheese, and beer, cost me a shilling to my dinner; and so to Bartholomew fayre, where I met with Mr. Pickering, and he and I to see the monkeys at the Dutch house, which is far beyond the other that my wife and I saw the other day; and thence to see the dancing on the ropes, which was very poor and tedious. But he and I fell in discourse about my Lord Sandwich. He tells me how he is sorry for my Lord at his being at Chelsey; but I could not fish from him, though I knew it, what was the matter; but am very sorry to see that my Lord hath thus much forgot his honour, but am resolved not to meddle with it. The play being done, I stole from him and hied home, buying several things at the ironmonger's; dogs, tongues, and shovells, for my wife's closet, and the rest of my house. By my letters from Tangier to-day, I hear that it grows very strong by land, and the Mole goes on. They have lately killed about two hundred of the Moores, and lost about forty or fifty. I am mightily afraid of laying out too much money in goods upon my house, but it is not money flung away, though I reckon nothing money but what is in the bank, till I have a good sum beforehand in the world.

8th. Dined at home with my wife. It being washing-day, we had a good pie baked of a leg of mutton; and then to Moxon's, and there bought a payre of globes cost me £3 10s., with which I am well pleased.

9th. I met with Ned Pickering, he telling me the whole business of my Lord's folly with this Mrs. Becke, at Chelsey, of all which I am ashamed to see my Lord so grossly play the fool, to the flinging off of all honour, friends, servants, and every thing and person that is good, with his carrying her abroad, and playing on his lute under her window, and forty other poor sordid things, which I am grieved to hear; but believe it to no purpose for me to meddle with it, but let him go on till God Almighty and his own conscience and thoughts of his lady and family do it.

10th. All the morning making a great contract with Sir W. Warren, for £3,000 worth of masts, but, good God! to see what a man might do, were I a knave. Mr. Moore tells me of the good peace that is made at Tangier with the Moores, but to continue but from six months to six months.

11th. This morning, about two or three o'clock, knocked up in our back yard, and rising to the window, being moonshine, I found it was the constable and his watch, who had found our back yard door open, and so come in to see what the matter was. So I desired them to shut the door, and bid them good-night.

12th. Up betimes, and by water to White Hall: and thence to Sir Philip Warwick, and there had half an hour's private discourse with him; and did give him some good satisfaction in our Navy matters, and he also me, as to the money paid and due to the Navy; so as he makes me assured by particulars, that Sir G. Carteret is paid within £80,000, every farthing that we to this day, nay, to Michaelmas day next, have demanded; and that, I am sure, is above £50,000 more than truly our expences have been, whatever is become of the money. Home with great content that I have thus begun an acquaintance with him, who is a great man, and a man of as much business as any man in England; which I will endeavour to deserve and keep.

14th. By coach to Bishop's Gate Street, it being a very promising fair day. There at the Dolphin we met my uncle Thomas, and his son-in-law, which seems a very sober man, and Mr. Moore: so Mr. Moore and my wife set out before, and my uncle and I staid for his son Thomas, who, by a sudden resolution, is preparing to go with us, which makes me fear something of mischief which they design to do us. He staying a great while, the old man and I before, and about eight miles off, his son comes after us, and about six miles further, we overtake Mr. Moore and my wife, which makes me mightily consider what a great deal of ground is lost in a little time, when it is to be got up again by another, who is to go his own ground and the others too, and so, after a little bayte, I paying all the reckonings the whole journey, at Ware, to Buntingford, where my wife, by drinking some cold beer, being hot herself, presently after 'lighting, begins to be sick, and become so pale, and I alone with her in a great chamber there, that I thought she would have died, and so in great horror, and having a great trial of my true love and passion for her, called the maids and mistress of the house, and so with some strong water, she come to be pretty well again; and so to bed, and I having put her to bed with great content, I called in my company, and supped in the chamber by her, and being very merry in talk, supped and then parted. This day my cozen Thomas dropped his hanger, and it was lost.

15th. Up betimes, and rode as far as Godmanchester, Mr. Moore having two falls—once in water, and another in dirt, and there 'light and eat and drunk, being all of us very merry, but especially my uncle and wife. Thence to Brampton, to my father's, and there found all well; and so my father, cozen Thomas, and I up to Hinchingbroke, where I find my Lord and his company gone to Boughton; but there I find my Lady and the young ladies, and there I alone with my Lady two hours—she carrying me through every part of the house and gardens, which are, and will be, mighty noble indeed. Here I saw Mrs. Betty Pickering,[1] who is a very well-bred and comely lady, but very fat. After supper, my uncle and son to Stankes's to bed, which troubles me, all my father's beds being lent to Hinchingbroke.

17th. I was forced to come to a new consideration, whether it was fit to let my uncle and his son go to Wisbeach about my uncle Day's estate alone or no, and concluded it unfit; and so, leaving my wife, I begun a journey with them, and with much ado through the fenns, along dikes, where sometimes we were ready to have our horses sink to the belly, we got by night, with a great deal of stir, and hard riding, to Parson's Drove, a heathen place, where I found my uncle and aunt Perkins, and their daughters, poor wretches! in a sad, poor thatched cottage, like a poor barne, or stable, peeling of hemp, in which I did give myself good content to see their manner of preparing of hemp; and in a poor condition of habitt took them to our miserable inne, and there, after long stay, and hearing of Frank, their son, the miller, play upon his treble, as he calls it, with which he earnes part of his living, and singing of a country song, we set down to supper; the whole crew, and Spankes's wife and child, a sad company, of which I was ashamed, supped with us. By and by, newes is brought to us, that one of our horses is stole out of the stable, which proves my uncle's, at which I am inwardly glad—I mean, that it was not mine; and at this we were at a great loss; and they doubting a person that lay at next door, a Londoner, some lawyer's clerk, we caused him to be secured in his bed, and other care to be taken to seize the house; and so, about twelve at night or more, to bed, in a sad, cold, stony chamber; and a little after I was asleep, they waked me, to tell me that the horse was found, which was good news, and so to sleep, but was bit cruelly, and nobody else of our company, which I wonder at, by the gnatts.

18th. Up, and got our people together; and after eating a dishe of cold creame, which was my supper last night too, we took leave of our beggarly company, though they seem good people, too; and over most sad fenns, all the way observing the sad life which the people of the place—which, if they be born there, they do call the Breedlings of the place—do live, sometimes rowing from one spot to another, and then wadeing. To Wisbeach, a pretty town, and a fine church and library,[1] where sundry very old abbey manuscripts; and a fine house, built on the church ground, by Secretary Thurlow, and a fine gallery built for him in the church, but now all in the Bishop of Ely's hands. After visiting the church, &c., we out of the town, by the help of a stranger, to find out one Blinkehorne, a miller, of whom we might inquire something of old Day's disposal of his estate, and in whose hands it now is; and by great chance we met him, and brought him to our inne to dinner; and instead of being informed in his estate by this fellow, we find that he is the next heire to the estate, which was matter of great sport to my cozen Thomas and me, to see such a fellow prevent us in our hopes—he being Day's brother's daughter's son, whereas we are but his sister's sons and grandsons: so that, after all, we were fain to propose our matter to him, and to get him to give us leave to look after the business, and so he to have one-third part, and we two to have the other two-third parts, of what should be recovered of the estate, which he consented to; and, after paying the reckoning, we mounted again, and rode, being very merry at our defeate, to Chatteris—my uncle very weary, and after supper, and my telling of three stories to their good liking of spirits, we all three in a chamber went to bed.

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[1] Afterwards married to Creed.

19th. Up pretty betimes; and I to Brampton, where I find my father ill in bed still, and Madam Norbery, whom and her fair daughter and sister I was ashamed to kiss, but did—my lip being sore with riding in the winde, and bit with the gnats; and they being gone, I told my father my successe. My wife and I took horse, and rode with marvellous, and the first and only hour of, pleasure that ever I had in this estate, since I had to do with it, to Brampton woods; and through the wood rode, and gathered nuts in my way, and then at Graffan, to an old woman's house, to drink, where my wife used to go; and being in all circumstances highly pleased, and in my wife's riding and good company at this time, I rode, and she showed me the river behind my father's house, which is very pleasant; and so saw her home, and I straight to Huntingdon; and there a barber come and trimmed me, and thence walked to Hinchingbroke, where my Lord and ladies all are just alighted.

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[1] Watson, in his *History of Wisbech*, p. 239, names some of the printed books in the library there, but does not mention any of the MSS. Secretary Thurloe's gallery had been erected at the expense of the Corporation, out of gratitude to him for many services rendered to the town. It is now used for the general accommodation of the inhabitants.

20th. (Lord's day.) Walked to Huntingdon Church, where in my Lord's pew, with the young ladies, by my Lord's own showing me the place, I stayed the sermon, and so to Hinchingbroke, walking with Mr. Sheply and Dr. King, whom they account a witty man here, as well as good physician, and there my Lord singly demanded my opinion, in the walks in his garden, about the bringing of the crooked wall on the Mount to a shape; and so to dinner—there being Colonel Williams and much other company, and a noble dinner. But having before got my Lord's warrant for travelling to-day, there being a proclamation read against it at Huntingdon, at which I am very glad, I took leave, and rode to Bigglesworth,[1] by the help of a couple of countrymen, that led us through the very long and dangerous waters, because of the ditches on each side, though it begun to be very dark.

21st. Up very betimes by break of day, and got my wife up, whom the thought of this day's long journey do discourage; and after eating something, and changing a piece of gold to pay the reckoning, we mounted, and through Baldwicke,[2] where the fayre is kept to-day, and a great one for cheese and other such commodities, and to Hatfield; and here we dined, and my wife being very weary, I took the opportunity of an empty coach that was to go to London, and left her to come in it to London, for half a crowne, and so I and the boy home as fast as we could drive, and it was even night before we got home. By and by comes my wife by coach well home, and having got a good fowl ready for supper against her coming, we ate heartily, and so with great content and ease to our own bed, there nothing appearing so to our content as to be at our own home, after being abroad awhile.

22d. This day my wife showed me bills printed, wherein her father, with Sir John Collidon[3] and Sir Edward Ford,[4] have got a patent for curing of smoking chimneys. I wish they may do good thereof. This day the King and Queen are to come to Oxford. I hear my Lady Castlemaine is for certain gone to Oxford to meet him, having lain within here at home this week or two, supposed to have miscarried;[1] but for certain is as great in favour as heretofore; at least, Mrs. Sarah at my Lord's, who hears all from their own family, do say so. Every day brings news of the Turke's advance into Germany, to the awakeing of all the Christian Princes thereabouts, and possessing himself of Hungary. My present care is fitting my wife's closet and my house, and making her a velvet coate, and me a new black cloth suit and coat and cloak.

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[1] Biggleswade.

[2] Baldock.

[3] Or Colliton: see 18th Oct., 1664.

[4] Sir Edward Ford, of Harting, Sussex, Sheriff for that county, and Governor of Arundel Castle in 1642: ob. 1670. His only daughter married Ralph Grey, Baron Grey of Werke. He is the author of a tract entitled, "Experimental Proposals how the King may have money to pay and maintain his Fleets, with ease to his people: London may be rebuilt, and all proprietors satisfied: money to be at six per cent. on pawns, and the Fishing Trade set up, which alone is able, and sure to enrich us all. And all this without altering, straining, or thwarting any of our Laws, or Customs, now in use." 4to, 1666.—Repr. *Harl. Miscell.*, iv., 195. Ford was High Sheriff of Sussex, adhered to Charles I., and was knighted in

23d. To my Lord Crewe's, and there dined with him and Sir Thomas, thinking to have them inquire something about my Lord's lodgings at Chelsey, but they did not take the least notice of it.

24th. I went forth by water to Sir Philip Warwick's, where I was with him a pretty while; and in discourse he tells me, and made it appear to me, that the King cannot be in debt to the Navy at this time £5,000; and it is my opinion that Sir G. Carteret do owe the King money, and yet the whole Navy debt paid. Thence I parted, being doubtful of myself that I have not spoke with the gravity and weight that I ought to do in so great a business. But I rather hope it is my doubtfulness of myself, and the haste which he was in, some very great personages waiting for him without, while he was with me, that made him willing to be gone.

28th. To White Hall, where Sir J. Minnes and I did spend an hour in the Gallery, looking upon the pictures, in which he hath some judgement. And by and by the Commissioners for Tangier met: and there my Lord Teviott, together with Captain Cuttance, Captain Evans, and Jonas Moore, sent to hat purpose, did bring us a brave draught of the Mole to be built there; and report that it is likely to be the most considerable place the King of England hath in the world; and so I am apt to think it will. After discourse of this, and of upplying the garrison with some more horse, we rose; and Sir . Minnes and I home again, finding the street about our

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643. In 1658, he laid down pipes to supply parts of London with water rom the Thames. The second and third Lords Braybrooke descend in he female line, from his daughter, Catherine Ford, who married Ralph, Lord Grey of Werke, their maternal ancestor.

[1] According to Collins, Henry Fitzroy, Lady Castlemaine's second son y Charles II., was born on the 20th September, 1663. He was the first Duke of Grafton.

house full, Sir R. Ford[1] beginning his shrievalty to-day; and, what with his and our houses being new painted, the street begins to look a great deal better than it did, and more gracefull. News that the King comes to town for certain on Thursday next from his great progress.

29th. Come Mr. Sympson to set up my wife's chimney-piece in her closet, which pleases me.

30th. In the afternoon by water to White Hall, to the Tangier Committee; where my Lord Teviott; which grieves me to see that his accounts being to be examined by us, there are none of the great men at the Board that in compliment will except against any thing in them, and so none of the little persons dare do it: so the King is abused. Blessed be God, I do find myself £760 creditor, notwithstanding that for clothes for myself and wife, and laying out on her closet, I have spent this month £47. To-morrow the King, Queen, Duke, and his Lady, and the whole court comes to town from their progress. All the common talk for news is, the Turk his advance in Hungary, &c.

October 1st. I am troubled to see that my servants and others should be the greatest trouble I have in the world.

5th. My Lord Sandwich sent a message to know whether the King intends to come to Newmarket, as is talked, that he may be ready to entertain him at Hinchingbroke.

11th. (Lord's day.) At night fell to reading in the Church History of Fuller's, and particularly Cranmer's letter to Queen[2] Elizabeth, which pleases me mightily for his zeal, obedience, and boldness in a cause of religion.

12th. At St. James's we attended the Duke all of us. And there, after my discourse, Mr. Coventry of his own accord begun to tell the Duke how he found that discourse abroad did run to his prejudice about the fees that he took, and how he sold places and other things; wherein he desired to appeal to his Highness, whether he did any thing more than what his predecessors did, and appealed to us all. So Sir G. Carteret did answer that some fees were heretofore taken, but what he knows not; only that selling of places never was, nor ought to be, countenanced. So Mr. Coventry very hotly answered to Sir G. Carteret, and appealed to himself whether he was not one of the first that put him upon looking after this business of fees, and that he told him that Mr. Smith should say that he made £5,000 the first year, and he believed he made

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[1] He lived in Hart Street, and the Navy Board had been in treaty for his house.

[2] *Sic orig.*

£7,000. This Sir G. Carteret denied, and said, that if he did say so, he told a lie; for he could not, nor did know, that ever he did make that profit of his place; but that he believes he might say £2,500 the first year. Mr. Coventry instanced in another thing, particularly wherein Sir G. Carteret did advise with him about the selling of the Auditor's place of the stores, when in the beginning there was an intention of creating such an office. This he confessed, but with some lessening of the tale Mr. Coventry told, it being only for a respect to my Lord FitzHarding. In fine, Mr. Coventry did put into the Duke's hand a list of above 250 places that he did give without receiving one farthing, so much as his ordinary fees for them, upon his life and oath; and that since the Duke's establishment of fees he had never received one token more of any man; and that in his whole life he never conditioned or discoursed of any consideration from any commanders since he come to the Navy. And afterwards, my Lord Barkeley merrily discoursing that he wished his [Mr. Coventry] profit greater than it was, and that he did believe that he [Mr. Coventry] had got £50,000 since he come in, Mr. Coventry did openly declare that his Lordship, or any of us, should have, not only all he had got, but all that he had in the world, and yet he did not come a beggar into the Navy, nor would yet be thought to speak in any contempt of his Royall Highness's bounty; and should have a year to consider of it too, for £25,000. The Duke's answer was, that he wished we all had made more profit than we had of our places, and that we had all of us got as much as one man below stayres in the Court, which he presently named, and it was Sir George Lane.[1]

13th. I find at Court, that either the King is doubtful of some disturbance, or else would seem so, and I have reason to hope it is no worse, by his commanding little commanders of castles, &c., to repair to their charges; and mustering the Guards the other day himself, where he found reason to dislike heir condition to my Lord Gerard, finding so many absent men, or dead[2] pays. My Lady Castlemaine, I hear, is in as great favour as ever, and the King supped with her the very irst night he come from Bath: and last night and the night before supped with her; when there being a chine of beef to oast, and the tide rising into their kitchen that it could not be roasted there, and the cook telling her of it, she answered "Zounds! she must set the house on fire but it should be roasted!" So it was carried to Mrs. Sarah's husband's,[1] and there it was roasted.

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[1] One of the Clerks of the Privy Council, and Secretary to the Marquis f Ormond. He became Viscount Lanesborough.

[2] This is probably an allusion to the practice of not reporting the deaths f soldiers, that the officers might continue to draw their pay.

14th. After dinner my wife and I, by Mr. Rawlinson's conduct, to the Jewish Synagogue: where the men and boys in their vayles, and the women behind a lattice out of sight; and some things stand up, which I believe is their Law, in a press, to which all coming in do bow; and in the putting on their vayles do say something, to which others that hear the priest do cry, Amen, and the party do kiss his vayle. Their service all in a singing way, and in Hebrew. And anon their Laws that they take out of the press are carried by several men, four or five several burthens in all, and they do relieve one another; and whether it is that every one desires to have the carrying of it, thus they carried it round about the room while such a service is singing. And in the end they had a prayer for the King, in which they pronounced his name in Portugall; but the prayer, like the rest, in Hebrew. But, Lord! to see the disorder, laughing, sporting, and no attention, but confusion in all their service, more like brutes than people knowing the true God, would make a man forswear ever seeing them more: and indeed I never did see so much, or could have imagined there had been any religion in the whole world, so absurdly performed as this.

17th. Some discourse of the Queen's being very sick,[2] if not dead, the Duke and Duchess of York being sent for betimes this morning to come to White Hall to her.[3]

18th. (Lord's day.) The parson, Mr. Mills, I perceive, did not know whether to pray for the Queen or no, and so said nothing about her; which makes me fear she is dead. But enquiring of Sir J. Minnes, he told me that he heard she was better last night. To church again, and there a simple coxcombe preached worse than the Scot.

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[1] Who was a cook.

[2] The Queen's illness was first noticed in *The Intelligencer* on the 13th October, but Pepys did not hear of it till the 17th. The bulletins of her Majesty's health continued till 15th November.

[3] "The condition of the Queen is much worse, and the physicians give us but little hopes of her recovery; by the next you will hear that she is either in a fair way to it or dead. To-morrow is a very critical day with her—God's will be done. The King coming to see her the [this] morning, she told him she willingly left all the world but him, which hath very much afflicted his Majesty, and all the Court with him."—Lord Arlington to the Duke of Buckingham, Whitehall, 17th Oct., 1663. Brown's *Miscellanea Aulica*, p. 306.

19th. Waked with a very high wind, and said to my wife, "I pray God I hear not of the death of any great person, this wind is so high!" fearing that the Queen might be dead. So up; and going by coach with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, they tell me that Sir W. Compton, who it is true had been a little sickly for a week or a fortnight, but was very well upon Friday at night last at the Tangier Committee with us, was dead,—died yesterday: at which I was most exceedingly surprised, he being, and so all the world saying that he was, one of the worthyest men and best officers of State now in England; and so in my conscience he was: of the best temper, valour, ability of mind, integrity, worth, fine person, and diligence of any one man he hath left behind him in the three kingdoms; and yet not forty years old, or, if so, that is all. I find the sober men of the Court troubled for him; and yet not so as to hinder or lessen their mirth, talking, laughing, and eating, drinking, and doing every thing else, just as if there was no such thing.

Coming to St. James's, I hear that the Queen did sleep five hours pretty well to-night, and that she waked and gargled her mouth, and to sleep again; but that her pulse beats fast, beating twenty to the King's or my Lady Suffolk's eleven; but not so strong as it was. It seems she was so ill as to be shaved, and pidgeons put to her feet, and to have the extreme unction given her by the priests, who were so long about it that the doctors were angry.[1] The King, they all say, is most fondly disconsolate for her, and weeps by her, which makes her weep; which one this day told me he reckons a good sign, for that t carries away some rheume from the head. This morning Captain Allen tells me how the famous Ned Mullins, by a slight fall, broke his leg at the ancle, which festered; and he had his leg cut off on Saturday, but so ill done, notwithstanding all the great chyrurgeons about the town at the doing of it, that hey fear he will not live with it. Being invited to dinner to my Lord Barkeley's, and so, not knowing how to spend our time till noon, Sir W. Batten and I took coach and to the Coffee-house n Cornhill; where much talk about the Turke's proceedings, nd that the plague is got to Amsterdam, brought by a ship rom Algiers; and it is also carried to Hambrough. The Duke says the King purposes to forbid any of their ships coming into the river. The Duke also told us of several Christian commanders (French) gone over to the Turkes to serve them; and upon enquiry, I find that the King of France do by this aspire to the Empire, and so to get the Crowne of Spayne also upon the death of the King, which is very probable, it seems. Back to St. James's and there dined with my Lord Barkeley and his lady, where Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Batten, and myself, with two gentlemen more: my lady, and one of the ladies of honour to the Duchess—no handsome woman, but a most excellent hand. A fine French dinner. To dinner[1] to my Lord Mayor's, being invited, where was the farmers of the Customes, my Lord Chancellor's three sons, and other great and much company, and a very great noble dinner, as this Mayor is good for nothing else. No extraordinary discourse of any thing, every man being intent upon his dinner.

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[1] "I have heard they put on the Queen's head, when she was sick, a night-ap of some sort of precious relick to recover her, and gave her extreme nction; and that my Lord Aubignie told her she must impute her recoverie o these. She answered not, but rather to the prayers of her husband."—Ward's *Diary*, p. 98.

20th. This evening, at my Lord's lodgings, Mrs. Sarah talking with my wife and I how the Queen do, and how the King tends her, being so ill. She tells us that the Queen's sickness is the spotted fever; that she was as full of the spots as a leopard: which is very strange that it should be no more known; but perhaps it is not so. And that the King do seem to take it much to heart, for that he hath wept before her;[2] but, for all that, that he hath not missed one night, since she was sick, of supping with my Lady Castlemaine; which I believe is true, for she says that her husband hath dressed the suppers every night; and I confess I saw him myself coming through the street dressing up a great supper to-night, which Sarah says is also for the King and her: which is a very strange thing.

21st. Come my brother Tom to me. We did resolve of putting me into a better garbe, and, among other things, to have a good velvet cloak—that is, of cloth, lined with velvet, and other things modish, and a perruque, and so he and my wife out to buy me velvet. This evening I begun to enter my wife in arithmetique, in order to her studying of the globes, and she takes it very well, and I hope I shall bring her to understand many fine things.

22d. This morning, hearing that the Queen grows worse again, I sent to stop the making of my velvet cloak, till I see whether she lives or dies.

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[1] Pepys seems to have dined twice in the same day.

[2] The grief of Charles at the Queen's dangerous condition was thus noticed by Waller:

"——— when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropt the shower,
Reviv'd you like a dying flower."

23d. The Queen slept pretty well last night, but her fever continues upon her still. It seems she hath never a Portuguese doctor here. To Mr. Holliard, who tells me that Mullins is dead of his leg cut off the other day, and most basely done. To Mr. Rawlinson's, and saw some of my new bottles made, with my crest upon them, filled with wine, about five or six dozen.

24th. Busy all the morning about Mr. Gauden's account, and to dinner with him at the Dolphin, where mighty merry by pleasant stories of Mr. Coventry's and Sir J. Minnes's, which I have put down some of in my book of tales. Called at Wotton's.[1] He tells me, that by the Duke of York's persuasion Harris is come again to Sir W. Davenant upon his terms that he demanded, which will make him very high and proud. The Queen is in a good way of recovery; and Sir Francis Pridgeon[2] hath got great honour by it, it being all imputed to his cordiall, which in her despaire did give her rest, and brought her to some hopes of recovery. It seems that, after much talk of troubles and a plot, something is found in the North that a party was to rise, and some persons that were to command it, as I find in a letter that Mr. Coventry read to-day about it from those parts.

26th. Dr. Pierce tells me that the Queen is in a way to be pretty well again, but that her delirium in her head continues still; that she talks idle, not by fits, but always, which in some lasts a week after so high a fever—in some more, and in some for ever; that this morning she talked mightily that she was brought to bed, and that she wondered that she should be delivered without pain and without being sick, and that she was troubled that her boy was but an ugly boy. But the King being by, said, "No, it is a very pretty boy."—"Nay," says she, "if it be ike you, it is a fine boy indeed, and I would be very well pleased with it." They say that the Turkes go on apace, and that my Lord Castlehaven[3] is going to raise 10,000 men here for to go against him; that the King of France do offer to assist the Empire upon condition that he may be their Generalissimo, and the Dolphin chosen King of the Romans: and it is said that the King of France do occasion this difference among the Christian Princes of the Empire, which gives the Turke such advantages. They say also that the King of Spayne is making all imaginable force against Portugall again. To one or two periwigg shops about the Temple, having been very much displeased with one that we saw, a head of greasy and old woman's haire, at Jervas's in the morning; and there I think I shall fit myself of one very handsomely made. To the Globe in Fleet Street, and, talking of the Emperor[1] at table, one young gentleman, a pretty man, and it seems a Parliament-man, did say that he was a sot; for he minded nothing of the Government, but was led by the Jesuites. Several at table took him up.

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[1] His shoemaker.

[2] Vertue (according to Horace Walpole) had seen a portrait of Dr Prujean painted by Streater, and a print of "Opinion sitting on a tree," thus inscribed: "Viro clariss. D^no^ Francisco Prujeano Medico, omnium bonarum artium et elegantiarum fautori et admiratori summo; D.D. D.H. Peacham." He was President of the College of Physicians, 1653.

[3] The eldest son of the infamous Earl of Castlehaven had a new creation o his father's forfeited titles, in 1634, and died *s. p.* 1684. He had served with distinction under the Marquis of Ormond, and afterwards joined Charles II., at Paris.

27th. Mr. Coventry tells me to-day that the Queen had a very good night last night; but yet it is strange that still she raves and talks of little more than of her having of children, and fancys now that she hath three children, and that the girle is very like the King. And this morning, about five o'clock, the physician, feeling her pulse, thinking to be better able to judge, she being still and asleep, waked her, and the first word she said was, "How do the children?"

29th. Up, it being Lord Mayor's day, Sir Anthony Bateman.[2] This morning was brought home my new velvet cloak—that is, lined with velvet, a good cloth the outside—the first that ever I had in my life, and I pray God it may not be too soon now that I begin to wear it. I thought it better to go without it because of the crowde, and so I did not wear it. At noon I went to Guildhall; and, meeting with Mr. Proby, Sir R. Ford's son, and Lieutenant-Colonel Baron, a City commander, we went up and down to see the tables; where under every salt there was a bill of fare, and at the end of the table the persons proper for the table. Many were the tables, but none in the Hall but the Mayor's and the Lords of the Privy Council that had napkins or knives, which was very strange. We went into the Buttry, and there stayed and talked, and then into the Hall again, and there wine was offered, and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras,[3] which do not break my vowe, it being, to the best of my present judgement, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I do hope and think I am not. By and by met with Creed: and we, with the others, went within the several Courts, and there saw the tables prepared for the Ladies, and Judges, and Bishops: all great signs of a great dinner to come. By and by, about one o'clock, before the Lord Mayor come, come into the Hall, from the room where they were first led into, the Chancellor, Archbishopp before him, with the Lords of the Council, and other Bishopps, and they to dinner. Anon comes the Lord Mayor, who went up to the lords, and then to the other tables to bid wellcome; and so all to dinner. I set near Proby, Baron, and Creed at the Merchant Strangers' table; where ten good dishes to a messe, with plenty of wine of all sorts, of which I drunk none; but it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drunk out of earthen pitchers, and wooden dishes. It happened that after the lords had half dined, come the French Embassador up to the lords' table, where he was to have sat; he would not sit down nor dine with the Lord Mayor, who was not yet come, nor have a table to himself, which was offered; but in a discontent went away again. After I had dined, I and Creed rose and went up and down the house, and up to the ladys' room, and there stayed gazing upon them. But though there were many and fine, both young and old, yet I could not discern one handsome face there; which was very strange. I expected musique, but there was none but only trumpets and drums, which displeased me. The dinner, it seems, is made by the Mayor and two Sheriffs for the time being, the Lord Mayor paying one half, and they the other. And the whole, Proby says, is reckoned to come to about 7 or £800 at most. Being wearied with looking upon a company of ugly women, Creed and I went away, and took coach, and through Cheapside, and there saw the pageants,[1] which were very silly. The Queen mends apace, they say; but yet talks idle still.

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[1] Leopold: ætatis 24.

[2] Second son of Richard Bateman of Hartingdon, co. Derby, who had been Chamberlain and M.P. for London. Sir A. Bateman married Elizabeth Russell. His elder brother was Sir William Bateman, and his younger, Thomas, was created a Baronet in 1664.

[3] This beverage was taken in France as a morning draught.—Southey's *Common-Place Book.*

30th. At my periwigg-maker's, and there showed my wife the periwigg made for me, and she likes it very well, and so to my brother's, and to buy a pair of boddice for her.

31st. To my great sorrow find myself £43 worse than I was the last month, which was then £760, and now it is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz., for her about £12, and for myself £55, or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth shirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And also two perriwiggs, one whereof costs me £3, and the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing. I having laid out in clothes for myself, and wife, and for her closet and other things without, these two months this, and the last, besides household expenses of victualls, &c., above £110. But I hope I shall with more comfort labour to get more, and with better successe than when, for want of clothes, I was forced to sneak like a beggar. The Queen continues light-headed, but in hopes to recover. The plague is much in Amsterdam, and we in fear of it here, which God defend.[1] The Turke goes on mighty in the Emperor's dominions, and the Princes cannot agree among themselves how to go against him.

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[1] The Lord Mayor's "Show" was then *after* dinner.

November 1st. (Lord's day.) This morning my brother's man brought me a new black baize waiste-coate, faced with silk, which I put on, from this day laying by half-shirts for this winter. He brought me also my new gown of purple shagg: also, as a gift from my brother, a velvet hat,[2] very fine to ride in, and the fashion, which pleases me.

2d. Up, and by coach to White Hall, and there in the long Matted Gallery I find Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, and Sir W. Batten; and by and by comes the King, to walk there with three or four with him; and, soon as he saw us, says he, "Here is the Navy Office," and there walked twenty turns the length of the gallery, talking, methought, but ordinary talk. By and by come the Duke, and he walked, and at last they went into the Duke's lodgings. The King staid so long, that we could not discourse with the Duke, and so we parted. I heard the Duke say that he was going to wear a perriwigg; and they say the King also will. I never till this day observed that the King is mighty gray.

3d. At noon to the coffee-house, and there heard a long and most passionate discourse between two doctors of physick, of which one was Dr. Allen,[3] whom I knew at Cambridge, and a couple of apothecarys: these maintaining chymistry against their Galenicall physick; and the truth is, one of the apothecarys, whom they charged most, did speak very prettily—that is, his language and sense good, though perhaps he might not be so knowing a physician as to offer to contest with them. At last they come to some cooler terms, and broke up. Home, and by and by comes Chapman, the periwigg-maker, and upon my liking it, without more ado I went up, and there he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but, it being over, and my periwigg on, I paid him £3 for it; and away went he, with my own haire, to make up another of; and I, by and by, went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it; and they conclude it do become me; though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting of my own haire, and so was Besse.

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[1] *Defend* is used in the sense of *forbid*. It is a Gallicism.

[2] Which he had probably cribbed from the velvet.

[3] Thomas Allen, M.D., of Caius College, and a member of the College of Physicians.

4th. To my office, shewing myself to Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, and no great matter made of my periwigg, as I was afraid there would. The Queen is in a great way to recovery.

6th. To the Coffee-house, and among other things heard Sir John Cutler say, that of his own experience in time of thunder so many barrels of beer as have a piece of iron laid upon them, will not be soured, and the others will. To White Hall, where my Lord met me very fortunately, and wondered first to see me in my perruque, and I am glad it is over. We begun to talk of the court, and he tells me how Mr. Edward Montagu begins to show respect to him again, after his endeavouring to bespatter him all was possible; but he is resolved never to admit him into his friendship again. He tells me how he and Sir H. Bennet, the Duke of Buckingham and his Duchess, was of a committee with somebody else for the getting of Mrs. Stewart for the King; but that she proves a cunning slut, and is advised at Somerset House by the Queen-Mother, and by her mother,[1] and so all the plot is spoiled and the whole committee broke, Mr. Montagu and the Duke of Buckingham fallen a-pieces, the Duchess going to a nunnery; and so Montagu begins to enter friendship with my Lord, and to attend the Chancellor, whom he had deserted. My Lord tells me that Mr. Montagu, among other things, did endeavour to represent him to the Chancellor's sons as one that did desert their father in the business of my Lord of Bristoll: which is most false, being the only man that hath several times dined with him when no soul hath come to him, and went with him that very day home, when the Earl impeached him in the Parliament House, and hath refused ever to pay a visit to my Lord of Bristoll, not so much as in return to a visit of his. So that the Chancellor and my Lord are well known and trusted one by another. But yet my Lord blames the Chancellor for desiring to have it put off to the next Session of Parliament, contrary to my Lord Treasurer's advice, to whom he swore he would not do it: and, perhaps, my Lord Chancellor, for ought I see by my Lord's discourse, may suffer by it when the Parliament comes to sit. My Lord tells me that he observes the Duke of York do follow and understand business very well, and is mightily improved thereby.

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[1] Mrs. Walter Stewart.

7th. This day, Captain Taylor[1] brought me a piece of plate, a little small state dish, he expecting that I should get him some allowance for demorage of his ship William, kept long at Tangier, which I shall, and may justly do.

8th. (Lord's day.) To church, where I found that my coming in a perriwigg did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me, but I found no such thing.[2]

9th. To the Duke, where, when we come into his closet, he told us that Mr. Pepys was so altered with his new perriwigg that he did not know him. So to our discourse, and, among and above other things, we were taken up in talking upon Sir J. Lawson's coming home, he being come to Portsmouth; and Captain Berkeley[3] is come to town with a letter from the Duana[4] of Algiers to the King, wherein they do demand again the searching of our ships and taking out of strangers, and their goods; and that what English ships are taken without the Duke's pass they will detain, though it be flat contrary to the words of the peace, as prizes, till they do hear from our King, which they advise him may be speedy. And this they did the very next day after they had received with great joy the Grand

[1] Silas Taylor, described by A. Wood as *alias* Domville, was a native of Shropshire, and educated at Oxford, and became a captain in the Parliament forces. Subsequently to the Restoration, he was appointed Commissary of Ammunition at Dunkirk, and in 1665 made Keeper of the King's Stores at Harwich. He died November 4th, 1668. He was an able antiquary, and left materials for a History of Herefordshire, and of Harwich. There is a MS. by Silas Taylor in the British Museum. (Addit. MSS., 4910.) It formerly belonged to Sir John Hawkins, who describes Taylor as well skilled in music, and a composer of two anthems, which pleased the King. See Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, vol. iv., p. 330, and Wood's *Athenæ*. Taylor published in his lifetime a treatise on Gavel-kind.

[2] There is a touch of vanity in this passage that is excessively comic, and the notice of the slight impression made by the perriwig is admirably descriptive of the writer.

[3] Afterwards Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Portsmouth, killed in 1666.

[4] Diwan.

Seignor's confirmation of the Peace from Constantinople by Captain Berkeley; so that there is no command nor certainty to be had of these people. The King is resolved to send his will by a fleet of ships; and it is thought best and speediest to send these very ships that are now come home, five sail of good ships, back again, after cleaning, victualling, and paying them. But it is a pleasant thing to think how their Basha, Shavan Aga, did tear his hair to see the soldiers order things thus; for, just like his late predecessor, when they see the evil of war with England, then for certain they complain to the Grand Seignor of him, and cut his head off: this he is sure of, and knows as certain. Thence to Westminster Hall, where I met with Mr. Pierce, surgeon; and, among other things, he asked me seriously whether I knew any thing of my Lord's being out of favour with the King; and told me, that for certain the King do take mighty notice of my Lord's living obscurely in a corner not like himself, and becoming the honour that he is come to. I was sorry to hear, and the truth is, from my Lord's discourse among his people, which I am told of, the uncertainty of princes' favour, and his melancholy keeping from Court, I am doubtful of some such thing; but I seemed wholly strange to him in it, but will make my use of it. He told me also how loose the Court is, nobody looking after business, but every man his lust and gain; and how the King is now become besotted upon Mrs. Stewart, that he gets into corners, and will be with her half an hour together, kissing her to the observation of all the world; and she now stays by herself and expects it, as my Lady Castlemaine did use to do; to whom the King, he says, is still kind, so as now and then he goes to her, as he believes; but with no such fondness as he used to do. But yet it is thought that this new wench is so subtle, that it is verily thought, if the Queen had died, he would have married her. The Duke of Monmouth is to have part of the Cockpitt new built for lodgings for him, and they say to be made Captain of the guards in the room of my Lord Gerard. Mr. Blackburne[1] and I fell to talk of many things, wherein he was very open to me: first, in that of reigion, he makes it greater matter of prudence for the King and Council to suffer liberty of conscience; and imputes the oss of Hungary to the Turke from the Emperor's denying hem this liberty of their religion. He says that many pious ministers of the word of God, some thousands of them, do now beg their bread; and told me how highly the present clergy carry themselves every where, so as that they are hated and laughed at by every body; among other things, for their excommunications, which they send upon the least occasions almost that can be. And I am convinced in my judgement, not only from his discourse, but my thoughts in general, that the present clergy will never heartily go down with the generality of the commons of England; they have been so used to liberty and freedom, and they are so acquainted with the pride and debauchery of the present clergy. He did give me many stories of the affronts which the clergy receive in all places of England from the gentry and ordinary persons of the parish. He do tell me what the City thinks of General Monk, as of a most perfidious man that hath betrayed every body, and the King also; who, as he thinks, and his party, and so I have heard other good friends of the King say, it might have been better for the King to have had his hands a little bound for the present, than be forced to bring such a crew of poor people about him, and be liable to satisfy the demands of every one of them. He told me that, to his knowledge, being present at every meeting at the Treaty at the Isle of Wight, that the old King did confess himself overruled and convinced in his judgement against the Bishopps, and would have suffered and did agree to exclude the service out of the churches, nay, his own chapell; and that he did always say, that this he did not by force, for that he would never abate one inch of any violence; but what he did was out of his reason and judgement. He tells me that the King by name, with all his dignities, is prayed for by them that they call Fanatiques, as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better: and that, let the King think what he will, it is them that must help him in the day of warr. For so generally they are the most substantiall sort of people, and the soberest; and did desire me to observe it to my Lord Sandwich, among other things, that of all the old army now you cannot see a man begging about the streets; but what? You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker; the lieutenant, a baker; this a brewer; that a haberdasher; this common soldier, a porter; and every man in his apron and frock, &c., as if they never had done anything else: whereas, the others go with their belts and swords, swearing, and cursing, and stealing; running into people's houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other; and concludes, and I think with some reason, that the spirits of the old parliament soldiers are so quiet and contented with God's providences, that the King is safer from any evil meant him by them one thousand times more than from his own discontented Cavalier. And then to the publick management of business: it is done, as he observes, so loosely and so carelessly, that the kingdom can never be happy with it, every man looking after himself, and his own lust and luxury; and that half of what money the Parliament gives the King is not so much as gathered. And to the purpose, he told me how the Bellamys, who had some of the Northern counties assigned them for their debt for the petty warrant victualling, have often complained to him that they cannot get it collected, for that nobody minds, or, if they do, they won't pay it in. Whereas, which is a very remarkable thing, he hath been told by some of the Treasurers at Warr here of late, to whom the most of the £120,000 monthly was paid, that for most months the payments were gathered so duly, that they seldom had so much or more than 40*s.*, or the like, short in the whole collection; whereas, now the very Commissioners for Assessments and other publick payments are such persons, and those that they choose in the country so like themselves, that from top to bottom there is not a man carefull of any thing, or, if he be, is not solvent; that what between the beggar and the knave, the King is abused the best part of all his revenue. We then talked of the Navy, and of Sir W. Pen's rise to be a general. He told me he was always a conceited man, and one that would put the best side outward, but that it was his pretence of sanctity that brought him into play. Lawson, and Portman, and the fifth-monarchy men, among whom he was a great brother, importuned that he might be General; and it was pleasant to see how Blackburne himself did act it; how, when the Commissioners of the Admiralty would enquire of the captains and admirals of such and such men, how they would, with a sigh and casting up the eyes, say, "such a man fears the Lord," or, "I hope such a man hath the Spirit of God." But he tells me, that there was a cruel article against Pen, after one fight, for cowardice, in putting himself within a coyle of cables, of which he had much ado to acquit himself: and by great friends did it, not without remains of guilt, but that his brethren had a mind to pass it by, and Sir H. Vane did advise him to search his heart, and see whether this fault or a greater sin was not the occasion of this so great tryall. And he tells me, that what Pen gives out about Cromwell's sending and entreating him to go to Jamaica is very false; he knows the contrary; besides, the Protector never was a man that needed to send for any man, especially such a one as he, twice. He tells me that the business of Jamaica did miscarry absolutely by his pride, and that, when he was in the Tower, he would cry like a child. And that just upon the turne, when Monk was come from the North to the City, and did begin to think of bringing in the King, Pen was then turned Quaker. That Lawson was never counted any thing but only a seaman, and a stout man, but a false man, and that now he appears the greatest hypocrite in the world. And Pen the same. He tells me, that it is much talked of, that the King intends to legitimate the Duke of Monmouth; and that neither he, nor his friends of his persuasion, have any hopes of getting their consciences at liberty but by God Almighty's turning of the King's heart, which they expect, and are resolved to live and die in quiet hopes of it; but never to repine, or act any thing more than by prayers towards it. And that not only himself, but all of them have, and are willing, at any time, to take the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy. Mr. Blackburne observed further to me, some certain notice that he had of the present plot[1] so much talked of; that he was told by Mr. Rushworth[2] how one Captain Oates, a great Discoverer, did employ several to bring and seduce others into a plot, and that one of his agents met with one that would not listen to him, nor conceal what he had offered him, but so detected the trepan. He did also much insist upon the cowardice and corruption of the King's guards and militia.

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[1] A stanch Puritan.

10th. The Queen, I hear, is now very well again, and that she hath bespoke herself a new gown.

11th. At noon to the Coffee-house, where, with Dr. Allen, some good discourse about physick and chymistry. And among other things, I telling him what Dribble, the German Doctor, do offer of an instrument to sink ships; he tells me that which is more strange, that something made of gold, which they call in chymistry *Aurum Fulminans*, a grain, I think he said, of it, put into a silver spoon and fired, will give a blow like a musquett, and strike a hole through the silver spoon downward, without the least force upward; and this he can make a cheaper experiment of, he says, with iron prepared.

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[1] The plot alluded to is known in Yorkshire by the name of "the Farnley Plot," of which there are many details in Whitaker's *Loidis and Elmet.* Captain *Thomas* Oates was a conspicuous person in it, but he was not a Discoverer; as he suffered death for his share in the conspiracy. His son was a Discoverer, and hence the mistake, Pepys writing from the vague rumours of the day. The "Great Discoverer who did employ several to bring and seduce others into a plot," was probably Major Greathead, a Commonwealth officer, whom Oliver Heywood, in his *Diaries*, calls "that perfidious wretch, guilty of so much blood in the plot business"—a severity of expression in which he did not often allow himself to indulge.

[2] John Rushworth, Clerk assistant to the House of Commons, and author of the *Historical Collections.* Ob. 1690.

13th. After dinner, come my perriwigg-maker, and brings me a second periwigg, made of my own hair, which comes to 21*s.* 6*d.* more than the worth of my own hair, so that they both come to £4, 1*s.* 6*d.*, which he sayth will serve me two years, but I fear it. He being gone, I to my office, and put on my new shagg purple gown, with gold buttons and loop-lace.

14th. Mr. Moore come to tell me that he had no opportunity of speaking his mind to my Lord yesterday, and so I am resolved to write to him very suddenly.

15th. (Lord's day.) In the afternoon, drew up a letter to my Lord, stating to him what the world talks concerning him, and eaving it to him and myself to be thought of by him as he pleases, but I have done but my duty in it. I wait Mr. Moore's coming, for his advice about sending it. This day being our Queen's birthday, the guns of the Tower went all off; and in he evening the Lord Mayor sent from church to church to order he constables to cause bonfires to be made in every street, which methinks is a poor thing to be forced to be commanded. After a good supper with my wife, and hearing of the maids ead in the Bible, to prayers and to bed.

18th. Captain Berkeley, who was lately come from Algiers, did give us a good account of the place, and how the Basha here do live like a prisoner, being at the mercy of the soldiers nd officers, so that there is nothing but a great confusion here. I walked home again, reading of a little book of new poems of Cowley's, given me by his brother. Abraham do lie, t seems, very sick still, but like to recover. Come Mr. Holliard, o full of discourse and Latin, that I think he hath got a cup, but I do not know; but full of talk he is, in defence of Calvin nd Luther. This morning I sent Will with my great letter of eproof to Lord Sandwich, who did give it into his own hand. pray God give a blessing to it; but I confess I am afraid what the consequences may be to me of good or bad, which is ccording to the ingenuity that he do receive it with. How-ver, I am satisfied that it will do him good, and that he needs .

[Here follows the letter.]

My Lord,

I do verily hope, that neither the manner nor matter of this dvice will be condemned by your Lordship, when, for my efence in the first, I shall alledge my double attempt, since your return from Hinchingbroke, of doing it personally, in both of which your Lordship's occasions, no doubtfulness of mine, prevented me; and that being now fearful of a sudden summons to Portsmouth, for the discharge of some ships there, I judge it very unbecoming the duty which every bit of bread I eat tells me I owe to your Lordship to expose the safety of your honour to the safety of my return. For the matter, my Lord, it is such as, could I in any measure think safe to conceal from, or likely to be discovered to you by any other hand, I should not have dared so far to own what from my heart I believe is false, as to make myself the relater but of others' discourse; but, sir, your Lordship's honour being such as I ought to value it to be, and finding both in city and court that discourses pass to your prejudice, too generally for mine or any man's controllings but your Lordship's, I shall, my Lord, without the least greatening or lessening the matter, do my duty in laying it shortly before you.

People of all conditions, my Lord, raise matter of wonder from your Lordship's so little appearance at Court: some concluding thence their disfavour thereby, to which purpose I have had questions asked me; and, endeavouring to put off such insinuations by asserting the contrary, they have replied, that your Lordship's living so beneath your quality, out of the way, and declining of court attendance, hath been more than once discoursed about the King. Others, my Lord, when the chief Ministers of State, and those most active of the Council have been reckoned up, wherein your Lordship never used to want an eminent place, have said, touching your Lordship, that now your turn was served, and the King had given you a good estate, you left him to stand or fall as he would, and, particularly in that of the Navy, have enlarged upon your letting fall all service there.

Another sort, and those the most, insist upon the bad report of the house wherein your Lordship, now observed in perfect health again, continues to sojourne, and by name have charged one of the daughters for a common courtizan, alledging both places and persons where and with whom she hath been too well known, and how much her wantonness occasions, though unjustly, scandal to your Lordship, and that as well to gratifying some enemies, as to the wounding of more friends I am not able to tell.

Lastly, my Lord, I find a general coldness in all persons towards your Lordship, such as, from my first dependance on you, I never knew, wherein I shall not offer to interpose any thoughts or advice of mine, well knowing your Lordship needs not any. But with a most faithful assurance, that no person nor papers under Heaven is privy to what I here write, besides myself and this, which I shall be careful to have put into your own hands, I rest confident of your Lordship's just construction of my dutifull intentions herein, and in all humility take my leave. May it please your Lordship,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,
S. P.

[The foregoing letter was sealed up and enclosed in the following.]

My Lord,

If this find your Lordship either not alone, or not at leisure, I beg the suspending your opening the enclosed till you shall have both, the matter very well bearing such a delay, and in all humility remain, &c.,

November 17th, 1663. S. P.

My servant hath my directions to put this into your Lordship's own hand, but not to stay for any answer.

19th. With Sir G. Carteret, to my Lord Treasurer,[1] to discourse with him about Mr. Gauden's having of money, and to offer to him whether it would not be necessary, Mr. Gauden's credit being so low as it is, to take security of him if he demands any great sum, such as £20,000, which now ought to be paid him upon his next year's declaration; which is a sad thing that, being reduced to this by us, we should be the first to doubt his credit; but so it is. However, it will be managed with great tenderness to him. My Lord Treasurer we found in his bed-chamber, being laid up of the goute. I find him a very ready man, and certainly a brave servant to the King: he spoke so quick and sensible of the King's charge. Nothing displeased me in him but his long nails, which he lets grow upon a pretty thick white short hand, that it troubled me to see them. In our way, Sir G. Carteret told me there is no such thing likely yet as a Dutch war, neither they nor we being in condition for it, though it will come certainly to that in some time, our interests lying the same way, that is to say, in trade. But not yet. To speak with Mr. Moore, and met him by the way, who tells me, to my great content, that he believes my letter to my Lord Sandwich hath wrought well upon him, and that he will look after himself and his business upon it, for he begins already to do so. But I dare not conclude any thing till I see him, which shall be to-morrow morning, that I may be out of my pain to know how he takes it of me.

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[1] Earl of Southampton.

20th. To my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, but he was gone out before, and so I am defeated of my expectation of being eased one way or other in the business of my Lord. But I up to Mr. Howe, who I saw this day the first time in a periwigg, which becomes him very well. He tells me that my Lord is of a sudden much changed, and he do believe that he do take my letter well. However, we both bless God that it hath so good an effect upon him. Thence I home again. A great talk there is to-day of a crush between some of the Fanatiques up in arms, and the King's men in the North; but whether true I know not yet.

21st. At noon, I receive a letter from Mr. Creed, with a token, viz., a very noble parti-coloured Indian gowne for my wife. The letter is oddly writ, overprizing his present, and little owning any past services of mine. I confess I had expectations of a better account from him of my services about his accounts, and so give his boy 12d., and sent it back again. And this afternoon I went to Ludgate, and, by pricing several there, I guess this gowne may be worth about £12 or £15. But, however, I expect at least £50 of him. My mind being pretty well at ease for my receipt this afternoon of £17 at the Treasury, paid a year since to the carver for his work at my house, which I did intend to have paid myself, but, finding others to do it, I thought it not amisse to get it too.

22d. (Lord's day.) I walked as far as the Temple, and there took coach, and to my Lord's lodgings, whom I found ready to go to Chappell; but I coming, he begun, with a very serious countenance, to tell me that he had received my late letter, wherein first he took notice of my care of him and his honour, and did give me thanks for that part of it where I say that from my heart I believe the contrary of what I do there relate to be the discourse of others; but, since I intended it not a reproach, but matter of information, and for him to make a judgement of it for his practice, it was necessary for me to tell him the persons of whom I have gathered the several particulars which I there insist on. I would have made excuses in it; but, seeing him so earnest in it, I found myself forced to it, and so did tell him Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, in that of his Lordship's living being discoursed of at court A maid-servant that I kept, that lived at Chelsey school, and also Mr. Pickering, about the report touching the young woman, and also Mr. Hunt, in Axe Yard, near whom she lodged. I told him the whole city do discourse concerning his neglect of business; and so I many times asserting my dutiful intention in all this, and he owning his accepting of it as such. That that troubled me most in particular is, that he did there assert the civility of the people of the house, and the young gentlewoman, for whose reproach he was sorry. His saying that he was resolved how to live, and that though he was taking a house, meaning to live in another manner, yet it was not to please any people, or stop report, but to please himself, though this I do believe he might say that he might not seem to me to be so much wrought upon by what I have writ; and lastly, and most of all, when I spoke of the tenderness that I have used in declaring this to him, there being nobody privy to it, he told me that I must give him leave to except one. I told him, that possibly somebody might know of some thoughts of mine—I having borrowed some intelligence in this matter from them, but nobody could say they knew of the thing itself what I writ. This, I confess, however, do trouble me, for that he seemed to speak it as a quick retort, and it must sure be Will. Howe, who did not see anything of what I writ, though I told him indeed that I would write; but in this, methinks, there is no great hurt. I find him, though he cannot but own his opinion of my good intention, and so he did again and again profess it, that he is troubled in his mind at it; and I confess I think I may have done myself an injury for his good, which, were it to do again, and that I believed he would take it no better, I think I should sit quietly without taking any notice of it; for I doubt there is no medium between his taking it very well, or very ill. I could not forbear weeping before him at the latter end; which, since, I am ashamed of, though I cannot see what he can take it to proceed from, but my tenderness and good will to him. After this discourse was ended, he begun to talk very cheerfully of other things, and I walked with him to White Hall, and we discoursed of the pictures in the gallery, which it may be he might do out of policy, that the boy might not see any strangeness in him; but I rather think that his mind was somewhat eased, and hope that he will be to me as he was before. At chapel I had room in the Privy Seale pew, with other gentlemen, and there heard Dr. Killigrew[1] preach. The anthem was good after sermon, being the fifty-first psalme, made for five voices by one of Captain Cooke's boys, a pretty boy. And they say there are four or five of them that can do as much. And here I first perceived that the King is a little musicall, and kept good time with his hand all along the anthem. I met Mr. Povy, who tells me how Tangier had like to have been betrayed, and that one of the King's officers is come, to whom 8,000 pieces of eight were offered for his part. To the King's Head ordinary, and there dined, good and much company and a good dinner: most of their discourse was about hunting, in a dialect I understand very little.

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[1] Henry, youngest son of Sir Robert Killigrew, D.D., Prebendary of

23d. To St. Paul's Churchyard, and there bespoke "Rushworth's Collections," and "Scobell's Acts of the Long Parliament," &c., which I will make the King pay for as to the office, and so I do not break my vowe at all. With Alderman Backewell, talking of the new money, which he says will never be counterfeited, he believes; but it is so deadly inconvenient for telling, it is so thick, and the edges are made to turn up.

25th. To my Lord Sandwich, and there I did present him with Mr. Barlow's "Terella,"[1] with which he was very much pleased, and he did show me great kindness, and by other discourse I have reason to think that he is not at all, as I feared he would be, discontented against me.

26th. The plague, it seems, grows more and more at Amsterdam; and we are going upon making of all ships coming from thence and Hambrough, or any other infected places, to perform their Quarantine, for thirty days, as Sir Richard Browne expressed it in the order of the Council, contrary to the import of the word, though, in the general acceptation, it signifies now the thing, not the time spent in doing it, in Holehaven; a thing never done by us before.

27th. My wife mightily pleased with my discourse of getting a trip over to Calis, or some other part of France, the next summer, in one of the yachts, and I believe I shall do it—and it makes good sport that my maid Jane dares not go; and Besse is wild to go, and is mad for joy, but yet will be willing to stay, if Jane hath a mind.

28th. I met with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, who tells me for

Westminster, and Master of the Savoy, and author of some plays and sermons. His daughter Anne was the well-known poetess.

[1] In Grew's *Rarities belonging to the Royal Society*, p. 364, mention is made of a Terella, or Orbicular Loadstone, contrived by Sir Christopher Wren. John Evelyn was shown "a pretty Terella, described with all the circles, and showing all the magnetic deviations."—See his *Diary*, 3rd July, 1665.

good news that my Lord Sandwich is resolved to go no more to Chelsey, and told me he believed that I had been giving my Lord some counsel, which I neither denied nor affirmed. To Paul's Church Yard, and there looked upon the second part of Hudibras, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty. To-day, for certain, I am told how in Holland publickly they have pictured our King with reproach: one way, is with his pockets turned the wrong side outward, hanging out empty; another, with two courtiers, picking of his pockets; and a third, leading of two ladies, while others abuse him; which amounts to great contempt.

29th. (Lord's day.) This morning I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlett ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvett, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons I bought a month ago.

30th. At White Hall Sir W. Pen and I met the Duke in the Matted Gallery, and there he discoursed with us; and by and by my Lord Sandwich come and stood by, and talked; but, it being St. Andrew's, and a collar-day, he went to the Chapel, and we parted. To the coffee-house, where I heard the best story of a cheat intended by a master of a ship, who had borrowed twice his money upon the bottomary,[1] and as much more insured upon the ship and goods as they were worth, and then would have cast her away upon the coast of France, and there left her, refusing any pilott which was offered him; and so the Governor of the place took her, and sent her over hither to find an owner, and so the ship is come safe, and goods and all; they all worth £500, and he had, one way or other, taken £3,000. The cause is to be tried to-morrow at Guildhall, where I intend to be. Come W. Howe to see me, who tells me that my Lord hath been angry for three or four days with him—would not speak to him: at last did, and charged him with having spoken to me about what he had observed concerning his Lordship, which, W. Howe denying stoutly, he was well at ease, and continues very quiett, and is removing from Chelsey; but, methinks, by my Lord's looks upon me to-day, my Lord is not very well pleased, nor, it may be, will be a good while, which vexes me; but I hope all will [blow] over in time, or else I am but ill rewarded for my good service.

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[1] The act of borrowing money upon a ship's bottom.

December 1st. After dinner I to Guildhall, to hear a trial at King's Bench before Lord Chief Justice Hide, the same I mention in my yesterday's journall, where everything was proved how money was so taken up upon bottomary and insurance, and the ship left by the master and seamen upon rocks, which when the sea fell at the ebb, she must perish. The master was offered help, and he did give the pilotts 20 sols to drink, to bid them go about their business, saying that the rocks were old, but his ship was new, and that she was repaired for £6 and less all the damage that she received, and is brought by one sent for on purpose by the insurers, into the Thames, with her cargo, vessels of tallow daubed over with butter, instead of all butter—the whole not worth above £500, ship and all, and they had took up, as appeared above, £2,400. He had given his men money to content them; and yet, for all this, he did bring some of them to swear that it was very stormy weather, and [they] did all they could to save her, and that she was seven feete deep water in hold, and were fain to cut her main and foremast—that the master was the last man that went out, and they were fain to force [him] out when she was ready to sink; and her rudder broke off, and she was drawn into the harbour after they were gone, as wreck, all broken, and goods lost: that she could not be carried out again without new building; and many other things so contrary as is not imaginable more. There was all the great counsel in the kingdom in the cause; but, after one witnesse or two for the plaintiff, it was cried down as a most notorious cheat; and so the jury, without going out, found it for the plaintiff. But it was pleasant to see what mad sort of testimonys the seamen did give, and could not be got to speak in order: and then their terms such as the Judge could not understand; and to hear how sillily the Counsel and Judge would speak as to the terms necessary in the matter, would make one laugh: and, above all, a Frenchman that was forced to speak in French, and took an English oath he did not understand, and had an interpreter sworn to tell us what he said, which was the best testimony of all. I heard other causes: and the Judge would not suffer Mr. Crow, who hath fined for Alderman, to be called so, but only Mister, and did eight or nine times fret at it, and stop every man that called him so.

3d. This day, Sir G. Carteret did tell us at the table, that the Navy, excepting what is due to the Yards upon the quarter now going on, and what few bills he hath not heard of, is quite out of debt: which is extraordinary good news, and upon the

'Change to hear how our creditt goes as good as any merchants' upon the 'Change is a joyfull thing to consider, which God continue! I am sure the King will have the benefit of it, as well as we some peace and creditt.

6th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I all the afternoon at arithmetique, and she is come to do Addition, Subtraction, and Multiplication, very well.

7th. I hear there was the last night the greatest tide that ever was remembered in England to have been in this river: all White Hall having been drowned. I met Dr. Clerke, and fell to discourse of Dr. Knapp, who tells me he is the King's physician, and is become a sollicitor for places for people, and I am mightily troubled with him. He tells me that he is the most impudent fellow in the world, that gives himself out to be the King's physician, but is not so. But I may learn what impudence there is in the world, and how a man may be deceived in persons. At White Hall; and anon the King, and Duke, and Duchess come to dinner in the vane-roome, where I never saw them before; but it seems, since the tables are done, he dines there altogether. The Queen is pretty well, and goes out of her chamber to her little chapel in the house. The King of France, they say, is hiring of sixty sail of ships of the Dutch, but it is not said for what design.

8th. To White Hall, where a great while walked with my Lord Teviott, whom I find a most carefull, thoughtfull, and cunning man, as I also ever took him to be. He is this day bringing in an account where he makes the King debtor to him £10,000 already on the garrison of Tangier account; but yet demands not ready money to pay it, but offers such ways of paying it out of the sale of old decayed provisions as will enrich him finely.

9th. This day, Mrs. Russel did give my wife a very fine St. George in alabaster, which will set out my wife's closet mightily.

10th. To St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's, and, having gained this day in the office by my stationer's bill to he King about 40*s.* or £3, calling for twenty books to lay this money out upon, and found myself at a great loss where to choose, and do see how my nature would gladly return to the aying out of money in this trade. Could not tell whether o lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's History of Paul's, Stow's London, Gesner, History f Trent, besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays

I at last choose Dr. Fuller's Worthys, the Cabbala, or Collections of Letters of State, and a little book, "Delices de Hollande," with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and Hudibras, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies. My mind being thus settled, I went by link home, and so to my office, and to read in Rushworth; and so home to supper and to bed. Calling at Wotton's, my shoemaker's, to-day, he tells me that Sir H. Wright is dying; and that Harris is come to the Duke's house again; and of a rare play to be acted this week of Sir William Davenant's: the story of Henry the Eighth, with all his wives.

11th. At my bookseller's, and I bought at a shop Cardinall Mazarin's Will in French. At the Coffee-house I went and sat by Mr. Harrington, and some East country merchants, and, talking of the country above Quinsborough,[1] and thereabouts, he told us himself that for fish, none there, the poorest body, will buy a dead fish, but must be alive, unless it be in the winter: and then they told us the manner of putting their nets into the water. Through holes made in the thick ice, they will spread a net of half a mile long; and he hath known a hundred and thirty and a hundred and seventy barrels of fish taken at one draught. And then the people come with sledges upon the ice, with snow at the bottom, and lay the fish in and cover them with snow, and so carry them to market. And he hath seen when the said fish have been frozen in the sledge; so he hath taken a fish and broke a-pieces, so hard it hath been; and yet the same fishes taken out of the snow, and brought into a hot room, will be alive and leap up and down. Swallows are often brought up in their nets out of the mudd from under water, hanging together to some twigg or other, dead in ropes, and brought to the fire will come to life. Fowl killed in December, Alderman Barker said, he did buy, and putting into the box under his sledge, did forget to take them out to eate till Aprill next, and they then were found there, and were through the frost as sweet and fresh, and eat as well as at first killed. Young beares appear there; their flesh sold in market, as ordinarily as beef here, and is excellent sweet meat. They tell us that beares there do never hurt any body, but fly away from you, unless you pursue and set upon them; but wolves do much mischief. Mr. Harrington told us how they do to get so much honey as they send abroad. They make hollow a great fir-tree, leaving only a small slit down straight in one place; and this they close up again, only leave a little hole, and there the bees go in and fill the bodys of those trees as full of wax and honey as they can hold; and the inhabitants at times go and open the slit, and take what they please without killing the bees, and so let them live there still and make more. Fir trees are always planted close together, because of keeping one another from the violence of the windes; and when a fell is made, they leave here and there a grown tree to preserve the young ones coming up. The great entertainment and sport of the Duke of Corland, and the princes thereabouts, is hunting; which is not with dogs as we, but he appoints such a day, and summonses all the country-people as to a campagnia; and by several companies gives every one their circuit, and they agree upon a place where the toyle is to be set; and so making fires every company as they go, they drive all the wild beasts, whether bears, wolves, foxes, swine, and stags, and roes, into the toyle; and there the great men have their stands in such and such places, and shoot at what they have a mind to, and that is their hunting. They are not very populous there, by reason that people marry, women, seldom till they are towards or above thirty; and, men, thirty or forty years old, or more, oftentimes. Against a public hunting the Duke sends that no wolves be killed by the people; and, whatever harm they do, the Duke makes it good to the person that suffers it: as Mr. Harrington instanced in a house where he lodged, where a wolfe broke into a hog-stye, and bit three or four great pieces off of the back of the hog, before the house could come to help it; and the man of the house told him that there were three or four wolves thereabouts that did them great hurt; but it was no matter, for the Duke was to make it good to him, otherwise he would kill them.

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[1] Quinsborough is Königsberg. It is most probable that Mr. Harrington had been reading *The Travels of Master George Barkley, Merchant of London*, as given by Purchas, ii., 625, 627. Königsberg is there spelled Kinninsburge, easily corrupted by Pepys into *Quinsborough*. The swallow story is found at p. 626: "One here in his net drew up a company or heape of swallows, as big as a bushell, fastened by the leg and bills in one, which being carried to their stoves, quickened, and flew, and coming again suddenly into the cold air, dyed." It appears to have been generally believed. In the *Advice to a Painter* (1667) attributed to Sir John Denham, we find the following lines:—

> "So swallows, buried in the sea at Spring,
> Return to land with Summer in their [on the] wing."

12th. We had this morning a great dispute between Mr. Gauden, Victualler of the Navy, and Sir J. Lawson, and the rest of the Commanders going against Algiers, about their fish and keeping of Lent; which Mr. Gauden so much insists upon to have it observed, as being the only thing that makes up the loss of his dear bargain all the rest of the year. Luellin tells me that W. Symons's wife is dead, for which I am sorry, she being a good woman, and tells me an odde story of her sayin before her death, being in good sense, that there stood her uncle Scobell. Home, and there I find that one Abrahall, who strikes in for the serving of the King with ship-chandlery ware hath sent my wife a Japan gowne, which pleases her very well This day I heard my Lord Barkeley tell Sir G. Carteret that he hath letters from France that the King hath unduked twelve Dukes, only to show his power and to crush his nobility, who he said, he did see had heretofore laboured to cross him. And this my Lord Barkeley did mightily magnify, as a sign of a brave and vigorous mind, that what he saw fit to be done he dares do

14th. To the Duke, where I heard a large discourse between one that goes over an agent from the King to Leghorne and thereabouts, to remove the inconveniences his ships are put to by denial of pratique; which is a thing that is now-a-days made use of only as a cheat, for a man may buy a bill of health for a piece of eight, and any enemy may agree with the Intendent of the Santé for ten pieces of eight or so, that he shall not give me a bill of health, and so spoil me in my design, whatever it be. This the King will not endure, and so resolves, either to have it removed or to keep all ships from coming in or going out there, so long as his ships are stayed for want hereof. But, among other things, Lord! what an account did Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten make of the pulling down and burning of the head of the Charles,[1] where Cromwell was placed with people under his horse, and Peter,[2] as the Duke called him, is praying to him; and Sir J. Minnes would needs infer the temper of the people from their joy at the doing of this and their building a gibbet for the hanging of his head up, when, God knows, it is even the flinging away of £100 out of the King's purse, to the building of another, which it seems must be a Neptune. To my Lord Sandwich's lodging, where I and W. Howe talked a good while. He tells me that my Lord, it is true, for a while after my letter, was displeased, and did shew many slightings of me; but when I did hear how he is come to himself, and hath wholly left Chelsey, and the slut, and that I see he do follow his business, and becomes in better repute than before, I am rejoiced to see it, though it cost me some disfavour for a time. To the King's Head ordinary, and there dined among a company of fine gentlemen; some of them discoursed of the King of France's greatness, and how he is come to make the Princes of the Blood to take place of all foreign Embassadors, which it seems is granted by them of Venice and other States, and expected from my Lord Hollis,[1] our King's Embassador there; and that, either upon that score or something else, he hath not had his entry yet in Paris, but hath received several affronts, and, among others, his harness cut, and his gentlemen of his horse killed, which will breed bad blood, if true. They say, also, that the King of France hath hired threescore ships of Holland, and forty of the Swede, but nobody knows what to do: but some great designs he hath on foot against the next year. Then we fell to talk of Sir J. Minnes's and Sir W. Batten's burning of Oliver's head while he was there; which was done with so much insulting and folly as I never heard of, and had the trayned band of Rochester to come to the solemnity. When all comes to all, Commissioner Pett says it never was made for him; but it troubles me the King should suffer £100 loss in his purse, to make a new one, after it was forgot whose head it was, or any words spoke of it.

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[1] The ship Charles, at Chatham.

[2] Hugh Peters.

15th. My brother's man come to tell me that my cozen, Edward Pepys, was dead at Mrs. Turner's, for which my wife and I are very sorry, and the more for that his wife was the only handsome woman of our name.

17th. To Mrs. Turner's, where I find her and her sister Dike very sad for the death of their brother. After a little common expression of sorrow, Mrs. Turner told me that the trouble she would put me to was, to consult about getting an achievement prepared, scutcheons were done already, to set over the door. Come Smith to me, with whom I did agree for £4 to make a handsome one, all square within the frame.

18th. Among other people, come Mr. Primate, the leatherseller, in Fleet Street, to see me, he says, coming this way: and he tells me that he is upon a proposal to the King, whereby, by a law already in being, he will supply the King, without wrong to any man, or charge to the people in general, so much as it is now, above £200,000 per annum, and God knows what, and that the King do like the proposal, and hath directed that he Duke of Monmouth, with their consent, be made privy, and go along with him and his fellow-proposer in the business—

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[1] Denzil Hollis, second son of John, first Earl of Clare, created 20th April, 1661, Baron Hollis of Ifield, afterwards Plenipotentiary for the Treaty of Breda. Ob. 1679–80, aged 82.

God knows what it is; for I neither can guess nor believe ther is any such thing in his head.

19th. To Mrs. Turner's, whom I find busy with Sir W Turner about advising upon going down to Norfolke with the corps, and I find him in talk a sober, considering man.

21st. To my Lord Sandwich's, and there I had a prett kind salute from my Lord. To Mrs. Turner's, and there saw the achievement pretty well set up, and it is well done. T Shoe Lane, to see a cocke-fighting[1] at a new pit there, a spot I was never at in my life: but Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament man, by name Wildes, that wa Deputy Governor of the Tower when Robinson was Lor Mayor, to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers. draymen, and what not; and all these fellows one with anothe cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it. It is strang to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at a time, and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle; so that one of them will lose 10 or £20 at a meeting. Thence to my Lord Sandwich's, where I find him within with Captain Cooke and his boys, Dr. Childe, Mr. Madge, and Mallard, playing and singing over my Lord's anthem, which he hath made to sing in the King's chapel: my Lord saluted me kindly, and took me into the withdrawing-room to hear it: and indeed it sounds very pretty, and is a good thing, I believe, to be made by him, and they all commend it. My Lord going to White Hall, I went along with him, and made a desire for to have his coach to go along with my cozen Edward Pepys's hearse through the city on Wednesday next, which he granted me presently, though he cannot yet come to speak to me in the familiar stile that he did use to do, nor can I expect it.

22d. A letter from W. Howe, that my Lord hath ordered his coach and six horses for me to-morrow. I hear for certain tha my Lady Castlemaine is turned Papist, which the Queen for al do not much like, thinking that she do it not for conscience sake.[2] I heard to-day of a great fray lately between Sir H. Finch' coachman, who struck with his whip a coachman of the King's to the loss of one of his eyes; at which the people of the

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[1] See *Handbook of London*, art. Shoe Lane; and Thoms' *Anecdote and Traditions*, p. 47, for what took place at the cock-fighting in Shoe Lane

[2] "Le mariage du Chevalier de Grammont," says Monsieur de Lionne, i a letter written to Louis XIV. of this date, "et la conversion de Madam de Castlemaine se sont publiez le même jour: et le Roy d'Angleterre, estan tant prié par les parents de la Dame d'aporter quelque obstacle à cett action, repondit galamment que pour l'âme des Dames il ne s'en méloit point.

Exchange seeming to laugh and make sport, with some words of contempt to him, my Lord Chamberlin did come from the King to shut up the 'Change, and by the help of a justice did it; but upon petition to the King it was opened again.[1] At noon I to Sir R. Ford's, where Sir Richard Browne and I met upon the freight of a barge sent to France to the Duchess of Orleans; and here by discourse I find they greatly cry out against the choice of Sir John Cutler to be treasurer of Paul's, upon condition that he gives £1,500 towards it; and it seems he did give it upon condition that he might be Treasurer for the work, which, they say, will be worth three times as much money, and talk as if his being chosen to the office will make people backward to give; but I think him as likely a man as either of them, and better.

23d. Up betimes, and my wife; and being in as mourning a dress as we could, at present, without cost, put ourselves into, we by Sir W. Pen's coach to Mrs. Turner's, at Salsbury Court, where I find my Lord's coach, and six horses. We staid till almost eleven o'clock, and much company come, and anon, the corps being put into the hearse, and the scutcheons set upon it, we all took coach, and I and my wife and auditor Beale, in my Lord Sandwich's coach, and went next to Mrs. Turner's mourning coach; and so through all the city and Shoreditch, I believe about twenty coaches, and four or five with six and four horses. Being come thither, I made up to the mourners, and bidding them a good journey, I took leave and back again.

25th. (Christmas-day.) My wife begun, I know not whether by design or chance, to enquire what she should do, if I should by any accident die, to which I did give her some slight answer, but shall make good use of it to bring myself to some settlement for her sake, by making a will as soon as I can. Late reading Rushworth, which is a most excellent collection of the beginning of the late quarrels in this kingdom.

26th. Mr. Holliard dined with us, we having a pheasant to dinner.

28th. Walking through White Hall, I heard the King was gone to play at Tennis, so I down to the New Tennis Court and saw him and Sir Arthur Slingsby play against my Lord of Suffolke and my Lord Chesterfield. The King beat three, and lost two sets, they all, and he particularly, playing well, I thought.

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[1] Rugge adds, that the Queen was in the carriage when the battle took place, her coachman striking the first blow, and that the combatants fought a long time, nobody coming to part them. The Exchange was not re-opened till the man who injured the royal servant had been given up.

Thence went and spoke with the Duke of Albemarle about hi wound at Newhall, but I find him a heavy dull man, methinks by his answers to me.[1] The Duchess of Yorke is fallen sic of the meazles.

30th. Up betimes. My Lord Sandwich did ask me how h cozen, my wife, did, the first time he hath done so since hi being offended, and in my conscience he would be glad to b free with me again, but he knows not how to begin.

31st. To dinner, my wife, and I, a fine turky and a mince-pie, and dined in state, poor wretch, she and I, and have thu kept our Christmas together all alone almost, having not onc been out. At the Coffee [house], hearing some simple discours about Quakers being charmed by a string about their wrists. bless God I do, after a large expence, even this month, find tha I am worth, in money, besides all my household stuff, or anything of Brampton, above £800, whereof in my Lord Sandwich' hand, £700, and the rest in my hand. I do live at my lodging in the Navy Office, my family being, besides my wife and I Jane Gentleman, Besse, our excellent, good-natured cook-maid and Susan, a little girl, having neither man nor boy, nor like to have again a good while, living now in most perfect content and quiet, and very frugally also; my health pretty good. At the office I am well, though envied to the devil by Sir William Batten, who hates me to death, but cannot hurt me. The res either love me, or at least do not show otherwise, though I know Sir William Pen to be a false knave touching me, though he seems fair. My father and mother well in the country; and at this time the young ladies of Hinchingbroke with them—their house having the smallpox in it. The Queen, after a long and sore sickness, is become well again; and the King minds his mistress a little too much, if it pleased God! but I hope al things will go well, and in the Navy particularly, wherein I shall do my duty, whatever comes of it. The great talk is the design of the King of France, whether against the Pope o King of Spain nobody knows; but a great and most promis ing Prince he is, and all the Princes of Europe have their eye upon him. My wife's brother come to great unhappiness by the ill disposition, my wife says, of his wife, and her poverty which she now professes, after all her husband's pretence of a great portion. At present, I am concerned for my cozen Angier, of Cambridge, lately broke in his trade, and this day am sending his son John, a very rogue, to sea. My brother Tom I know not what to think of; for I cannot hear whether he minds his business or not; and my brother John at Cambridge, with as little hopes of doing good there; for when he was here, he did give me great cause of dissatisfaction with his manner of life. Pall with my father; and God knows what she do there, or what will become of her; for I have not anything yet to spare her, and she grows now old, and must be disposed of, one way or other. The Duchess of Yorke is growing well again. The Turke very far entered into Germany, and all that part of the world at a loss what to expect from his proceeding. Myself, blessed be God! in a good way, and design and resolution of sticking to my business to get a little money with, doing he best service I can to the King also; which God continue! So ends the old year.

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[1] It is a pity that Pepys, instead of hazarding this absurd remark, did no tell us something more about the Duke of Albemarle's wound, no othe allusion to which has been found; but perhaps he was prejudiced by th hasty and ill-founded opinion of Lord Sandwich, who, as we have seen *Diary*, p. 47, termed Monk a thick-sculled fool. In fact, that great ma must have possessed no slight portion of worldly wisdom and common sense Hallam, whilst differing from Hume as to Monk's dissimulation, regard his conduct after the King's return as displaying his accustomed prudence This is not a feature in the character of a *thick-sculled fool.* Monsieu Guizot takes a similar view of Monk's good sound sense.

1663–64

January 1st. At the Coffee-house, where much talking about a very rich widow, young and handsome, of one Sir Nicholas Gold's,[1] a merchant, lately fallen, and of great courtiers that already look after her: her husband not dead a week yet. She is reckoned worth £80,000. Went to the Duke's house, he first play I have been at these six months, according to my ast vowe, and here saw the so much cried-up play of "Henry he Eighth," which, though I went with resolution to like it, is o simple a thing, made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done.

2d. To the King's house, and saw "The Usurper,"[2] which s no good play, though better than what I saw yesterday.

4th. I to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, but he not being up, I to the Duke's chamber, and there by and by to his closet, where, since his lady was ill, a little red bed of velvet is brought for him to lie alone, which is a very pretty one. After doin business here, I to my Lord's again, and there spoke with him and he seems now almost friends again, as he used to be. Her meeting Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, he told me, among othe Court news, how the Queen is very well again; and that sh speaks now very pretty English, and makes her sense out no and then with pretty phrases: as among others this is mightil cried up; that, meaning to say that she did not like such horse so well as the rest, he being too prancing and full o tricks, she said he did make too much vanity. To the Tennis Court, and there saw the King play at tennis and others: but t see how the King's play was extolled, without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight, though sometimes, indeed, he did play very well, and deserved to be commended; but such ope flattery is beastly. Afterwards to St. James's Park, seein people play at Pell Mell; where it pleased me mightily to hea a gallant, lately come from France, swear at one of his companions for suffering his man, a spruce blade, to be so saucy as to strike a ball while his master was playing on the Mall.[1] My wife is mighty sad to think of her father, who is going into Germany against the Turkes; but what will become of her brother I know not. He is so idle, and out of all capacity, I think, to earn his bread.

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[1] Sir Nicholas Gold, or Gould, created a Baronet in 1660, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Gerard, Bart., of Lamers, Herts. She emarried Thomas Neal. See June 20th, 1664, *post*.

[2] A tragedy, by the Hon. Edward Howard.

6th. (Twelfth day.) This morning I began a practice, which I find, by the ease I do it with, that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trimme myself with a razer: which pleases me mightily.

7th. At noon, all of us to dinner to Sir W. Pen's, where a very handsome dinner, Sir J. Lawson among others, and his lady and his daughter; but to see how Sir W. Pen imitates me in everything, even in having his chimney-piece in his dining-room the same with that in my wife's closet, and in everything else I perceive wherein he can. But to see again how he was out in one compliment: he lets alone drinking any of the ladies' healths that were there, my Lady Batten and Lawson, till he had begun with my Lady Carteret, who was absent, and that was well enough, and then Mr. Coventry's mistress, at which he was ashamed, and would not have had him have drunk it, at least before the ladies present, but his policy, as he thought, was such, that he would do it.

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[1] When Egerton was Bishop of Durham, he often played at bowls with his guests on the public days. On an occasion of this sort, a visitor happening to cross the lawn, one of the Chaplains exclaimed, "You must not shake the green, for the Bishop is going to bowl."

8th. By appointment, took Luellin, Mount, and W. Symons, and Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, home to dinner with me, and were merry. We spent all the afternoon together, and then to cards with my wife, who this day put on her Indian blue gown, which is very pretty. We had great pleasure this afternoon, among other things, to talk of our old passages together in Cromwell's time; and how W. Symons did make me laugh and wonder to-day when he told me how he had made shift to keep in, in good esteem and employment, through eight governments in one year, the year 1659, which were indeed, and he did name them all; and then failed unhappy in the ninth, viz., that of the King's coming in. He made good to me the story which Luellin did tell me the other day, of his wife upon her death-bed; how she dreamt of her uncle Scobell, and did foretell, from some discourse she had with him, that she should die four days thence, and not sooner, and did all along say so, and did so. Upon the 'Change, a great talk there was of one Mr. Tryon, an old man, a merchant in Lyme Streete, robbed last night, his man and maid being gone out after he was a-bed; and gagged and robbed of £1050 in money and about £4000 in jewells, which he had in his house, as security for money. It is believed that his man is guilty of confederacy, by their ready going to his secret till in his desk, wherein the key of his cash-chest lay.

9th. By discourse with my wife, thought upon inviting my Lord Sandwich to a dinner shortly. It will cost me at least ten or twelve pounds; but, however, some arguments of prudence I have, which I shall think again upon before I proceed to that expence. Called at Ludgate, at Ashwell's uncle's, but she was not within, to have spoke to her to have come to dress my wife at the time when my Lord dines here.

10th. (Lord's day.) My brother Tom come to see me, telling me how Mrs. Turner found herself discontented with her late bad journey, and not well taken by them in the country, they not desiring her coming down, nor the burial of Mr. Edward Pepys's corps there.[1] All our discourse to-night was about Mr. Tryon's late being robbed; and that Colonel Turner, a mad, swearing, confident fellow, well known by all, and by me, one much indebted to this man for his very livelihood, was the man that either did or plotted it; and the money and things are found in his hand, and he and his wife now in Newgate for it: of which we are all glad, so very a known rogue he was.

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[1] He was buried in the church of Taterset, St. Andrew, Norfolk. M. I.

11th. To the Tennis-Court till noon, and there saw several great matches played. By invitation to St. James's; where, at Mr. Coventry's chamber, I dined with my Lord Barkeley, Sir G. Carteret, Sir Edward Turner,[1] Sir Ellis Layton,[2] and one Mr. Seymour, a fine gentleman: where admirable good discourse of all sorts, pleasant and serious. This morning I stood by the King, arguing with a pretty Quaker woman, that delivered to him a desire of hers in writing. The King showed her Sir J. Minnes, as a man the fittest for her quaking religion; she modestly saying nothing till he begun seriously to discourse with her, arguing the truth of his spirit against hers; she replying still with these words, "O King!" and thou'd all along. The general talk of the towne still is of Colonel Turner, about the robbery; who, it is thought, will be hanged. I heard the Duke of York tell to-night how letters are come that fifteen are condemned for the late plot by the Judges at York; and, among others, Captain Oates,[3] against whom it was proved that he drew his sword at his going out, and, flinging away the scabbard, said that he would either return victor or be hanged.

12th. Comes my uncle Wight and my aunt, with their cozens Mary and Robert, and by chance my uncle Thomas Pepys. We had a good dinner—the chief dish, a swan roasted, and that excellent meat.

15th. My wife tells me that my uncle Wight hath been with her, and played at cards with her, and is mightily inquisitive to know whether she is with child or no, which makes me wonder what his meaning is, and after all my thoughts, I cannot think, unless it be in order to the making his will; and I would to God my wife had told him that she was!

17th. (Lord's day.) To the French church, and there heard a good sermon—the first time my wife and I were there ever together. We sat by three sisters, all pretty women. It was pleasant to hear the reader give notice to them, that the children to be catechised next Sunday were them of Houndsditch and Blanche Chapiton.[1]

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[1] Speaker of the House of Commons, and afterwards Solicitor-general, and Lord Chief Baron. Ob. 1675.

[2] The real name of the Knight was Elisha Leighton, whose brother Robert, Bishop of Dumblane, became, soon afterwards, the excellent Archbishop of Glasgow, and as such is more generally known. Their father, Alexander Leighton, was a rank puritan, author of *Zion's Plea against Prelacy*, for writing which he had his ears cut off, and was exposed in the pillory in that state, with his nose also slit. *Elisha* was apparently euphonized into Ellis by the courtier son, who is described by Le Neve as one of the Duke of York's servants. Pepys speaks of him as Secretary of the Prize Office, and adds, that he had been a mad, freaking fellow. See 25th Jan., 1664–5.

[3] See *ante*, Nov. 9, 1663.

18th. Abroad to White Hall, where the court all in mourning for the Duchess of Savoy. By coach to the 'Change, after having been at the Coffee-house, where I hear Turner[2] is found guilty of felony and burglary; and strange stories of his confidence at the barr, but yet great indiscretion in his argueing. All desirous of his being hanged.

19th. My eyes began to fail me, and to be in pain, which I never felt to now-a-days.

20th. To my Lord Sandwich's, and I walked with him to the Tennis Court, and there left him, seeing the King play. My Lord Sandwich did also seal a lease for the house he is now taking in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which stands him in £250 per annum rent. To my brother's, whom I find not well in bed, sick, they say, of a consumption. To Mr. Commander's, in Warwicke Lane, to speak to him about drawing up my will. Sir Richard Ford[3] told me, that Turner is to be hanged to-morrow, and with what impudence he hath carried out his trial; but that last night, when he brought him news of his death, he began to be sober, and shed some tears, and he hopes will die a penitent; he having already confessed all the thing, but says it was partly done for a joke, and partly to get an occasion of obliging the old man by his care in getting him his things again, he having some hopes of being the better by him in his estate at his death. Mr. Pierce tells me, that my Lady Castlemaine is not at all set by, by the King, but that he do doat upon Mrs. Stewart only, and that, to the leaving of all business in the world, and to the open slighting of the Queen; that he values not who sees him, or stands by him while he dallies with her openly; and then privately in her chamber below, where the very sentrys observe him going in and out; and that so commonly, that the Duke, or any of the Nobles, when they would ask where the King is, they will ordinarily say, "Is the King above or below?" meaning with Mrs. Stewart; that the King do not openly disown my Lady Castlemaine, but that she comes to Court; but that my Lord FitzHarding and the Hambletons,[4] and sometimes my Lord Sandwich, they say, intrigue with her. But he says my Lord Sandwich will lead her from her lodgings in the darkest and obscurest manner, and leave her at the entrance into the Queen's lodgings, that he might be the least observed: that the Duke of Monmouth the King do still doat on beyond measure, insomuch that the King only, the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, do now wear deep mourning, that is, long cloaks, for the Duchess of Savoy; so that he mourns as a Prince of the Blood, while the Duke of York do no more, and all the Nobles of the land not so much; which gives great offence. But that the Duke of York do give himself up to business, and is like to prove a noble prince; and so indeed I do from my heart think he will. He says that it is believed, as well as hoped, that care is taken to lay up a hidden treasure of money by the King against a bad day. I pray God it may be so! but I should be more glad that the King himself would look after business, which it seems he do not in the least. I am resolved to forbear my laying out my money upon a dinner, till I see my Lord in a better posture, and by grave and humble, though high deportment, to make him think I do not want him, and that will make him the readier to admit me to his friendship again—I believe the soonest of anything but downright impudence, and thrusting myself, as others do, upon him, and imposing upon him, which yet I cannot do, nor will not endeavour. To bed, after I had by candle-light shaved myself and cut off all my beard.

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[1] Blanche Apleton, according to the *Handbook of London*, seems to have been a manor belonging, in the reign of Richard II., to Sir Thomas Ross, of Hanelake. It is enumerated (9th Hen. V.) in "The Partition of the Inheritance of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex," under the head of "London-Blaunch-Appulton." Hall, in his *Chronicle* (edit. 1548) writes it Blanchechapelton.

[2] See State Trials.

[3] He was one of the Sheriffs.

[4] George Hamilton, and his brother.

21st. Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wight's, to get a place to see Turner hanged, I to the 'Change; and seeing people flock in the City, I enquired, and found that Turner was not yet hanged. So I went among them to Leadenhall Street, at the end of Lyme Street, near where the robbery was done; and to St. Mary Axe, where he lived. And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an hour before the execution was done; he delaying the time by long discourses and prayers, one after another, in hopes of a reprieve; but none come, and at last he was flung off the ladder in his cloak. A comely-looked man he was, and kept his countenance to the end: I was sorry to see him. It was believed there were at least 12 to 14,000 people in the street. To the Coffee-house, and heard the full of Turner's discourse[1] on the cart, which was chiefly to clear himself of all things laid to his charge but this fault, for which he now suffers, which he confesses. He deplored the condition of his family, but his chief design was to lengthen time, believing still a reprieve would come, though the sheriff advised him to expect no such thing, for the King was resolved to grant none. To my aunt Wight's, where Dr. Burnett[1] did tell me how poorly the sheriffs did endeavour to get one jewell returned by Turner, after he was convicted, as a due to them, and not to give it to Mr. Tryon, the true owner, but ruled against them, to their great dishonour.

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[1] Turner's speech at his execution has been printed. London, 8vo., 1663.

22d. To Deptford, and there viewed Sir W. Petty's vessel; which hath an odd appearance, but not such as people do make of it.

24th. (Lord's day.) To my office, and there fell on entering, out of a bye-book, part of my second journall-book, which hath lay these two years and more unentered. This evening also I drew up a rough draught of my last will.

25th. Troubled a little in mind, to think that my Lord Sandwich should continue this strangeness to me.

26th. Tom Killigrew told us of a fire last night in my Lady Castlemaine's lodging, where she bid £40 for one to adventure the fetching of a cabinet out, which at last was got to be done; and the fire at last quenched, without doing much wrong.

27th. At the Coffee-house, where I sat with Sir G. Ascue[2] and William Petty, who in discourse is, methinks, one of the most rational men that ever I heard speak with a tongue, having all his notions the most distinct and clear, and did, among other things, (saying, that in all his life these three books were the most esteemed and generally cried up for wit in the world—"Religio Medici,"[3] Osborne's "Advice to a Son,"[4] and "Hudibras"), say that in these—the two first principally—the wit lies, and confirming some pretty sayings, which are generally like paradoxes, by some argument smartly and pleasantly urged, which takes with people who do not trouble themselves to examine the force of an argument, which pleases them in the delivery, upon a subject which they like; whereas, as by many particular instances of mine, and others, out of Osborne, he did really find fault and weaken the strength of many of Osborne's arguments, so as that in downright disputation they would not bear weight—at least, so far but that they might be weakened, and better found in their rooms to confirm what is there said. He shewed finely whence it happens that good writers are not admired by the present age; because there are but few in any age that do mind any thing that is abstruse and curious; and so longer before any body do put the true praise, and set it on foot in the world, the generality of mankind pleasing themselves in the easy delights of the world, as eating, drinking, dancing, hunting, fencing, which we see the meanest men do the best—those that profess it. A gentleman never dances so well as the dancing-master; and an ordinary fiddler makes better musick for a shilling than a gentleman will do after spending forty. And so in all the delights of the world almost. To Covent Garden, to buy a maske at the French House, Madame Charett's,[1] for my wife; in the way observing the street full of coaches at the new play, at "The Indian Queene;"[2] which for show, they say, exceeds "Henry the Eighth." Called to see my brother Tom, who was not at home, though they say he is in a deep consumption, and will not live two months.

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[1] The physician.

[2] A distinguished naval officer before and after the Restoration; he never went to sea subsequently to the action in 1666, in which he had been taken prisoner.

[3] By Sir Thomas Browne.

[4] Francis Osborne, an English writer of considerable abilities and popularity, was the author of *Advice to a Son*, in two parts. Oxford, 1656–8, 8vo. He died in 1659. He is the same person mentioned as "*Father* Osborne," Oct. 19, 1661.

29th. To the Fleece in Cornhill, by appointment, to meet my Lord Marlborough, a serious and worthy gentleman, who begun to talk of the state of the Dutch in India, which is like to be in a little time without any controll; for we are lost there, and the Portuguese as bad.

30th. The day kept solemnly for the King's murder. In the evening signed and sealed my last will and testament, which is to my mind, and I hope to the liking of God Almighty. This evening I tore some old papers; among others, a romance which, under the title of "Love a Cheate," I begun ten years ago at Cambridge: and, reading it over to-night, I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself, at my vein at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try.

31st. (Lord's day.) I did perfectly prepare a state of my estate, and annexed it to my last will and testament, which now is perfect, and find that I am worth £858 clear, which is the greatest sum I ever yet was master of. My head very full of thoughts to provide for answering to the Exchequer for my uncle's being Generall-Receiver in the year 1647, which I am at present wholly unable to do.

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[1] Mrs. Mary Cherrett, called also Madame Cherrett, lived in the Piazza. (Rate Books of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.) Mr. George Cherrett, milliner, and Susan his wife, were living in the Piazza in 1689. (*Ib.*)

[2] "The Indian Queen," a tragedy in heroic verse, by Sir Robert Howard and Mr. Dryden.

February 1st. I hear how two men last night, justling for the wall about the new Exchange, did kill one another, each thrusting the other through; one of them of the King's Chapel, one Cave, and the other a retayner of my Lord Generall Middleton's.[1] I to White Hall; where, in the Duke's chamber, the King come and stayed an hour or two laughing at Sir W. Petty, who was there, about his boat; and at Gresham College[2] in general: at which poor Petty was, I perceive, at some loss; but did argue discreetly, and bear the unreasonable follies of the King's objections and other bystanders with great discretion; and offered to take oddes against the King's best boates: but the King would not lay, but cried him down with words only. Gresham College he mightily laughed at, for spending time only in weighing of ayre, and doing nothing else since they sat. Mr. Pierce tells me how the King, coming the other day to his Theatre to see "The Indian Queene," which he commends for a very fine thing, my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he come; and, leaning over other ladies awhile to whisper with the King, she rose out of the box, and went into the King's, and set herself on the King's right hand, between the King and the Duke of York; which, he swears, put the King himself, as well as everybody else, out of countenance; and believes that she did it only to show the world that she is not out of favour yet, as was believed. To the King's Theatre, and there saw "The Indian Queene" acted; which indeed is a most pleasant show, and beyond my expectation; the play good, but spoiled with the ryme, which breaks the sense. But above my expectation most, the eldest Marshall[3] did do her part most excellently well as I ever heard woman in my life; but her voice is not so sweet as Ianthe's:[4] but, however, we come home mightily contented. Here we met Mr. Pickering, and he tells me that the business runs high between the Chancellor and my Lord Bristoll against the Parliament; and that my Lord Lauderdale and Cowper open high against the Chancellor; which I am sorry for. This day, W. Bowyer told me, that his father is dead lately, and died by being drowned in the river, coming over in the night; but he says he had not been drinking. He was taken with his stick in his hand, and cloak over his shoulder, as ruddy as before he died. His horse was taken overnight in the water, hampered in the bridle, but they were so silly as not to look for his master till the next morning that he was found drowned.

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[1] John Middleton, Earl of Middleton, General of the Forces in Scotland.

[2] The Royal Society.

[3] Anne Marshall, a celebrated actress at the King's House, and her youngest sister Becke, so frequently mentioned in the *Diary*, were the daughters of a Presbyterian minister; but very little seems to be known about their history. One of them is erroneously stated, in the notes to the *Mémoires de Grammont*, and Davies's *Dramatic Miscellanies*, to have become Lord Oxford's mistress; for Pepys uniformly calls the Marshalls by heir own name, and only speaks of the other lady as "the first or old Roxalana, who had quitted the stage." See Feb. 18, 1661–2, and Dec. 27, following; also Oct. 26, 1667.

[4] Malone says, in his *History of the English Stage*, that Mrs. Mary Saunderson performed Ianthe in Davenant's play of the "Siege of Rhodes," at the first opening of his theatre, April, 1662. She married Betterton the ollowing year, and lived till 1712, having filled almost all the female characters in Shakspeare with great success. She is doubtless the person alluded to here, and frequently mentioned afterwards by the same designation.

2d. To the 'Change, and thence off to the Sun Taverne with Sir W. Warren. He did give me a pair of gloves for my wife wrapt up in a paper, which I would not open, feeling it hard; but did tell him that my wife should thank him, and so went on in discourse. When I come home, Lord! in what pain I was to get my wife out of the room without bidding her go, that I might see what these gloves were; and, by and by, she being gone, it proves a pair of white gloves for her, and forty pieces in good gold, which did so cheer my heart, that I could eat no victuals almost for dinner. I was at a great loss what to do, whether to tell my wife of it or no, for fear of making her think me to be in a better condition, or in a better way of getting money, than yet I am.

3d. To the Mitre taverne, and there met with W. Howe come to buy wine for my Lord against his going down to Hinchingbroke, and I private with him, a great while discoursing of my Lord's strangeness to me; but he answers that I have no reason to think any such thing, but that my Lord is only in general a more reserved man than he was before. My wife is full of sad stories of her good-natured father, and roguish brother, who is going for Holland, and his wife, to be a soldier. In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house[1] there, where I never was before: where Dryden, the poet, I knew at Cambridge, and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole, of our College. And, had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry, and, as it was late, they were all ready to go away.

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[1] This was Wills' Coffee House where Dryden had a chair reserved for him near the fireplace in winter, and which was carried into the balcony for him in summer. It was on the west side of Bow Street, and at the corner of Russell Street, and took its name from "William Urwin," the landlord.—*Handbook of London*, p. 554, edit. 1850.

4th. To Paul's School, and up to hear the upper form examined; and there was kept, by very many of the Mercers, Clutterbucke,[1] Barker, Harrington, and others; and with great respect used by them all, and had a noble dinner. Here they tell me that, in Dr. Colett's[2] will, he says that he would have a Master found for the School that hath good skill in Latin, and, if it could be, one that had some knowledge of the Greeke; so little was Greeke known here at that time. Dr. Wilkins[3] and one Mr. Smallwood, Posers.

5th. Reading "Faber fortunæ,"[4] which I can never read too often. At home to look after some Brampton papers, and my uncle's accounts as Generall-Receiver of the county for 1647 of our monthly assessement, which, contrary to my expectation, I found in such good order that I did not expect, nor could have thought.

6th. Home, whither come one Father Fogourdy, an Irish priest, of my wife's and her mother's acquaintance in France—a sober and discreet person, but one that I would not have converse with my wife for fear of meddling with her religion. He confirms to me the news that for certain there is peace made between the Pope and King of France.

7th. (Lord's day.) Up and to church, and thence home; and with great mirth read Sir W. Davenant's two speeches in dispraise of London and Paris, by way of reproach one to the other.

8th. Mr. Pierce told me how the King still do doat upon his women, even beyond all shame: and that the good Queen will of herself stop before she goes sometimes into her dressing-room, till she knows whether the King be there, for fear he should be, as she hath sometimes taken him, with Mrs. Stewart; and that some of the best parts of the Queen's joynture are, contrary to faith and against the opinion of my Lord Treasurer and his Council, bestowed or rented, I know not how, to my Lord FitzHarding and Mrs. Stewart, and others of that crew: that the King do doat infinitely upon the Duke of Monmouth, apparently as one that he intends to have succeed him. God knows what will be the end of it!

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[1] Probably, Alderman Clutterbuck, one of the proposed Knights of the Royal Oak for Middlesex. There was a Sir Thomas Clutterbuck, of London, *circiter* 1670.

[2] Dean of St. Paul's and founder of the School.

[3] John Wilkins was a learned theologian, and well versed in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. See Nov. 25, 1660.

[4] By Lord Bacon.

9th. Great talk of the Dutch proclaiming themselves, in India, Lords of the Southern Seas, and denying traffick there to all ships but their own, upon pain of confiscation; which makes our merchants mad. Great doubt of two ships of ours, the Greyhound and another, very rich, coming from the Streights, for fear of the Turkes. Matters are made up between the Pope and the King of France; so that now all the doubt is, what the French will do with their armies. Mr. Moore told me that my Lord is mightily altered—that is, grown very high and stately, and do not admit of any to come into his chamber to him, as heretofore, and that I must not think of his strangeness to me, for it is the same he do to everybody. I discoursed with him about my money that my Lord hath, and the £1,000 that I stand bound with him in, to my cozen Thomas Pepys, in both which I shall get myself at liberty as soon as I can; for I do not like his being angry and in debt both together to me; and, besides, I do not perceive he looks after paying his debts, but runs farther and farther in.

10th. By coach to my Lord Sandwich, to his new house, a fine house, but deadly dear, in Lincoln's Inne Fields, where I found and spoke a little to him. He is high and strange still, but did ask me how my wife did, and at parting remembering him to his cozen. My wife abroad to buy Lent provisions. I did give my wife's brother 10*s.* and a coat that I had by me, a close-bodied, light-coloured coat, with a gold edgeing in each seam, that was the lace of my wife's best pettycoat, that she had when I married her. He is going into Holland to seek his fortune. My pain do leave me without coming to any great excess; but my cold that I had got I suppose was not very great, it being only the leaving of my wastecoate unbuttoned one morning.

11th. Mr. Falconer come and visited my wife, and brought her a present—a silver state-cup and cover, value about three or £4, for the courtesy I did him the other day. I am almost sorry for this present, because I would have reserved him for a place to go in summer a-visiting at Woolwich with my wife.

12th. Called at Alderman Backewell's, and there changed Mr. Falconer's state-cup, that he did give us the other day, for a fair tankard. The cup weighed with the fashion £5 16*s.*, and another little cup that Joyce Norton did give us 17*s.*—both £6 13*s.*; for which we had a tankard, which come to £6 10*s.* at 5*s.* 7*d.* per oz., and 3*s.* in money.

13th. To the African House. Anon down to dinner, to a table which Mr. Coventry keeps here, out of his £300 per annum as one of the Assistants to the Royall Company, a very pretty dinner, and good company, and excellent discourse. Home with my wife, and saw her day's work in ripping the silk standard, which we brought home last night, and it will serve to line a bed, or for twenty uses, to our great content.

14th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church alone, where a lazy sermon of Mr. Mills, upon a text to introduce catechising in our parish, which I perceive he intends to begin.

15th. To White Hall, to the Duke; where he first put on a periwigg to-day: but methought his hair cut short in order thereto did look very pretty of itself, before he put on his periwigg. Great news of the arrivall of two rich ships, the Greyhound and another, which they were mightily afraid of, and great insurance given. This afternoon Sir Thomas Chamberlain [1] come to the office to me, and showed me several letters from the East Indys, showing the height that the Dutch are come to there, showing scorn to all the English, even in our only Factory there of Surat,[2] beating several men, and hanging the English standard St. George under the Dutch flag in scorn; saying that, whatever their masters do or say at home, they will do what they list, and be masters of all the world there; and have so proclaimed themselves Soveraignes of all the South Seas: which certainly our King cannot endure, if the Parliament will give him money. But I doubt, and yet do hope, they will not yet, till we are more ready for it.

17th. With my wife, setting her down by her father's in Long Acre, in so ill-looked a place, among all the brothels, that I was troubled at it, to see her go thither. Mr. Pierce tells me of the King's giving of my Lord FitzHarding two leases which belong indeed to the Queen, worth £20,000 to him; and how people do talk of it! Home, and dined, where I found an excellent mastiffe—his name Towser—sent me by a surgeon.

19th. Mr. Cutler come, and walked and talked with me a great while: and then to the 'Change together; and it being early, did tell me several excellent examples of men raised upon the 'Change by their great diligence and saving: as also his own fortune, and how credit grew upon him; that, when he was not really worth £1,100, he had credit for £100,000: of Sir W. Rider, how he rose; and others. By and by joyned with us Sir John Bankes;[1] who told us several passages of the East India Company; and how, in every case, when there was due to him and Alerman Mico £64,000 from the Dutch for injury done to them in the East Indys, Oliver, presently after the peace, they delaying to pay them the money, sent them word, that if they did not pay them by such a day, he would grant letters of mark to those merchants against them; by which they were so fearful of him, they did presently pay the money every farthing. Took my wife, and, taking a coach, went to visit my Ladys Jemimah and Paulina Montagu, and Mrs. Elizabeth Pickering,[2] whom we find at their father's new house in Lincoln's Inn Fields; but the house all in dirt. They received us well enough: but I did not endeavour to carry myself over familiarly with them: and so, after a little stay, there coming in presently after us my Lady Aberguenny[3] and other ladies, we back again by coach.

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[1] Son of William Chamberlayne, an English Judge, and created a Baronet 1642.

[2] Sir George Oxendon was then the chief factor of the East India Company. In 1686 the English removed to Bombay. Surat is still in our possession.

21st. (Lord's day.) My wife called up the people to washing by four o'clock in the morning; and our little girl Susan is a most admirable slut, and pleases us mightily, doing more service than both the others, and deserves wages better.

22d. This evening come Mr. Alsopp, the King's brewer, with whom I spent an hour talking and bewailing the posture of things at present; the king led away by half-a-dozen men, that none of his serious servants and friends can come at him. These are Lauderdale, Buckingham, Hamilton, FitzHarding, to whom he hath, it seems, given £12,000 per annum in the best part of the King's estate; and that the old Duke of Buckingham could never get of the King. Progers[4] is another, and Sir H. Bennet. He loves not the Queen at all, but is rather sullen to her; and she, by all reports, incapable of children. He is so fond of the Duke of Monmouth, that every body admires it; and he says that the Duke hath said, that he would be the death of any man that says the King was not married to his mother: though Alsopp says, it is well known that she was a common strumpet before the King was acquainted with her. But it seems, he says, that the King is mighty kind to these his bastard children; and at this day will go at midnight to my

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[1] An opulent merchant, residing in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

[2] Lord Sandwich's niece.

[3] Probably Mary, daughter of Thomas Gifford, of Dunton Walet, Essex, wife to George Nevill, ninth Lord Abergavenny.

[4] Edward Progers, the King's valet-de-chambre, and the confidant of his amours. Ob. 1713, aged 96.

Lady Castlemaine's nurses, and take the child and dance it in his arms: that he is not likely to have his tables[1] up again in his house, for the crew that are about him will not have him come to common view again, but keep him obscurely among themselves. He hath this night, it seems, ordered that the Hall, which there is a ball to be in to-night before the King, be guarded, as the Queen-Mother's is, by his Horse Guards; whereas heretofore they were by the Lord Chamberlain or Steward, and their people. But it is feared they will reduce all to the soldiery, and all other places be taken away; and, what is worst of all, will alter the present militia, and bring all to a flying army. That my Lord Lauderdale, being Middleton's enemy, and one that scorns the Chancellor even to open affronts before the King, hath got the whole power of Scotland into his hand; whereas, the other day, he was in a fair way to have had his whole estate, and honour, and life, voted away from him. That the King hath done himself all imaginable wrong in the business of my Lord Antrim,[2] in Ireland; who, though he was the head of rebels, yet he by his letter owns to have acted by his father's and mother's, and his commissions: but it seems the truth is, he hath obliged himself, upon the clearing of his estate, to settle it upon a daughter of the Queen-Mother's, by my Lord Jermyn,[3] I suppose, in marriage, be it to whom the Queen pleases: which is a sad story. It seems a daughter of the Duke of Lennox's was, by force, going to be married the other day, at Somerset House, to Harry Jermyn; but she got away and run to the King, and he says he will protect her. She is, it seems, very near akin to the King. Such mad doings there are every day among them! There was a French book in verse, the other day, translated and presented to the Duke of Monmouth, in such a high stile, that the Duke of York, he tells me, was mightily offended at it. The Duke of Monmouth's mother's brother[4] hath a place at Court; and being a Welchman, I think, he told me will talk very broad of the King's being married to his sister. The King did the other day, at the Council, commit my Lord Bristoll's[5] chaplin and steward,

[1] At which the King dined in public.

[2] Randall Macdonnel, second Earl and first Marquis of Antrim: ob. 1673.

[3] The Earl of St. Albans.

[4] Mr. Justice Waters, said to be "of the Temple," by Thurloe.

[5] The Earl of Bristol, by changing his religion while abroad, at the nstigation of Don John of Austria, had incapacitated himself from holding ny office; and, in consequence of the disappointment, which he imputed to he interference of the Lord Chancellor, planned and effected his ruin. Lord Bristol was installed K.G. in 1661, and died 1676.

and another servant, who went upon the process begun there against their lord, to swear that they saw him at church, and receive the Sacrament as a Protestant, which, the Judges said, was sufficient to prove him such in the eye of the law; the King, I say, did commit them all to the Gate-house, notwithstanding their pleading their dependance upon him, and the faith they owed him as their lord, whose bread they eat. And that the King should say, that he would soon see whether he was King, or Bristoll. That the Queen-Mother hath outrun herself in her expences, and is now come to pay very ill, or run in debt; the money being spent that she received for leases. He believes there is not any money laid up in bank, as I told him some did hope; but he says, from the best informers, he can assure me there is no such thing, nor any body that should look after such a thing, and that there is not now above £80,000 of the Dunkirke money left in stock. That Oliver, the year when he spent £1,400,000 in the Navy, did spend in the whole expence of the kingdom £2,600,000. That all the Court are mad for a Dutch war; but both he and I did concur, that it was a thing rather to be dreaded than hoped for; unless, by the French King's falling upon Flanders, they and the Dutch should be divided. That our Embassador[1] had, it is true, an audience; but in the most dishonourable way that could be; for the Princes of the Blood, though invited by our Embassador, which was the greatest absurdity that ever Embassador committed these 400 years, were not there; and so were not said to give place to our King's Embassador. And that our King did openly say, the other day in the Privy Chamber, that he would not be hectored out of his right and pre-eminencys by the King of France, as great as he was. That the Pope is glad to yield to a peace with the French, as the news-book says, upon the basest terms that ever was. That the talk which these people about our King, that I named before, have, is to tell him how neither priviledge of Parliament nor City is any thing; but that his will is all, and ought to be so: and their discourse, it seems, when they are alone, is so base and sordid, that it makes the eares of the very gentlemen of the back stairs, I think he called them, to tingle to hear it spoke in the King's hearing; and that must be very bad indeed. That my Lord Bristoll did send to Lisbon a couple of priests, to search out what they could against the Chancellor concerning the match, as to the point of his knowing before-hand that the Queen was not capable of bearing children; and that something was given her to make her so. But, as private as they were, when they come thither, they were clapped up prisoners. That my Lord Bristol endeavours what he can to bring the business into the House of Commons, hoping there to master the Chancellor, there being many enemies of his there: but I hope the coutrary. That whereas the late King did mortgage Clarendon[1] to somebody for £20,000, and this King have given it to the Duke of Albemarle, and he sold it to my Lord Chancellor, whose title of Earldome is fetched from thence; the King hath this day sent his order to the Privy Seale for the payment of this £20,000 to my Lord Chancellor, to clear the mortgage.[2] Ireland in a very distracted condition about the hard usage which the Protestants meet with, and the too good which the Catholiques. And from all together, God knows my heart, I expect nothing but ruin can follow, unless things are better ordered in a little time.

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[1] Denzil Hollis: see 14th Dec., 1663.

23d. (Shrove-Tuesday.) This day, by the blessing of God, I have lived thirty-one years in the world: and, by the grace of God, I find myself not only in good health in every thing, and particularly as to the stone, but only pain upon taking cold, and also in a fair way of coming to a better esteem and estate in the world, than ever I expected. But I pray God give me a heart to fear a fall, and to prepare for it!

24th. (Ash-Wednesday.) To the Queen's chapel, where I staid and saw their masse, till a man come and bid me go out or kneel down: so I did go out. And thence to Somerset House; and there into the chapel, where Monsieur d'Espagne[3] used to preach. But now it is made very fine, and was ten times more crouded than the Queen's chapel at St. James's; which I wonder at. Thence down to the garden of Somerset House, and up and down the new building, which, in every espect, will be mighty magnificent and costly.

25th. To my Lord's, and saw the young ladies, and thence o White Hall. Resolved of going to meet my Lord to-morrow, having got a horse of Mr. Coventry to-day.

26th. Up, and, after dressing myself handsomely for riding, out, and by water to Westminster, to Mr. Creed's chamber, nd, after drinking some chocolatte, and playing on the vyall, Mr. Mallard being there, upon Creed's new vyall, which proves, methinks, much worse than mine, we set out from an inne hard by, whither Mr. Coventry's horse was carried; and round about the bush through bad ways to Highgate. Good discourse in the way had between us; and, it being a most admirable pleasant day, stopped at the Cocke, a mile on this side Barnett, being unwilling to put ourselves to the charge or doubtful acceptance of any provision against my Lord's coming by, and there got something and dined, setting a boy to look towards Barnett Hill, against their coming; and, after two or three false alarms, they come, and we met the coach very gracefully, and I had as kind a receipt from both Lord and Lady as I could wish, and some kind discourse, and then rode by the coach a good way, and so fell to discoursing with several of the people, there being a dozen attending the coach, and another coach for the maids and parson. But, when we come to my Lord's house, I went in; and, whether it was my Lord's neglect, or general indifference, I know not, but he made no kind of compliment there; and, methinks, the young ladies look somewhat highly upon me. So I went away, without bidding adieu to any body, being desirous not to be thought too servile.

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[1] Clarendon Park, near Salisbury: see 14th July, 1664.

[2] See Aug. 19, 1661.

[3] There is a small volume in the Pepysian Library, called "Shibboleth, u, Reformation de quelques Passages de la Bible, par Jean d'Espagne, Ministre du St. Evangile;" printed 1653, and dedicated to Cromwell.

27th. Sir Martin Noell told us the dispute between him, as farmer of the Additional Duty, and the East India Company, whether callico be linnen or no; which he says it is, having been ever esteemed so: they say it is made of cotton woole, and grows upon trees, not like flax or hemp. But it was carried against the Company, though they stand out against the verdict.

28th. (Lord's day.) Up, and walked to Paul's; and, by chance, it was an extraordinary day for the Readers of the Inns of Court and all the Students to come to church, it being an old ceremony not used these twenty-five years, upon the first Sunday in Lent. Abundance there was of Students, more than there was room to seat but upon forms, and the Church mighty full. One Hawkins preached, an Oxford man. A good sermon upon these words: "But the Wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable." Both before and after sermon, I was most impatiently troubled at the Quire, the worst that ever I heard. But what was extraordinary, the Bishop of London,[1] who sat there in a pew, made a' purpose for him, by the pulpitt, do give the last blessing to the congregation: which was, he being a comely old man, a very decent thing, methought. The

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[1] Humphrey Henchman, translated from Salisbury, September, 1663. Ob. 1675.

Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir J. Robinson, would needs have me by coach home with him, where the officers of his regiment dined with him. I did go and dine with him—his ordinary table being very good, and his lady a very high-carriaged, but comely big woman:[1] I was mightily pleased with her. After dinner, to chapel in the Tower with the Lieutenant, with the keyes carried before us, and the Warders and Gentleman-porter going before us; and I sat with the Lieutenant in his pew, in great state. None, it seems, of the prisoners in the Tower, that are there now, though they may, will come to prayers there.

29th. To Sir Philip Warwick, who showed me many excellent collections of the State of the Revenue in former Kings and the late times, and the present. He showed me how the very Assessments between 1643 and 1659, which were taxes, besides Excise, Customes, Sequestrations, Decimations, King and Queen's and Church Lands, or any thing else but just the Assessments, come to above fifteen millions. He showed me a discourse of his concerning the Revenues of this and foreign States. How that of Spayne was great, but divided with his kingdoms, and so come to little. How that of France did, and do much, exceed ours before for quantity; and that it is at the will of the Prince to tax what he will upon his people; which is not here. That the Hollanders have the best manner of tax, which is only upon the expence of provisions, by an excise; and do conclude that no other tax is proper for England but a pound-rate, or excise upon the expence of provisions. He showed me every particular sort of payment away of money, since the King's coming in, to this day; and told me, from one to one, how little he hath received of profit from most of them; and I believe him truly. That the £1,200,000, which the Parliament with so much ado did first vote to the King, and since hath been re-examined by several committees of the present Parliament, is yet above £300,000 short of making up really to the King the £1,200,000, as by particulars he showed me. And in my Lord Treasurer's excellent letter to the King upon this subject, he tells the King how it was the spending more than the revenue that did give the first occasion of his ather's ruine, and did since to the rebels; who, he says, just ike Henry the Eighth, had great and sudden increase of wealth, but yet, by over-spending both, died poor: and further ells the King how much of this £1,200,000 depends upon he life of the Prince, and so must be renewed by Parliament again to his successor; which is seldom done without parting with some of the prerogatives of the Crowne; or, if denied, and he persists to take it of the people, it gives occasion to a civill war, which did in the late business of tonnage and poundage prove fatal to the Crowne. He showed me how many ways the Lord Treasurer did take before he moved the King to farme the Customes in the manner he do, and the reasons that moved him to do it. He showed me a very excellent argument, to prove, that our importing lesse than we export do not impoverish the kingdom, according to the received opinion: which, though it be a paradox, and that I do not remember the argument, yet methought there was a great deal in what he said. And, upon the whole, I find him a most exact and methodicall man, and of great industry: and very glad that he thought fit to show me all this; though I cannot easily guess the reason why he should do it to me, unless from the plainness that he sees I use to him in telling him how much the King may suffer for our want of understanding the case of our Treasury. To make up my monthly accounts; and I find myself worth eight hundred and ninety and odd pounds, the greatest sum I ever yet knew. Calling at St. Paul's Churchyard, looked upon a pretty burlesque poem, called "Scarronides; or, Virgile Travesty;"[1] extraordinary good. After dinner, my wife cut my hair short, which is grown pretty long again.

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[1] Anne, daughter of Sir George Whitmore, of Barnes, in Surrey.

March 2d. This morning, Mr. Burgby, one of the writing clerks belonging to the Council, a knowing man, complains to me how most of the Lords of the Council do look after themselves and their own ends, and none the public, unless Sir Edward Nicholas. Sir G. Carteret is diligent, but for all his own ends and profit. My Lord Privy Seale, a destroyer of every body's business, and do no good at all to the public. The Archbishop of Canterbury[2] speaks very little, nor do much, being now come to the highest pitch that he can expect. He tells me, he believes that things will go very high against the Chancellor by Bristoll, and that bad things will be proved. Talks much of his neglecting the King; and making the King to trot every day to him, when he is well enough to go to visit his cozen, Chief-Justice Hide, but not to the Council or King. He commends my Lord of Ormond mightily in Ireland; but cries out cruelly of Sir G. Lane,[3] for his corruption; and that he hath done my Lord great dishonour, by selling of places here, which are now all taken away, and the poor wretches ready to starve. But nobody almost understands or judges of business better than the King, if he would not be guilty of his father's fault to be doubtfull of himself, and easily be removed from his own opinion. That my Lord Lauderdale is never from the King's eare nor council, and that he is a most cunning fellow. Upon the whole, that he finds things go very bad every where; and even in the Council nobody minds the public. To my Lord Sandwich, with whom I spoke, walking a good while with him in his garden, which and the house is very fine.

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[1] A poem, by Charles Cotton, then just published.

[2] Gilbert Sheldon.

[3] See *ante*, Oct. 12, 1663.

4th. There are several people trying a new-fashion gun brought my Lord Peterborough this morning, to shoot off often, one after another, without trouble or danger. At Greenwich I observed the foundation laying of a very great house for the King,[1] which will cost a great deal of money. To White Hall; and there being met by the Duke of York, he called me to him. I never had so much discourse with him before, and till now did ever fear to meet him. Home, my mind in great ease, to think of our coming to so good a respect with my Lord again, and my Lady, and that my Lady do so much cry up my father's usage of her children, and the goodness of the ayre there, found in the young ladies' faces at their return thence.

5th. To the office, where, though I had a great cold, I was orced to speak much upon a publick meeting of the East India Company, at our office; where was also my Lord George Barkeley, in behalf of the company of merchants; I suppose he is on that company, who, hearing my name, took notice of me, and condoled my cozen Edward Pepys's death, not know-ng whose son I was, nor did demand it of me.

7th. My wife and I by coach to the Duke's house, where we saw "The Unfortunate Lovers;"[2] but I know not whether I am grown more curious than I was or no, but I was not pleased with it, though I know not where to lay the fault, nless it was that the house was very empty, by reason of a new play at the other house. Yet here was my Lady Castlemaine in a box, and it was pleasant to hear an ordinary lady ard by us, that it seems did not know her before, say, being told who she was, that "she was well enough."

8th. Luellin come and dined with me, but we made no long stay at dinner; "Heraclius"[1] being acted, my wife and I have a mighty mind to see it.' The play hath one very good passage well managed in it, about two persons pretending, and yet denying themselves, to be son to the tyrant Phocas, and yet heir of Maronicius to the crowne. The garments like Romans very well. The little girl[2] is come to act very prettily, and spoke the epilogue most admirably. But, at the beginning, at the drawing up of the curtain, there was the finest scene of the Emperor, and his people about him, standing in their fixed and different postures in their Roman habits, above all that I ever saw at any of the theatres. Walked home, calling to see my brother Tom, who is in bed, and I doubt very ill.

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[1] Building by Webb, the kinsman and executor of Inigo Jones; now part of Greenwich Hospital.

[2] A tragedy, by Sir W. Davenant.

10th. To dinner with my wife, to a good hog's harslet, a piece of meat I love, but have not eat of I think these seven years. At the Privy Seale I enquired, and found the Bill come for the Corporation of the Royall Fishery:[3] whereof the Duke of York is made present Governor, and several other very great persons, to the number of thirty-two, made his assistants for their lives: whereof, by my Lord Sandwich's favour, I am one; and take it not only a matter of honour, but that, that may come to be of profit to me.

14th. To White Hall; and in the Duke's chamber, while he was dressing, two persons of quality that were there did tell his Royal Highness, how, the other night, in Holborne, about midnight, being at cards, a link-boy come by and run into the house, and told the people the house was a-falling.[4] Upon this the whole family was frighted, concluding that the boy had said that the house was a-fire: so they left their cards above, and one would have got out of the balcony, but it was not open; the other went up to fetch down his children, that were in bed: so all got clear out of the house. And no sooner so, but the house fell down indeed, from top to bottom. It seems my Lord Southampton's canal [1] did come too near their foundation, and so weakened the house, and down it come: which, in every respect, is a most extraordinary passage. To my brother's. The doctors give him over, and so do all that see him. He talks no sense two words together now; and I confess it made me weep to see that he should not be able, when I asked him, to say who I was. The business between my Lords Chancellor and Bristoll, they say, is hushed up; and the latter gone, or going, by the King's licence, to France.

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[1] "Heraclius; or, the Emperor of the East," translated from the French of Corneille by Ludovic Carlell. Pepys saw it again, 4th Feb., 1666-7, at the Duke's Theatre. Carlell's translation (4to, 1664) was, it is said, never acted. The play which Pepys saw was probably never printed. He saw it at the Duke's Theatre.

[2] See 23rd Feb., 1662-3.

[3] There had been recently established, under the Great Seal of England, a Corporation for the Royal Fishing, of which the Duke of York was Governor, Lord Craven, Deputy-Governor, and the Lord Mayor and Chamberlain of London, for the time being, Treasurers, in which body was vested the sole power of licensing lotteries.—*The Newes*, Oct. 6, 1664.

[4] *The Intelligencer* of March 12, 1663-4, notices the fall of the house here mentioned.

15th. My poor brother Tom died. I left my wife to see him laid out, and I by coach home, carrying my brother's papers, all I could find, with me.

16th. Up, and down to my cozen Stradwick's, and uncle Fenner's, about discoursing for the funeral, which I am resolved to put off till Friday next. Then back again to my brother's, to look after things, and saw the coffin brought; and by and by Mrs. Holden come, and saw him nailed up. This day the Parliament met again, after long prorogation, but what they have done I have not been in the way to hear.

17th. To the office, where we sat this afternoon, because of the Parliament, which returned yesterday; but was adjourned till Monday next, upon pretence that many of the members were said to be upon the road; and also the King had other affairs, and so desired them to adjourn till then. But the truth is, the King is offended at my Lord of Bristoll, as they say, whom he hath found to have been all this while, pretending a desire of leave to go into France, and to have all the differences between him and the Chancellor made up, endeavouring to make factions in both Houses to the Chancellor. So the King did this to keep the Houses from meeting; and, in the meanwhile, sent a guard and a herald last night to have taken him at Wimbleton, where he was in the morning, but could not find him: at which the King was and is still mightily concerned, and runs up and down to and from the Chancellor's like a boy: and it seems would make Bristoll's articles against the Chancellor to be treasonable reflections against his Majesty. So that the King is very high, as they say: and God knows what will follow upon it! To my brother's again, preparing things against to-morrow; and I have altered my resolution of burying him in the churchyard among my young brothers and sisters, and bury him in the church, in the middle aisle, as near as I can to my mother's pew. This costs me *20s.* more. Home by coach, bringing my brother's silver tankard, for safety, along with me.

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[1] Probably the sewer from Lord Southampton's house.

18th. Up betimes, and walked to my brother's, where a great while putting things in order against anon; and so to Wotton, my shoemaker, and there got a pair of shoes blacked on the soles against anon for me: so to my brother's. To church,[1] and, with the grave-maker, chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would, as his own words were, "I will justle them together but I will make room for him;" speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle, where he was to lie; and that he would, for my father's sake, do my brother, that is dead, all the civility he can; which was to disturb other corps that are not quite rotten, to make room for him; and methought his manner of speaking it was very remarkable; as of a thing that now was in his power to do a man a courtesy or not. I dressed myself, and so did my servant Besse; and so to my brother's again: whither, though invited, as the custom is, at one or two o'clock, they come not till four or five. But, at last, one after another, they come, many more than I bid: and my reckoning that I bid was one hundred and twenty; but I believe there was nearer one hundred and fifty. Their service was six biscuits a-piece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cozen Joyce Norton kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them. But, above all, I am beholden to Mrs. Holden, who was most kind, and did take mighty pains not only in getting the house and every thing else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served, in order to mine and their great content, I think: the men sitting by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others, very close, but yet room enough. Anon to church, walking out into the street to the conduit, and so across the street; and had a very good company along with the corps. And, being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson, the minister of the parish, did read the service for buriall: and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave: and so all broke up; and I and my wife, and Madam Turner and her family, to her brother's, and by and by fell to a barrell of oysters, cake, and cheese, of Mr. Honiwood's, with him, in his chamber and below, being too merry for so ate a sad work. But, Lord! to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man, an hour after he is dead! And, indeed, I must blame myself; for, though at the sight of him dead and dying, I had real grief for a while, while he was n my sight, yet presently after, and ever since, I have had very little grief indeed for him.

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[1] St. Bride's, of which Richard Pierson, D.D., the vicar, officiated at the funeral. "March 18, 1663-4, Mr. Thomas Pepys."—*Burial Register of St. Bride's, Fleet Street.*

19th. My wife and I alone, having a good hen, with eggs, to dinner, with great content. Then to my brother's, where I spent the afternoon in paying some of the charges of the buriall.

21st. This day the Houses of Parliament met; and the King met them, with the Queen with him. And he made a speech to them: among other things, discoursing largely of the plots abroad against him and the peace of the kingdom; and that he dissatisfied party had great hopes upon the effect of the Act for a Triennial Parliament granted by his father, which he desired them to peruse, and, I think, repeal. So the Houses did retire to their own House, and did order the Act to be ead to-morrow before them; and I suppose it will be repealed, hough I believe much against the will of a good many that sit here.

23d. To the Trinity House, and there dined very well: and good discourse among the old men. Among other things, hey observed, that there are but two seamen in the Parliament, viz., Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, and not above wenty or thirty merchants; which is a strange thing in an sland. In the evening, my Lady Jemimah, Paulina, and Madame Pickering, come to see us, but my wife would not be een, being unready. Very merry with them; they mightily alking of their thrifty living for a fortnight before their mother come to town, and other such simple talk, and of their merry ife at Brampton, at my father's, this winter.

25th. To White Hall, and there to chapel; where it was most infinite full, to hear Dr. Critton.[1] Being not known, ome great persons in the pew I pretended to, and went in, id question my coming in. I told them my pretence: so hey turned to the orders of the chapel, which hung behind pon the wall, and read it, and were satisfied; but they did not emand whether I was in waiting or no; and so I was in some ear, lest he that was in waiting might come and betray me. The Doctor preached upon the thirty-first of Jeremy, and the wenty-first and twenty-second verses, about a woman comassing a man; meaning the Virgin conceiving and bearing ur Saviour. It was the worst sermon I ever heard him make,

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[1] Creighton.

I must confess; and yet it was good, and in two places very bitter, advising the King to do as the Emperor Severus did, to hang up a Presbyter John, a short coat and a long gowne interchangeably, in all the Courts of England. But the story of Severus was pretty, that he hanged up forty senators before the Senate-house, and then made a speech presently to the Senate in praise of his own lenity; and then decreed that never any senator after that time should suffer in the same manner without consent of the Senate: which he compared to the proceedings of the Long Parliament against my Lord Strafford. He said the greatest part of the lay magistrates in England were Puritans, and would not do justice; and the Bishops' powers were so taken away and lessened, that they could not exercise the power they ought. He told the King and the ladies, plainly speaking of death and of the skulls and bones of dead men and women, how there is no difference; that nobody could tell that of the great Marius or Alexander from a pyoneer; nor, for all the pains the ladies take with their faces, he that should look in a charnel-house could not distinguish which was Cleopatra's, or fair Rosamond's, or Jane Shore's.[1] My father finds Tom's matters very ill, and finds him to have been so negligent, that he used to trust his servants with cutting out of clothes, never hardly cutting out anything himself; and, by the abstract of his accounts, we find him to owe above £290, and to be coming to him under £200.

26th. To my office, about my Lord Peterborough's accounts for Tangier; but, Lord! to see how ridiculous Mr. Povy is in all he says or do; not like a man more fit to be in such employments as he is, and particularly that of a treasurer, as he is, to the King of England. In discourse, Sir W. Rider said, that he hath kept a journall of his life for almost these forty years, even to this day, and still do, which pleases me mightily. So home. This being my solemn feast for my cutting of the stone, it being now, blessed be God! this day six years since the time; and I bless God I do in all respects find myself free from that disease, or any signs of it. Sir W. Batten told me how Sir Richard Temple hath spoke very discontentful words in the House about the Triennial Bill; but it hath been read the second time to-day, and committed; and, he believes, will go on without more ado, though there are many in the House are displeased at it, though they dare not say much. But, above all expectation, Mr. Prin is the man against it, comparing t to the idoll whose head was of gold, and his body and legs nd feet of different metal. So this Bill had several degrees of alling of Parliaments, in case the King, and then the Council, nd then the Lord Chancellor, and then the Sheriffes, should fail o do it. He tells me also, how, upon occasion of some 'prentices[1] eing put in the pillory to-day, for beating of their masters, or uch like thing, in Cheapside, a company of 'prentices come nd rescued them, and pulled down the pillory; and they, eing set up again, did the like again. So that the Lord Aayor and Major-General Browne was fain to come and stay here, to keep the peace; and drums, all up and down the city, as beat to raise the trained bands, for to quiet the town; and y and by, going out, we saw a trained band stand in Cheap-ide, on their guard. It raining very fast, we met many brave oaches coming from the Parke; and so we home ourselves, nd ended the day with great content. My wife found her own come home laced, which is indeed very handsome, but ill cost me a great deal of money, more than ever I intended, ut is but for once.

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[1] The preacher had been studying the gravediggers' scene in "Hamlet."

27th. (Lord's day.) It being church-time, walked to St. ames's, to try if I could see the belle Butler, but could not; nly saw her sister, who indeed is pretty, with a fine Roman ose. Thence walked through the ducking-pond fields; but hey are so altered since my father[2] used to carry us to slington, to the old man's, at the King's Head, to eat cakes nd ale (his name was Pitts), that I did not know which was he ducking-pond, nor where I was. So home; and in Cheapside, both coming and going, it was full of apprentices, who have been here all this day, and have done violence, I hink, to the master of the boys that were put in the pillory esterday. But, Lord! to see how the trained bands are raised pon this; the drums beating every where as if an enemy were pon them: so much is this city subject to be put into a lisarray upon very small occasions. But it was pleasant to ear the boys, and particularly one little one, that I demanded the business of. He told me, that, that had never been done in the city since it was a city—two 'prentices put in the pillory: and that it ought not to be so.

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[1] Two servants of one Ireland, a cooper upon Bread Street Hill.—*The ntelligencer*, March 28, 1664.

[2] In Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," there is an allusion to he "Citizens that come a-ducking to Islington Ponds." The piece of round, long since built upon, in the Back Road, was called "Ducking-ond Field," from the pool in which the unfortunate ducks were hunted by ogs, to amuse the Cockneys, who went to Islington to breathe fresh air nd drink cream. The King's Head tavern stood opposite the church. slington was classic ground to Pepys, as he speaks of the house in which e had been nursed at Kingsland.

28th. To T. Trice, and advised with him about our administering to my brother Tom; but, Lord! what a shame, methinks, to me, that, in this condition, and at this age, I should know no better the laws of my own country! Dinner with Mr. Coventry. The great matter to-day in the House hath been, that Mr. Vaughan,[1] the great speaker, is this day come to town, and hath declared himself in a speech of an hour and a half, with great reason and eloquence, against the repealing of the Bill for Triennial Parliaments; but with no successe: but the House have carried it that there shall be such Parliaments, but without any coercive power upon the King, if he will bring in this Act. But, Lord! to see how the best things are not done without some design; for I perceive all these gentlemen that I was with to-day were against it, though there was reason enough on their side, yet purely, I could perceive, because it was the King's mind to have it; and, should he demand any thing else, I believe they would give it him. But this the discontented Presbyters, and the faction of the House, will be highly displeased with; but it was carried clearly against them in the House. We had excellent good table-talk, some of which I have entered in my book of stories. Home, and there find, by my wife, that Father Fogourdy hath been with her to-day, and she is mightily for our going to hear a famous Roulé preach at the French Ambassador's house: I pray God he do not tempt her in any matters of religion, which troubles me. And also, she had messages from her mother to-day, who sent for her old morning-gown, which was almost past wearing; and I used to call it her kingdom, from the ease and content she used to have in the wearing of it.[2] I am glad I do not hear of her begging any thing of more value.

29th. To Sir G. Carteret's. About noon, Sir W. Batten come from the House of Parliament, and told us our Bill for our office was read the second time to-day, with great applause, nd is committed. By and by to dinner, where good cheer, nd Sir G. Carteret in his humour a very good man, and the ost kind father, and pleased father in his children, that ever saw. Here is now hung up a picture of my Lady Carteret, rawn by Lilly, a very fine picture, but yet not so good as I ave seen of his doing.

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[1] John Vaughan, afterwards knighted, and made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

[2] The piece of poetry beginning:—

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find"—

was set to music by the celebrated W. Byrd, in 1558, in a book called *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadnesse and Pietie.* On the authority of an old MS., in the Bodleian Library, it has been attributed to Sir Edward Dyer.

30th. To Sir G. Carteret's, where my Lady made us drink ur morning draught of several wines: I drank nothing but ome of her coffee, which was poorly made, with a little ugar in it.

31st. To my office, where comes, by and by, Povy, Sir W. ider, Mr. Bland, Creed, and Vernatty, about my Lord Peterorough's accounts, which we now went through, but with great ifficulty, and many high words between Mr. Povy and I; for could not endure to see so many things extraordinary put n, against truth and reason. He was very angry; but I ndeavoured all I could to profess my satisfaction in my Lord's art of the accounts, but not in those foolish idle things, they ay I said, that others had put in. To an alehouse, where my ozen Scott was, and my father's new tenant, Langford, a tailor, o whom I have presented my custom, and he seems a very odest carefull young man.

April 1st. To White Hall; and, in the Gallery, met the uke of York; I also saw the Queen going to the Park, and er Maids of Honour: she herself looks ill, and methinks Mrs. tewart is grown fatter, and not so fair as she was: and the uke called me to him, and discoursed a good while with me; nd, after he was gone, twice or thrice staid and called me gain to him, the whole length of the house: and at last talked f the Dutch; and I perceive do much wish that the Parliament ill find reason to fall out with them. To walk in the garden ith W. Howe, he telling me, how my Lord is little at home, inds his carding and little else, takes little notice of any ody; but that he do not think he is displeased, as I fear, ith me, but is strange to all. This day Mrs. Turner did lend e, as a rarity, a manuscript of one Mr. Wallis, writ long ago, eaching the method of building a ship, which pleases me ightily.

3d. (Lord's day.) Called up by W. Joyce,[1] he being sumonsed to the House of Lords to-morrow, for endeavouring arrest my Lady Peters[2] for a debt. In the afternoon, my wife sent for me home, to see her new laced gown; and indeed it becomes her very nobly, and is well made.

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[1] William Joyce had married Pepys's first cousin, Kate Fenner, "a omely fat woman." See 5th April, 1664.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of John Savage, second Earl Rivers, and first wife

4th. Up, and walked to my Lord Sandwich's; and there spoke with him about W. Joyce, who tells me, he would do what was fit in so tender a point. Thence to Westminster, to the Painted Chamber, and there met the two Joyces. Will in a very melancholy taking. I to the Lords' House, before they sat; and stood within it, while the Duke of York come to me and spoke to me a good while, about the new ship at Woolwich. Afterwards, I spoke with my Lord Barkeley and my Lord Peterborough about Joyce. And so staid without a good while, and saw my Lady Peters, an impudent jade, soliciting all the Lords on her behalf. And, at last, W. Joyce was called in; and, by the consequences, and what my Lord Peterborough told me, I find that he did speak all he said to his disadvantage, and so was committed to the Black Rod: which is very hard, he doing what he did by the advice of my Lord Peter's own steward. But the Serjeant of the Black Rod did direct one of his messengers to take him in custody, and peaceably conducted him to the Swan with Two Necks, in Tuttil Street, to a handsome dining-room; and there was most civilly used my uncle Fenner, and his brother Anthony [Joyce], and some other friends, being with him. But who would have thought that the fellow that I should have sworn could have spoken before all the world, should in this be so daunted, as not to know what he said, and now to cry like a child! I protest, it is very strange to observe. So away to Westminster Hall, and, meeting Mr. Coventry, he took me to his chamber, with Sir William Hickman,[1] a member of their House, and a very civill gentleman. Here we dined very plentifully, and thence to White Hall, to the Duke's, where we all met, and, after some discourse of the condition of the Fleet, in order to a Dutch war, for that, I perceive, the Duke hath a mind it should come to, we away to the office. It was a sad sight, methought, to-day to see my Lord Peters, coming out of the House, fall out with his lady, from whom he is parted, about this business, saying that she disgraced him. But she hath been a handsome woman, and is, it seems, not only a lewd woman, but very high-spirited.

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to William, fourth Lord Petre, who was, in 1678, impeached by the Commons of High Treason, and died a prisoner in the Tower, January 5th, 1683, *s. p.*

[1] Only son of Sir Willoughby Hickman, of Gainsborough, who had been created a Baronet, in 1643, and whom he succeeded in his title and estates; he was M.P. for East Retford.

5th. Up very betimes, and walked to my cozen Anthony Joyce's and thence with him to his brother Will, in Tuttil Street, where I find him pretty cheery over what he was esterday, like a coxcomb, his wife being come to him, and having had his boy with him last night. Thence back, and here spoke to several Lords, and so did his solicitor, one that W. Joyce hath promised £5 to, if he be released. Lord Peterborough presented a petition to the House from W. Joyce: and a great dispute, we hear, there was in the House, or and against it. At last, it was carried that he should be bayled till the House meets again after Easter, he giving bond or his appearance. Anon comes the King, and passed the Bill for repealing the Triennial Act, and another about Writs of Errour. I crowded in, and heard the King's speech to hem; but he speaks the worst that ever I heard man in my ife: worse than if he read it all, and he had it in writing in his hand. I to W. Joyce, with his brother, and told them all. Here was Kate come, and is a comely fat woman. I went to W. Joyce, where I find the order come, and bayle, his father and brother, given; and he paying his fees, which come to above £12, besides £5 he is to give one man, and his charges of eating and drinking here, and 10*s.* a day, as many days as he stands under bayle: which, I hope, will teach him hereafter o hold his tongue better than he used to do. This day, great numbers of merchants come to a grand committe of the House, o bring in their claims against the Dutch. I pray God guide he issue for our good!

6th. Come John Noble, my father's old servant, to speak with me. I, smelling the business, took him home; and there, ll alone, he told me how he had been serviceable to my brother Tom, in the business of getting his servant, an ugly ade, Margaret, with child. She was brought to bed in St. Sepulchre's parish of two children—one is dead, the other is live; her name Elizabeth, and goes by the name of Taylor, daughter to John Taylor. It seems, Tom did a great while rust one Cranly with the business, who daily got money of him; and, at last, finding himself abused, he broke the matter o J. Noble, upon a vow of secrecy. Tom's first plot was to go on the other side of the water, and give a beggar-woman omething to take the child. They did once go, but did nothing, J. Noble saying that seven years hence the mother might come to demand the child, and force him to produce it, r to be suspected of murder. Then I think it was that they onsulted, and got one Cave, a poor pensioner in St. Bride's parish, to take it, giving him £5, he thereby promising to keep it for ever without more charge to them. The parish hereupon indite the man Cave for bringing this child upon the parish, and by Sir Richard Browne he is sent to the Counter. Cave then writes to Tom to get him out. Tom answers him in a letter of his own hand, which J. Noble shewed me, but not signed by him, wherein he speaks of freeing him and getting security for him, but nothing as to the business of the child, or anything like it: so that, forasmuch as I could guess, there is nothing therein to my brother's prejudice as to the main point, and therefore I did not labour to tear or take away the paper. Cave being released, demands £5 more to secure my brother for ever against the child; and he was forced to give it him, and took bond of Cave in £100, made at a scrivener's—one Hudson, I think, in the old Bayly, to secure John Taylor and his assigns, &c., in consideration of £10 paid him, from all trouble, or charge of meat, drink, clothes, and breeding of Elizabeth Taylor; and it seems, in the doing of it, J. Noble was looked upon as the assignee of this John Taylor. Noble says that he furnished Tom with this money, and is also bound by another bond to pay him 20*s.* more this next Easter Monday; but nothing for either sum appears under Tom's hand. I told him how I am like to lose a great sum by his death, and would not pay any more myself, but I would speak to my father about it against the afternoon. After dinner took coach, and to Paternoster Row, and there bought a pretty silk for a petticoat for my wife. I heard to-day that the Dutch have begun with us by granting letters of mark against us; but I believe it not.

7th. To the 'Change, where everybody expects a war. Thence to dinner, where my wife got me a pleasant French fricasee of veale.

8th. Sir W. Batten and I to the alms'-house, to see the new building which he, with some ambition, is building of there, during his being Master of Trinity House; and a good work it is. Home to the only Lenten supper I have had of wiggs[1] and ale.

10th. (Lord's day.) My wife dressed herself, it being Easter-day, but I, not being so well as to go out, she, though much against her will, staid at home with me; for she had put on her new best gown, which indeed is very fine now with the lace; and this morning her taylor brought home her other new-laced silk gown with a smaller lace, and new petticoat I bought the other day: both very pretty. We spent the day in pleasant talk and company one with another, reading in Dr. Fuller's book what he says of the family of the Cliffords and Kingsmills.[1]

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[1] Bunns, still called wiggs in the West of England.

12th. To my uncle Wight's, where dined my father, poor melancholy man, that used to be as full of life as anybody, and also my aunt's brother, Mr. Sutton, a merchant in Flanders—a very sober, fine man, and Mr. Cole and his lady; but, Lord! how I used to adore that man's talk! and now methinks he is but an ordinary man. To my Lord's. There I found my Lord, and ladies, and my wife at supper. My Lord seems very kind. So home, and find my father come to lie at our house, and so supped, and saw him, poor man, to bed—my heart never being fuller of love to him, nor admiration of his prudence and pains heretofore in the world than now, to see how Tom hath carried himself in his trade; and how the poor man hath his thoughts going to provide for his younger children and my mother. But I hope they shall never want.

13th. To St. James's, where I found Mr. Coventry, the Duke being now come thither for the summer, with a goldsmith, sorting out his old plate to change for new; but, Lord! what a deal he hath!

14th. Up betimes, and, after my father's eating something, I walked out with him as far as Milk Street, he turning down to Cripplegate, to take coach; and at the end of the street I took leave, being much afraid I shall not see him here any more—he do decay so much every day.

15th. At noon to the 'Change, where I met with Mr. Hill, the little merchant, with whom, I perceive, I shall contract a musical acquaintance; but I will make it as little troublesome as I can. To the Duke's house, and there saw "The German Princesse"[2] acted by the woman herself; but never was anything so well done in earnest, worse performed in jest upon the stage. And indeed the whole play, abating the drollery of him that acts her husband, is very simple, unless, here and there, a witty sprinkle or two.

16th. With Mr. Coventry to the African House;[3] and, after a good and pleasant dinner, up with him, Sir W. Rider, the simple Povy, of all, the most ridiculous fool that ever I knew to attend to business, and Creed, and Vernatty, about my Lor Peterborough's accounts; but the more we look into them, th more we see of them that makes dispute.

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[1] Pepys had been mistaken in fancying that Fuller's *Worthies* was to be a history of all the families in England, (see *ante*, Jan. 22, 1660–1, and Feb. 10, 1661–2) and hence his disappointment, when the work came out, some months after the author's decease, at there being no mention in it of his ancestors: he then looked for the Cliffords, in hopes of finding his wife's lineage; but with no better success.

[2] By Holden. See *ante*, May 29th, 1663.

[3] The African House was in Leadenhall Street.

17th. (Lord's day.) Up, and I put on my best cloth bla suit and my velvet cloak, and with my wife in her best lace suit to Church, where we have not been these nine or te weeks. A young simple fellow did preach: slept soundly a the sermon. Our parson, Mr. Mills, his own mistake in read ing of the service, was very remarkable—that instead of saying "We beseech thee to preserve to our use the kindly fruits o the earth," he cries, "Preserve to our use our gracious Quee Katherine!"

18th. Up, and by coach to Westminster, and there solicite W. Joyce's business again; and did speak to the Duke of Yor about it, who did understand it very well. I afterwards di without the House fall in company with my Lady Peters, an endeavoured to mollify her: but she told me she would not to redeem her from hell, do anything to release him; but woul be revenged while she lived, if she lived the age of Methusalem I made many friends, and so did others. At last, it was ordere by the Lords that it should be referred to the Committee o Privileges to consider. So I away by coach to the 'Change and there do hear that a Jew hath put in a policy of four pe cent. to any man, to insure him against a Dutch war for fou months: I could find in my heart to take him at this offer To Hide Park, where I have not been since last year: where saw the King with his periwigg, but not altered at all; and my Lady Castlemaine in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and pinner on; and many brave persons. And myself, being in hackney and full of people, was ashamed to be seen by th world, many of them knowing me.

19th. To the Physique Garden in St. James's Parke; where I first saw orange trees, and other fine trees.

20th. Mr. Coventry told me how the Committee for Trad have received now all the complaints of the merchants agains the Dutch, and were resolved to report very highly the wrong they have done us, when, God knows! it is only our ow negligence and laziness that hath done us the wrong: and thi to be made to the House to-morrow.

21st. At the Lords' House heard that it is ordered, that, upo submission upon the knee, both to the House and my Lad Peters, W. Joyce shall be released. I forthwith made hi submit, and ask pardon upon his knees; which he did befor everal Lords. But my Lady would not hear it; but swore she vould post the Lords, that the world might know what pitifull Lords the King hath; and that revenge was sweeter to her than nilk; and that she would never be satisfied unless he stood in pillory, and demand pardon there. But I perceive the Lords re ashamed of her. I find that the House this day have voted hat the King be desired to demand right for the wrong done s by the Dutch, and that they will stand by him with their ives and fortunes: which is a very high vote, and more than I xpected. What the issue will be, God knows!

22d. I was called up this morning before four o'clock. It ras full light enough to dress myself, and so by water against ide, it being a little coole, to Greenwich; and thence, only that was somewhat foggy till the sun got to some height, walked rith great pleasure to Woolwich, in my way staying several imes to listen to the nightingales. Thence home, and by coach Mrs. Turner's, and there, after reading part of a good play, Irs. The., my wife, and I, in their coach to Hide Parke, where reat plenty of gallants, and pleasant it was, only for the dust. Iere I saw Mrs. Bendy, my Lady Spillman's fair daughter that ras, who continues yet very handsome. Many others I saw rith great content, and so home. I did also carry them into t. James's Parke, and showed them the garden.

23d. (Coronation day.) I met with Mr. Coventry, who himelf is now full of talk of a Dutch war; for it seems the Lords ave concurred in the Commons' vote about it; and so the ext week it will be presented to the King, insomuch that he o desire we would look about to see what stores we lack, and uy what we can. Home to dinner, where I and my wife much roubled about my money that is in my Lord Sandwich's hand, r fear of his going to sea, and being killed: but I will get hat out of it I can.

25th. The Duke, which gives me great good hopes, do talk f setting up a good discipline in the Fleet. In the Duke's hamber there is a bird, given him by Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, ome from the East Indys—black the greatest part, with the nest collar of white about the neck; but talks many things, nd neyes like the horse and other things, the best almost that ver I heard bird in my life. To my Lord Sandwich's, where y agreement I met my wife, and there dined with the young dies; my Lady, being not well, kept her chamber. Much mple discourse at table among the young ladies. After dinner alked in the garden, talking with Mr. Moore about my Lord's usiness. He told me my Lord runs in debt every day more and more, and takes little care how to come out of it. He counted to me how my Lord pays use now for above £9,000, which is a sad thing, especially considering the probability of his going to sea, in great danger of his life, and his children, many of them, to provide for. Thence, the young ladies going out to visit, I took my wife by coach out through the city, discoursing how to spend the afternoon; and conquered, with much ado, a desire of going to the play; but took her out at White Chapel, and took her out to Bednal Green; so to Hackney, where I have not been many a year, since a little child I boarded there. Thence to Kingsland by my nurse's house, Goody Lawrence, where my brother Tom and I was kept when young. Then to Newington Green, and saw the outside of Mrs. Herbert's house, where she lived, and my aunt Ellen with her; but, Lord! how in every point I find myself to over-value things when a child. Thence to Islington, and so to St. John's to the Red Bull, and there saw the latter part of a rude prize fought; and thence back to Islington, and at the King's Head, where Pitts lived, we 'light, and eat and drunk for remembrance of the old house sake; and so through Kingsland again, and so to Bishopsgate, and so home with great pleasure. The country mighty pleasant—only a little troubled at the young ladies leaving my wife so to-day, and from some passages fearing my Lady might be offended. But I hope for the best.

26th. Saw W. Joyce; and the late business hath cost the poor man above £40; besides, he is likely to lose his debt. Lady Peters, Creed says, is a drunken jade, he himself having seen her drunk in the lobby of the House. With my Lord to the Duke. Methought the Duke did not show him any so great fondness as he was wont; and methought my Lord was not pleased that I should see the Duke made no more of him. Creed and I walked round the Parke—a pleasant walk—observing the birds, which is very pleasant: and so walked to the New Exchange, and there had a most delicate dish of curds and cream. Home to the Old Exchange by coach, where great news and true, I saw by written letters, of strange fires seen at Amsterdam in the ayre—and not only there, but in other places thereabouts. The talk of a Dutch war is not so hot, but yet I fear it will come to it. My wife gone this afternoon to the buriall of my she-cozen Scott, a good woman: and it is a sad consideration how the Pepys's decay, and nobody almost that I know in a present way of encreasing them.

27th. Home with Alderman Backewell, whose opinion is that the Dutch will not give over the business without putting us to some trouble to set out a fleet; and then, if they see we go on well, will seek to salve up the matter. Met Mr. Sanchy, of Cambridge, whom I have not met a great while. He seems a simple fellow, and tells me their Master,[1] Dr. Rainbow, is newly made Bishop of Carlisle. This day the Houses attended the King, and delivered their votes to him upon the business of the Dutch; and he thanks them, and promises an answer in writing.

29th. To see my Lady Sandwich, where we find all the children, and my Lord recovered, and the house so melancholy, that I thought my Lady had been dead, knowing that she was not well; but it seems she hath the meazles, and I fear the small-pox, poor lady. It grieves me mightily; for it will be a sad hour to the family should she miscarry.

30th. My Lord Bristoll's business is hushed up, and nothing made of it—he is gone, and the discourse in that ended.

May 2d. By coach to the King's Play-house to see "The Labyrinth,"[2] but, coming too soon, walked to my Lord's to hear how my Lady do—who is pretty well; at least, past all fear. There by Captain Ferrers, meeting with an opportunity of my Lord's coach, to carry us to the Parke anon, we directed it to come to the play-house door; and so we walked, my wife, and I, and Mademoiselle. I paid for her going in, and there saw "The Labyrinth," the prettiest play, methinks, that ever I saw, there being nothing in it but the odd accidents that fell out, by a lady's being bred up in man's apparel, and a man in woman's. Here was Mrs. Stewart, who is indeed very pretty, but not like my Lady Castlemaine, for all that. Thence in the coach to the Parke, where no pleasure; there being much dust, little company, and one of our horses almost spoiled by falling down; but all mended presently, and, after riding up and down, home. Set Mademoiselle at home, and we home, and to my office, whither comes Mr. Bland, and paid me the debt he acknowledged he owed me for my service in his business of the Tangier merchant—twenty pieces of new gold, a pleasant sight. It cheered my heart; and, he being gone, I home to supper, and shewed them my wife; and she, poor wretch, would fain have kept them to look on, without any other design but a simple love to them; but I thought it not convenient, and so took them into my own hand.

3d. To Mr. Coventry's chamber, and there upon my Lord Peterborough's account, where I endeavoured to show the folly, and punish it as much as I could of Mr. Povy; for, of all the men in the world, I never knew any man of his degree so great a coxcomb in such imployments. I see I have lost him for ever, but I value it not; for he is a coxcomb, and, I doubt, not over-honest, by some things which I see; and yet, for all his folly, he hath the good luck, now and then, to speak his follies in so good words, and with as good a shew, as if it were reason, and to the purpose. To Westminster Hall; and there, in the Lords' House, did in a great crowd, from ten o'clock till almost three, hear the cause of Mr. Roberts,[1] my Lord Privy Seale's son, against Win, who by false ways did get the father of Mr. Roberts's wife, Mr. Bodvil, to give him the estate and disinherit his daughter. The cause was managed for my Lord Privy Seale by Finch, the Solicitor General; but I do really think that he is a man of as great eloquence as ever I heard, or ever hope to hear in all my life. Mr. Cutler told me how for certain Lawson hath proclaimed war again with Algiers, though they had, at his first coming, given back the ships which they had taken, and all their men; though they refused afterwards to make him restitution for the goods which they had taken out of them. I went with Mr. Norbury, near hand to the Fleece, a mum-house in Leadenhall, and there drunk mum,[2] and by and by broke up.

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[1] Of Magdalene College. See *ante*, April 8, 1663.

[2] Or, "The Fatal Embarrassment," taken from Corneille.

4th. To my cozen Scott's. There condoled with him the loss of my cozen, his wife, and talked about his matters, as attorney to my father, in his administering to my brother Tom. He tells me we are like to receive some shame about the business of his bastarde with Jack Noble; but no matter, so it cost us no money. The plague increases at Amsterdam.

5th. My eyes beginning every day to grow less and less able to bear with long reading or writing, though it be by daylight; which I never observed till now.

8th. (Lord's day.) This day, my new tailor, Mr. Langford, brought me home a new black cloth suit and cloak lined with silk moyre.

9th. To my Lady Sandwich's, who, good Lady, is now, thanks be to God! so well as to sit up, and sent to us, if we were not afraid to come up to her. So we did; but she was mightily against my wife's coming so near her; though, poor wretch! she is as well as ever she was, as to the meazles, and nothing can I see upon her face. There we sat talking with her above three hours, till six o'clock, of several things, with great pleasure, and so away.

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[1] See the Lords' Journals of the day.

[2] Mum was a wholesome kind of malt-liquor prepared in Germany. The receipt for making it is given in Rees's *Encyclopædia*. One of Andrew Yarranton's wild schemes, at this time, was to bring the mum trade from Brunswick, and fix it at Stratford-on-Avon. See his *England's Improvements*.

13th. Up before three o'clock, and a little after upon the water, it being very light as at noon, and a bright sun-rising; but by and by a rainbow appeared, the first that ever in a morning I saw. In the Painted Chamber I heard a fine conference between some of the two Houses upon the Bill for Conventicles. The Lords would be freed from having their houses searched by any but the Lord Lieutenant of the County; and, upon being found guilty, to be tried only by their peers; and, thirdly, would have it added, that whereas the Bill says, "That that, among other things, shall be a conventicle wherein any such meeting is found doing any thing contrary to the Liturgy of the Church of England," they would have it added "or practice." The Commons to the Lords said, that they knew not what might hereafter be found out which might be called the practice of the Church of England, which were never established by any law, either common, statute, or canon; as singing of psalms, binding up prayers at the end of the Bible, and praying extempore before and after sermon: and though these are things indifferent, yet things, for aught they at present know, may be started, which may be said to be the practice of the Church which would not be fit to allow. For the Lords' priviledges, Mr. Waller told them how tender their predecessors had been of the priviledges of the Lords; but, however, where the peace of the kingdom stands in competition with them, they apprehend those priviledges must give place. He told them that he thought, if they should own all to be the priviledges of the Lords which might be demanded, they should be led like the man, who granted leave to his neighbour to pull off his horse's tail, meaning that he could not do it at once, that hair by hair had his horse's tail pulled off indeed: so the Commons, by granting one thing after another, might be served by the Lords. Mr. Vaughan, whom I could not to my grief perfectly hear, did say, if that they should be obliged in this manner to exempt the Lords from everything, it would in time come to pass that whatever, be it ever so great, should be voted by the Commons as a thing penall for a commoner, the contrary should be thought a priviledge to the Lords: that also, in this business, the work of an hour, the cause of a search would be over before a Lord Lieutenant, who may be many miles off, can be sent for; and that all this dispute is but about £100; for it is said in the Act, that it shall be banishment or payment of £100. I thereupon heard the Duke of Lennox say, that there might be Lords who could not always be ready to lose £100, or some such thing. They broke up without coming to any end in it There was also in the Commons' House a great quarrell about Mr. Prin, and it was believed that he should have been sent to the Tower, for adding something to a Bill, after it was ordered to be engrossed, of his own head—a Bill for measures for wine and other things of that sort, and a Bill of his own bringing in; but it appeared he could not mean any hurt in it. But, however, the King was fain to write in his behalf, and all was passed over. But it is worth my remembrance, that I saw old Ryly,[1] the Herald, and his son, and spoke to his son, who told me, in very bad words concerning Mr. Prin, that the King had given him an office of keeping the Records: but that he never comes thither, nor had been there these six months: so that I perceive they expect to get his employment from him. Thus every body is liable to be envied and supplanted.

16th. With Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, to see an experiment of killing a dog, by letting opium into his hind-leg. He and Dr. Clerke did fail mightily in hitting the vein, and in effect did not do the business after many trials; but, with the little they got in the dog did presently fall asleep, and so lay till we cut him up, and a little dog also, which they put it down his throat—he also staggered first, and then fell asleep, and so continued. Whether he recovered or no, after I was gone, I know not.

18th. A pretty cabinet sent me by Mr. Shales,[2] which I give my wife, and very conveniently it comes for her closet.

19th. To a Committee of Tangier; where God forgive how our Report of my Lord Peterborough's accounts was read over and agreed to by the Lords, without one of them understanding it! And, had it been what it would, it had gone: and, esides, not one thing touching the King's profit in it minded r hit upon.

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[1] At the Restoration, William Ryley had been deprived of all his posts, including the office of Clerk of the Tower Records, which was given to Prynne. Ryley was originally made Lancaster Herald by Charles I., but he sided with the Parliament, and devoted himself to Oliver Cromwell. He was fortunate in being afterwards restored to the post of Lancaster Herald, which he held till his death, in 1667, though he failed in getting back Prynne's appointment. By his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Anthony Chester, Bart., of Chichley, Bucks, Ryley had a numerous issue. Perhaps the son here mentioned was William Ryley, described by Prynne as of the Inner Temple, in 1662. See note to Dec. 7, 1661, *ante*.

[2] Captain John Shales.

20th. Mr. Edward Montagu is turned out of the Court, not o return again. His fault, I perceive, was his pride, and, nost of all, his affecting to be great with the Queen; and it eems indeed he had more of her ear than everybody else, nd would be with her talking alone two or three hours ogether; insomuch that the Lords about the King, when he vould be jesting with them about their wives, would tell the ing that he must have a care of his wife too, for she hath now he gallant: and they say the King himself did once ask Montagu ow his mistress, meaning the Queen, did.[1] He grew so proud, nd despised every body, besides suffering nobody, he or she, o get to do anything about the Queen, that they all laboured o do him a good turn. They all say that he did give some ffront to the Duke of Monmouth, which the King himself lid speak to him of. But strange it is that this man should, rom the greatest negligence in the world, come to be the niracle of attendance: so as to take all offices from everyody, either men or women, about the Queen. So he is gone, obody pitying, but laughing at him; and he pretends only that e is gone to his father, that is sick in the country.

22d. (Lord's day.) To White Hall. Here the Duke of ork called me to him, to ask me whether I did intend to go vith him to Chatham or no. I told him if he commanded, ut I did believe there would be business here for me, and so e told me then it would be better to stay. After staying, and eeing the throng of people to attend the King to Chapel, ut, Lord! what a company of sad, idle people they are.

23d. The King is gone down with the Duke and a great rew this morning by break of day to Chatham.

24th. This day I heard that my uncle Fenner is dead, which nakes me a little sad, to see with what speed a great many of ny friends are gone, and more, I fear, for my father's sake, re going.

25th. This afternoon come Tom and Charles Pepys[2] by ny sending for, and received of me £40 in part towards heir £70 legacy of my uncle's.

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[1] See 23rd Dec., 1662. Boyer, in his *Life of Queen Anne*, says that he vas dismissed for offending her Majesty by squeezing her hand. He is nentioned in the *State Poems*:—

> "——Montagu, by court disaster,
> Dwindled into the wooden horse's master."
> *Advice to a Painter*, Part i.

[2] Charles Pepys was, in 1689, Master Joiner at Chatham.

26th. Carried my wife to the Old Bayly, and there we were led to the Quest House, by the Church, where all the kindred were by themselves at the burial of my uncle Fenner; but, Lord! what a pitiful rout of people there was of them, but very good service, and great company the whole was. And so anon to Church, and a good sermon, and so home.

27th. To comfort my heart, Captain Taylor this day brought me £20 he promised me, for my assistance to him about his masts.

29th. (Whit Sunday.) King's birth and Restoration day. Mr. Coventry and I did long discourse together of the business of the office, and the war with the Dutch; and he seemed to argue mightily upon the little reason that there is for all this. For, first, as to the wrong we pretend they have done us: that of the East Indys, for their not delivering of Poleron,[1] it is not yet known whether they have failed or no; that of their hindering the Leopard cannot amount to above £3,000, if true; that of the Guinny Company, all they had done us did not amount to above 2 or £300 he told me truly; and that now, from what Holmes, without any commission, hath done in taking an island and two forts, hath set us much in debt to them and he believes that Holmes will have been so puffed up with this, that he by this time hath, being reinforced with more strength than he had then, hath, I say, done a great deal more wrong to them. He do, as to the effect of the war, tell me clearly that it is not any skill of the Dutch that can hinder our trade if we will, we having so many advantages over them, of winds, good ports, and men; but it is our pride, and the laziness of the merchant. The main thing he desired to speak with me about was, to understand my Lord Sandwich's intentions as to going to sea with this fleet; saying, that the Duke, if he desires it, is most willing to do it; but, thinking that twelve ships is not a fleet fit for my Lord to be troubled to go out with, he is not willing to offer it to him till he hath some intimations of his mind to go or not. He spoke this with very great respect to my Lord, though methinks it is strange they should not understand one another better at this time than to need another's meditation. To the King's closet; whither by and by the King come, my Lord Sandwich carrying the sword. A Bishop preached, but he speaking too low for me to hear. By and by my Lord Sandwich come forth, and called me to him: and we fell into discourse a great while about his business, wherein he seems to be very open with me, and to receive my opinion as he used to do: and I hope I shall become necessary to him again. He desired me to think of the fitness, or not, for him to offer himself to go to sea; and to give him my thoughts in a day or two. Thence after sermon among the ladies in the Queen's side; where I saw Mrs. Stewart, very fine and pretty, but far beneath my Lady Castlemaine. Thence with Mr. Povy[1] home to dinner; where extraordinary cheer. And after dinner up and down to see his house. And in a word, methinks, for his perspective in the little closet; his room floored above with woods of several colours, like but above the best cabinet-work I ever saw; his grotto and vault, with his bottles of wine, and a well therein to keep them cool; his furniture of all sorts; his bath at the top of the house, good pictures, and his manner of eating and drinking; do surpass all that ever I did see of one man in all my life.

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[1] One of the Banda Islands, which had acknowledged James I. as its sovereign, but was afterwards forcibly seized by the Dutch.

31st. To my Lord, and to discourse about his going to sea, nd the message I had from Mr. Coventry to him. He wonlers, as he well may, that this course should be taken, and he very day with the Duke, who, nevertheless, seems most riendly to him, who hath not yet spoke one word to my Lord f his desire to have him go to sea. My Lord do tell me learly that were it not that he, as all other men that were of he Parliament side, are obnoxious to reproach, and so is orced to bear what otherwise he would not, he would never uffer everything to be done in the Navy, and he never be onsulted; and it seems, in the naming of all these Comnanders for this fleet, he hath never been asked one question. ut we concluded it wholly inconsistent with his honour not to o with this fleet, nor with the reputation which the world hath f his interest at Court; and so he did give me commission to ell Mr. Coventry that he is most willing to receive any comnands from the Duke in this fleet, were it less than it is, and hat particularly in this service. With this message I parted, nd by coach to the office, where I found Mr. Coventry, and old him this. Methought, I confess, he did not seem so leased with it as I expected, or at least could have wished, nd asked me whether I had told my Lord that the Duke do ot expect his going, which I told him I had. To St. James's, one Lady Poultny's,[2] where I found my Lord, I doubt, at some vain pleasure or other. I was told to-day, that, upon Sunday night last, being the King's birth-day, the King was at my Lady Castlemaine's lodgings, over the hither-gate at Lambert's lodgings, dancing with fiddlers all night almost; and all the world coming by taking notice of it.

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[1] Evelyn in his *Diary*, July 1, 1664, mentions Povy's house in Lincoln's n.

[2] This lady was Grace, youngest daughter of Sir John Corbet, of Stoke, alop, who had married Sir William Poulteney, of Mesterton, in Leicesrshire, who was knighted at Whitehall, 4th June, 1660. See more about m, 10th Jan., 1659–60, note.

June 1st. By water to Woolwich, all the way reading Mr. Spencer's[1] book of Prodigys, which is most ingeniously writ, both for matter and stile. Southwell,[2] Sir W. Pen's friend, tells me the very sad newes of my Lord Teviott's and nineteen more commission officers being killed at Tangier by the Moores,[3] by an ambush of the enemy upon them, while they were surveying their lines: which is very sad, and he says afflicts the King much. To the King's house, and saw "The Silent Woman;" but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder.[4]

2d. To a Committee of Tangier about providing provisions, money, and men; but it is strange to see how poorly and brokenly things are done of the greatest consequence, and how soon the memory of this great man is gone, or, at least, out of mind by the thoughts of who goes next, which is not yet known. My Lord of Oxford, Muskerry, and several others, are discoursed of. It seems my Lord Teviott's design was to go a mile and half out of the town, to cut down a wood in which the enemy did use to lie in ambush. He had sent several spyes; but all brought word that the way was clear, and so might be for anybody's discovery of an enemy before you are upon them. There they were all snapt, he and all his officers, and about two hundred men, as they say; there being left now in the garrison but four captains. This happened the 3d of May last, being not before that day twelvemonth of his entering into his government there: but, at his going out in the morning, he said to some of his officers, "Gentlemen, let us look to ourselves, for it was this day three years that so many brave Englishmen were knocked on the head by the Moores, when Fines[1] made his sally out."

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[1] John Spencer, D.D., who died in 1695, was also the author of a celebrated work, *De Legibus Hebræorum*. His *Discourse concerning Prodigies* first appeared in 1663; the 2d edition, of 1665, contains likewise a *Discourse concerning Vulgar Prophecies*.

[2] Afterwards Sir Robert Southwell.

[3] The particulars of the loss at Tangier are given in *The Intelligencer*, 6th June, 1664.

[4] The Blackfriars Theatre was entirely roofed over, and had a pit, instead of a mere enclosed yard; whilst the stage portion alone of the public playhouses was protected from the weather. The house was lighted by a cupola.

3d. At the Committee for Tangier all the afternoon—the Duke of York and Mr. Coventry, for ought I see, being the only two that do anything like men; Prince Rupert do nothing but swear and laugh, with an oath or two.

4th. I went forth with J. Noble, who tells me that he will secure us against Cave—that though he knows, and can prove it, yet nobody else can prove it, to be Tom's child; that the bond was made by one Hudson, a scrivener, next to the Fountain taverne, in the Old Bayly; that the children were born, and christened, and entered in the parish-book of St. Sepulchre's, by the name of Anne and Elizabeth Taylor; and he will give us security against Cave if we pay him the money. To the Duke, and was giving him an account how matters go, and of the necessity there is of a power to presse seamen, without which we cannot really raise men for this fleet of twelve sail, besides that it will assert the King's power of pressing, which at present is somewhat doubted, and will make the Dutch believe that we are in earnest. To the Committee of Tangier all afternoon, where still the same confused doings, and my Lord FitzHarding now added to the Committee, which will signify much. Mr. Coventry discoursing this noon about Sir W. Batten, what a sad fellow he is, told me how the King told him the other day how Sir W. Batten, being in the ship with him and Prince Rupert when they expected to fight with Warwicke, did walk up and down sweating, with a napkin under his throat to dry up his sweat: and that Prince Rupert, being a most jealous man, and particularly of Batten, do walk up and down swearing bloodily to the King, that Batten had a mind to betray them to-day, and that the napkin was a signal: "but, by God," says he, "if things go ill, the first thing I will do is to shoot him." He discoursed largely and bravely to me concerning the different sort of valours, the active and passive valour. For the latter, he brought as an instance General Blake, who, in the defending of Taunton and Lyme for the Parliament, did, through his sober sort of valour, defend it the most *opiniastrément* that ever any man did anything; and yet never was the man that ever made an attaque by land or sea, but rather avoyded it on all, even fair occasions. On the other side, Prince Rupert, the boldest attaquer in the world for personal courage: and yet, in the defending of Bristol, no man ever did any thing worse, he wanting the patience and seasoned head to consult and advise for defence, and to bear with the evils of a siege. The like he says of my Lord Teviott, who was the boldest adventurer of his person in the world: and from a mean man in few years was come to this greatness of command and repute only by the death of all his officers, he many times having the luck of being the only survivor of them all, by venturing upon services for the King of France that nobody else would; and yet no man upon a defence, he being all fury and of no judgment in a fight. He tells me, above all, of the Duke of York, that he is more himself and more of judgment is at hand in him, in the middle of a desperate service, than at other times, as appeared in the business of Dunkirke, wherein no man ever did braver things, or was in hotter service in the close of that day, being surrounded with enemies; and then, contrary to the advice of all about him, his counsel carried himself and the rest through them safe, by advising that he might make his passage with but a dozen with him; "For," says he, "the enemy cannot move after me so fast with a great body, and with a small one we shall be enough to deal with them:" and, though he is a man naturally martiall to the hottest degree, yet a man that never in his life talks one word of himself or service of his own, but only that he saw such or such a thing, and lays it down for a maxime that a Hector can have no courage. He told me also, as a great instance of some men, that the Prince of Condé's excellence is, that there not being a more furious man in the world, danger in fight never disturbs him more than just to make him civill, and to command in words of great obligation to his officers and men; but without any the least disturbance in his judgment or spirit.

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[1] Major Fiennes, whose regiment formed part of the garrison at Tangier.

6th. By barge with Sir W. Batten to Trinity House. Here were my Lord Sandwich, Mr. Coventry, my Lord Craven, and others. A great dinner and good company. Mr. Prin, also, who would not drink any health, no, not the King's, but sat down with his hat on all the while; but nobody took notice of it to him at all.

8th. With Creed talking of many things, among others of my Lord's going so often to Chelsey, and he do tell me that his daughters do perceive all, and do hate the place and the young woman, Mrs. Betty Becke; for my Lord who sent them thither only for a disguise for his going thither, will come under a pretence to see them, and pack them out of doors to the Parke, and stay behind with her: but now the young ladies are gone to their mother to Kensington.

11th. With my wife only to take the ayre, it being very warm and pleasant, to Bowe and Old Ford: and thence to Hackney. There light, and played at shuffle-board, eat cream and good cherries: and so with good refreshment home.

13th. Spent the whole morning reading of some old Navy books; wherein the order that was observed in the Navy then, above what it is now, is very observable. Mr. Coventry did talk of a History of the Navy of England, how fit it were to be writ; and he did say that it hath been in his mind to propose to me the writing of the History of the late Dutch war, which I am glad to hear, it being a thing I much desire, and sorts mightily with my genius; and, if done well, may recommend me much. So he says he will get me an order for making of searches to all records, &c., in order thereto, and I shall take great delight in doing of it.

14th. By coach to Kensington. In the way overtaking Mr. Laxton, the apothecary, with his wife and daughters—very fine young lasses—in a coach; and so both of us to my Lady Sandwich, who hath lain this fortnight here, at Deane Hodges's.[1] Much company come hither to-day—my Lady Carteret, &c., Sir William Wheeler and his lady, and, above all, Mr. Becke, of Chelsey, and wife and daughter, my Lord's mistress, and one that hath not one good feature in her face, and yet is a fine lady, of a fine taille, and very well carriaged, and mighty discreet. I took all the occasion I could to discourse with the young ladies in her company to give occasion to her to talk, which now and then she did, and that mighty finely, and is, I perceive, a woman of such an ayre, as I wonder the less at my Lord's favour to her, and I dare warrant him she hath brains enough to entangle him. Two or three hours we were in her company, going into Sir H. Finche's garden,[2] and seeing the fountayne, and singing there with the ladies, and a mighty fine cool place it is, with a great laver of water in the middle, and the bravest place for musick I ever heard. After much mirth, discoursing to the ladies in defence of the city against the country or court, and giving them occasion to invite themselves to-morrow to me to dinner to my venison pasty, I got their mother's leave, and so good night, very well pleased with my day's work, and, above all, that I have seen my Lord's mistress.

15th. I got Captain Witham to tell me the whole story of my

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[1] Thomas Hodges, vicar of Kensington and rector of St. Peter's, Cornhill. He had been, in September, 1661, preferred to the Deanery of Hereford, which he held with his two livings till his death, in 1672.

[2] Now Kensington Gardens.

Lord Teviott's misfortune; for he was upon the guard with his horse near the towne, when at a distance he saw the enemy appear upon a hill, a mile and half off, and made up to them, and with much ado escaped himself; but what become of my Lord he neither knows nor thinks that anybody but the enemy can tell. Our loss was about four hundred. But he tells me that the greater wonder is, that my Lord Teviott met no sooner with such a disaster; for every day he did commit himself to more probable danger than this, for now he had the assurance of all his scouts that there was no enemy thereabouts; whereas, he used every day to go out with two or three with him, to make his discoveries in greater danger, and yet the man that could not endure to have anybody else to go a step out of order to endanger himself. He concludes him to be the man of the hardest fate to lose so much honour at one blow that ever was. His relation being done, he parted; and I home. At home, to look after things for dinner. And anon at noon comes Mr. Creed by chance, and by and by the three young ladies: and very merry we were with our pasty, very well baked; and a good dish of roasted chickens; pease, lobsters, strawberries. And after dinner to cards: and about five o'clock, by water down to Greenwich; and up to the top of the hill, and there played upon the ground at cards. And so to the Cherry Garden,[1] and then by water singing finely to the Bridge, and there landed[2]; and so took boat again, and to Somerset House. And by this time, the tide being against us, it was past ten of the clock; and such a troublesome passage, in regard to my Lady Paulina's fearfullness, that in all my life I never did see any poor wretch in that condition. Being come hither, there waited for them their coach; but, it being so late, I doubted what to do how to get them home. After half an hour's stay in the street, I sent my wife home by coach with Mr. Creed's boy: and myself and Creed in the coach home with them. But, Lord! the fear that my Lady Paulina was in every step of the way: and indeed, at this time of the night, it was no safe thing to go that road; so that I was even afraid myself, though I appeared otherwise.[3] We come safe, however, to their house; where we knocked them up, my Lady and all the family being in bed. So put them into doors; and, leaving them with the maids, bade them good night. Then into the town[1]—Creed and I, it being about twelve o'clock and past: and to several houses—inns, but could get no lodging, all being in bed. At last, we found some people drinking and roaring; and, after drinking, got an ill bed.

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[1] The Cherry Garden was at Rotherhide.

[2] To avoid danger of what was called "shooting the bridge." See *ante*, 8th Aug., 1662, note.

[3] We have here a curious picture of the dreadful state of the streets in London in 1664. No improvement of what they were a century before, when they were described as "very foul, full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noxious," (Knight's *London*, v. i., p. 26) appears to have taken place. The alarm of Lady Paulina and Pepys at night was not surprising.

16th. I lay in my drawers, and stockings, and waistcoat till five of the clock, and so up; and, being well pleased with our frolick, walked to Knightsbridge, and there eat a mess of cream, and so to St. James's, and I to Whitehall, and took coach, and found my wife well got home last night, and now in bed. The talk upon the 'Change is, that De Ruyter is dead, with fifty men of his own ship, of the plague, at Cales: that the Holland Embassador here do endeavour to sweeten us with fair words; and things like to be peaceable. With my cozen Richard Pepys upon the 'Change, about supplying us with bewpers[2] from Norwich, which I should be glad of, if cheap.

20th. I to the Duke, where we did our usual business. And among other discourse of the Dutch, he was merrily saying how they print that Prince Rupert, Duke of Albemarle, and my Lord Sandwich, are to be Generalls: and soon after is to follow them "Vieux Pen": and so the Duke called him in mirth Old Pen.[3] They have, it seems, lately wrote to the King, to assure him that their setting-out ships was only to defend their fishing-trade, and to stay near home—not to annoy the King's subjects; and to desire that he would do the like with his ships: which the King laughs at, but yet is troubled they should think him such a child, to suffer them to bring home their fish and East India Company's ships, and then they will not care for us. Meeting Pickering, he tells us how my Lady last week went to see Mrs. Becke, the mother; and by and by the daughter come in, but that my Lady do say herself, as he says, that she knew not for what reason, for she never knew they had a daughter, which I do not believe. She was troubled, and her heart did rise as soon as she appeared, and seems the most ugly woman that ever she saw. This, if true, were strange, but I believe it is not. To my Lord's lodging, and was merry with the young ladies, who make a great story of their appearing before their mother the morning after we carried them, the last week, home so late; and that their mother took it very well, at least, without any anger. Here I heard how the rich widow, my Lady Gold, is married to one Neale,[1] after he had received a box on the eare by her brother,[2] who was there a sentinel, in behalf of some courtier, at the door; but made him draw, and wounded him. She called Neale up to her, and sent for a priest, married presently, and went to bed. The brother sent to the Court, and had a serjeant sent for Neale; but Neale sent for him up to be seen in bed, and she owned him for her husband: and so all is past. It seems Sir H. Bennet did look after her. My Lady very pleasant. After dinner come in Sir Thomas Crewe and Mr. Sidney [Montagu], lately come from France, who is grown a little, and a pretty youth he is, but not so improved as they did give him out to be, but like a child still. But yet I can perceive he hath good parts and good inclinations.

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[1] Kensington.

[2] This word is used by Spencer for companions or equals. Mr. Goddard Johnson, of Norwich, suggests that pieces of cloth, each containing twenty-ive yards, were known by the name of *beaupers;* but the word has fallen nto disuse. It appears from one of the Pepys papers, of a later date, that bewpers were used as a material for flags.

[3] He was only forty-two years of age.

21st. Meeting Mr. Moore, I perceive by him my Lord's business of his family and estate goes very ill, and runs in debt mightily. I would to God I were clear of it, both as to my own money and the bond of £1,000, which I stand debtor for him in, to my cozen Thomas Pepys.

22d. To the 'Change and Coffee House, where great talk of the Dutch preparing of sixty sail of ships. The plague grows mightily among them, both at sea and land.

23d. W. Howe was with me this afternoon, to desire some things to be got ready for my Lord against his going down to his ship, which will be soon; for it seems the King and both the Queens intend to visit him. The Lord knows how my Lord will get out of this charge; for Mr. Moore tells me to-day that he is £10,000 in debt: and this will, with many other things, that daily grow upon him, while he minds his pleasure as he do, set him further backward.

24th. To the City granarys, where, it seems, every company have their granary,[3] and obliged to keep such a quantity of corne always there, or, at a time of scarcity, to issue it at so much a bushell: and a fine thing it is to see their stores of all sorts, for piles for the bridge, and for pipes. To White Hall; and Mr. Pierce showed me the Queen's bed-chamber, and her closet, where she had nothing but some pretty pious pictures, and books of devotion; and her holy water at her head as she sleeps, with a clock by her bed-side, wherein a lamp burns that ells her the time of the night at any time. Thence with him o the Park, and there met the Queen coming from Chapell, with her Maids of Honour, all in silver-lace gowns again; which s new to me, and that which I did not think would have been brought up again. Thence he carried me to the King's closet: where such variety of pictures, and other things of value and rarity, that I was properly confounded, and enjoyed no pleasure n the sight of them; which is the only time in my life that ever I was so at a loss for pleasure, in the greatest plenty of objects o give it me.

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[1] Thomas Neale.

[2] She had four brothers.

[3] From the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII., or perhaps earlier, it was the custom of the City of London to provide against scarcity, by requiring each of the chartered Companies to keep in store a certain quantity of corn, which was to be renewed from time to time, and when required for that purpose, produced in the market for sale, at such times and prices, and in such quantities, as the Lord Mayor or Common Council should direct; see the report of a case in the Court of Chancery, "Attorney-General v. Haberdashers' Company." Mylne and Keen's *Reports*, vol. i., p. 420.

26th. (Lord's day.) At my Lord Sandwich's; where his little daughter, my Lady Katherine, was brought, who is lately come from my father's at Brampton, to have her cheeke looked after, which is and hath long been sore. But my Lord will rather have it be as it is, with a scarr in her face, than endanger it being worse by tampering. I went home, and with Creed called at several churches, which, God knows, are supplied with very young men, and the churches very empty; and at our own church looked in, and there heard one preach whom Sir William Pen brought, which he desired us yesterday to hear, that had been his chaplain in Ireland: a very silly fellow. After dinner, a frolick took us, we would this afternoon to the Hope; so my wife dressed herself, and, with good victuals and drink, we took boat presently, and the tide with us, got down, but it was night, and the tide spent by the time we got to Gravesend: so there we stopped, but went not on shore, only Creed, to get some cherries, and send a letter to the Hope, where the Fleet lies. And so, it being rainy, and thundering mightily, and lightning, we returned with great pleasure home, bout twelve o'clock—Creed telling pretty stories in the boat. He lay with me all night.

27th. To Paul's Churchyard, and there saw Sir Harry Spillman's book,[1] and I bespoke it and others.

28th. Put on a half shirt first this summer, it being very hot; nd yet so ill-tempered I am grown, that I am afraid I shall atch cold, while all the world is afraid to melt away. To the

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[1] Glossarium Archæologicum.

Mitre, and there comes Dr. Burnett to us; and there I begun to have his advice about my disease, and then invited him to my house; and I am resolved to put myself into his hands.

29th. Mr. Shepley tells me how my brave dog I did give him, going out betimes one morning, to Huntingdon, was set upon by five other dogs, and worried to pieces, of which I am a little, and he the most sorry I ever saw man for such a thing. To Westminster, to see Deane Honiwood,[1] whom I had not visited a great while. He is a good-natured, but a very weak man, yet a Deane, and a man in great esteem. My Lady[2] and I sat two hours alone, talking of the condition of her family's being greatly in debt, and many children now coming up to provide for. I did give her my sense very plainly of it, which she took well, and carried further than myself, to the bemoaning their condition, and remembering how finely things were ordered about six years ago, when I lived there, and my Lord at sea every year.

30th. By water to Woolwich, and walked back from Woolwich to Greenwich all alone; saw a man that had a cudgell in his hand, and, though he told me he laboured in the King's yard, and many other good arguments that he is an honest man, yet, God forgive me! I did doubt he might knock me on the head behind with his club. But I got safe home. Great doubts yet whether the Dutch war go on or no. The Fleet ready in the Hope, of twelve sail. The King and Queen go on board, they say, on Saturday next. Young children of my Lord Sandwich gone with their maids from my mother's, which troubles me—it being, I hear, from Mr. Shepley, with great discontent, saying that, though they buy good meate, yet can never have it before it stinks, which I am ashamed of.

July 1st. Comes Dr. Burnett, who did write me down some direction what to do, but not with the satisfaction I expected. I did give him a piece, with good hopes, however, that his advice will be of use to me. Upon the 'Change, this day, I saw how uncertain the temper of the people is, that, from our discharging about 200 that lay idle, having nothing to do, upon some of our ships, which were ordered to be fitted for service, and their works are now done, the town do talk that the King discharges all his men—200 yesterday, and 800 to-day—and that now he hath got £100,000 in his hand, he values not a Dutch war. But I undeceived a great many, telling them how it is.

3d. (Lord's day.) At noon, to dinner, where the remains of yesterday's venison, and a couple of brave green geese, which we are fain to eat alone, because they will not keep, which troubled us. Thundering and lightning all the evening, and this year have had the most thunder and lightning, they say, of any in man's memory, and so it is, it seems, in France, and everywhere.

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[1] See 13th Jan., 1661–2.

[2] Sandwich.

4th. This day the King and the Queen went to visit my Lord Sandwich and the fleet, going forth in the Hope.[1]

6th. Up very betimes, and my wife also, and got us ready; and, about eight o'clock, having got some bottles of wine and beer, and neat's tongues, we went to our barge at the Tower, where Mr. Pierce and his wife, and a kinswoman and his sister, and Mrs. Clerke and her sister and cozen, were to expect us; and so set out for the Hope, all the way down playing at cards, and other sports, spending our time pretty merry. Come to the Hope about one, and there showed them all the ships, and had a collation of anchovies, gammon, &c., and, after an hour's stay or more, embarked again for home; and so to cards, and other sports, till we come to Greenwich, and there Mrs. Clerke, and my wife and I, on shore, to an alehouse, and so to the barge again, having shown them the King's pleasure-boat: and so home to the Bridge, bringing night home with us; so to the Tower wharf, and home, being very well pleased to-day with the company, especially Mrs. Pierce, who continues her complexion as well as ever, and hath at this day, I think, the best complexion that ever I saw on any woman, young or old, or child either, all days of my life. Also, Mrs. Clerke's kinswoman sings very prettily, but is very confident in it—Mrs. Clerke herself witty, but spoils all in being so conceited, and making so great a flutter with a few fine clothes, and some bad tawdry things worn with them. The reason of Dr. Clerke's not being here was, the King being sick last night, and let blood, and so he durst not come away to-day.

7th. To White Hall, and there found the Duke and twenty more reading their commission (of which I am, and was also sent to, to come) for the Royall Fishery, which is very large, and a very serious charter it is; but the Company generally so ill fitted for so serious a work, that I do much fear it will come to little. Home, calling for my new bookes, viz., Sir H. Spillman's "Whole Glossary," Scapula's "Lexicon," and Shakespeare's plays, which I have got money out of my stationer's bills to pay for. The King is pretty well, to-day.

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[1] Their Majesties were treated at Tilbury Hope by the Earl of Sandwich, returning the same day, abundantly satisfied both with the dutiful respects of that honourable person and with the excellent condition of all matters committed to his charge.—*The Newes*, 7th July, 1664.

8th. To the binder's, and directed the doing of my Chaucer, though they were not full neat enough for me, but pretty well it is; and thence to the claspmaker's, to have it clasped and bossed.

9th. To a Committee for Fishing; but the first thing was swearing to be true to the Company; and we were all sworn, but a great dispute we had, which, methought, is very ominous to the Company—some, that we should swear to be true to the best of our power; and others, to the best of our understanding—and carried in the last, though in that we are the least able to serve the Company, because we would not be obliged to attend the business when we can, but when we list.

10th. (Lord's day.) Up, and by water, towards noon, to Somersett House, and walked to my Lord Sandwich's, and there dined with my Lady and the children. After dinner, took our leaves, and my wife her's, in order to her going to the country to-morrow. My Lady showed us my Lady Castlemaine's[1] picture, finely done, given my Lord; and a most beautiful picture it is. Thence with my Lady Jemimah, and Mr. Sidney [Montagu], to St. Gyles's church, and there heard a long, poor sermon. Thence set them down, and in their coach to Kate Joyce's christening, where much company and good service of sweetmeats; and, after an hour's stay, left them, and in my Lord's coach—his noble, rich coach—home.

11th. Betimes up this morning, and, getting ready, we by coach to Holborne, where, at nine o'clock, they set out, and I and my man Will on horseback by my wife to Barnett; a very pleasant day; and there dined with her company, which was very good—a pretty gentlewoman with her, that goes but to Huntingdon, and a neighbour to us in town. Here we staid two hours, and then parted for all together, and my poor wife I shall soon want, I am sure. Thence I and Will to see the Wells,[2] half a mile off, and there I drunk three glasses, and walked, and come back and drunk two more: and so we rode home, round by Kingsland, Hackney, and Mile End, till we were quite weary; and, not being very well, I betimes to bed.

About eleven o'clock, knowing what money I have in the house, and hearing a noise, I begun to sweat worse and worse, till I melted almost to water. I rung, and could not in half an

[1] This fine portrait is still at Hinchingbrooke, and in very good preservation.

[2] The mineral spring at East Barnet.

hour make either of the wenches hear me; and this made me fear the more, lest they might be gag'd; and then I begun to think that there was some design in a stone being flung at the window over our stairs this evening, by which the thiefes meant to try what looking there would be after them, and know our company. These thoughts and fears I had, and do hence apprehend the fears of all rich men that are covetous, and have much money by them. At last, Jane rose, and then I understand it was only the dog wants a lodging, and so made a noyse.

12th. Called up by my Lord Peterborough's gentleman, about getting his Lord's money to-day of Mr. Povy, wherein I took such order, that it was paid, and I had my £50 brought me, which comforts my yeart. Dined alone; sad for want of company, and not being very well, and know not how to eat alone.

14th. I rose a little after four o'clock, and abroad. Walked to my Lord's, and nobody up, but the porter rose out of bed to me: so I back again to Fleet Street, and there bought a little book of law; and thence hearing a psalm sung I went into St. Dunstan's, and there heard prayers read, which, it seems, is done there every morning at six o'clock; a thing I never did do at a chapel, but the College chapel, in all my life. Thence to my Lord's again, and my Lord being up, was sent for up, and he and I alone. He did begin with a most solemn profession of the same confidence in and love for me that he ever had, and then told me what a misfortune was fallen upon me and him: on me, by a displeasure which my Lord Chancellor did show to him last night against me, in the highest and most passionate manner that ever any man did speak, even to the not hearing of anything to be said to him: but he told me, that he did say all that could be said for a man as to my faithfullnesse and duty to his Lordship, and did me the greatest right imaginable. And what should the business be, but that I should be forward to have the trees in Clarendon Park[1] marked and cut down, which he, it seems, hath bought of my Lord Albemarle; when, God knows! I am the most innocent man in the world in it, and did nothing of myself, nor knew of his concernment therein, but barely obeyed my Lord Treasurer's warrant for the doing thereof. And said that I did most ungentlemanly-like with him, and had justified the rogues in cutting down a tree of his; and that I had sent the veriest Fanatique [Deane] that is in England to mark them, on purpose to nose him. All which, I did assure my Lord, was most properly false, and nothing like it true; and told my Lord the whole passage. My Lord do seem most nearly affected with him; partly, I believe, for me, and partly for himself. So he advised me to wait presently upon my Lord, and clear myself in the most perfect manner I could, with all submission and assurance that I am his creature both in this and all other things; and that I do own that all I have is derived through my Lord Sandwich from his Lordship. So, full of horror, I went, and found him busy in trials of law in his great room; and, it being Sitting-day, durst not stay, but went to my Lord and told him so: whereupon he directed me to take him after dinner; and so away I home, leaving my Lord mightily concerned for me. So I to my Lord Chancellor's; and there, coming out after dinner, I accosted him, telling him that I was the unhappy Pepys that had fallen into his high displeasure, and come to desire him to give me leave to make myself better understood to his Lordship, assuring him of my duty and service. He answered me very pleasingly, that he was confident upon the score of my Lord Sandwich's character of me, but that he had reason to think what he did, and desired me to call upon him some evening: I named to-night, and he accepted of it. To my Lord Chancellor's, and there heard several trials, wherein I perceive my Lord is a most able and ready man. After all done, he himself called, "Come, Mr. Pepys, you and I will take a turn in the garden." So he was led down stairs, having the goute, and there walked with me, I think, above an hour, talking most friendly, yet cunningly. I told him clearly how things were; how ignorant I was of his Lordship's concernment in it; how I did not do, nor say, one word singly, but what was done, was the act of the whole Board. He told me by name that he was more angry with Sir G. Carteret than with me, and also with the whole body of the Board. But, thinking who it was of the Board that did know him least, he did place his fear upon me; but he finds that he is indebted to none of his friends there. I think I did thoroughly appease him, till he thanked me for my desire and pains to satisfy him; and, upon my desiring to be directed who I should of his servants advise with about this business, he told me nobody, but would be glad to hear from me himself. He told me he would not direct me in anything, that it might not be said that the Lord Chancellor did labour to abuse the King; or, as I offered, direct the suspending the Report of the Purveyors: but I see what he means, and will make it my work to do him service in it. But, Lord! to see how he is incensed against poor Deane, as a fanatick rogue, and I know not what: and what he did was done in spite to his Lordship among all his friends and tenants. He did plainly say, that he would not direct me in any thing, for he would not put himself into the power of any man to say that he did so and so; but plainly told me, as if he would be glad I did something. Lord! to see how we poor wretches dare not do the King good service for fear of the greatness of these men. He named Sir G. Carteret, and Sir J. Minnes, and the rest; and that he was as angry with them all as with me. But it was pleasant to think that, while he was talking to me, comes into the garden Sir G. Carteret; and my Lord avoided speaking with him, and made him and many others stay expecting him, while I walked up and down above an hour, I think; and would have me walk with my hat on. And yet, after all, there has been so little ground for his jealousy of me, that I am sometimes afraid that he do this only in policy to bring me to his side by scaring me; or else, which is worse, to try how faithfull I would be to the King: but I rather think the former of the two. I parted with great assurance how I acknowledged all I had to come from his Lordship; which he did not seem to refuse, but with great kindness and respect parted.

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[1] Near Salisbury, granted by Edward VI. to Sir W. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, for two lives, which lease determined in 1601, when it reverted to the Crown, and was conferred on the Duke of Albemarle, whose family got the estate after Lord Clarendon's fall; for, according to Britton, Clarendon Park was alienated by Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albemarle, to the Earl of Bath, from whom it passed, by purchase, to the ancestor of Sir Frederick Hervey Bathurst, Bart., the present possessor. See 19th Aug., 1661, and 22d Feb., 1663-4.

15th. Up, and to my Lord Sandwich's; where he sent for me up, and I did give my Lord an account of what had passed with my Lord Chancellor yesterday: with which he was pleased, and advised me by all means to study in the best manner I could to serve him in this business. After this discourse ended, he begun to tell me that he had now pitched upon his day of going to sea upon Monday next, and that he would now give me an account how matters are with him. He told me that his work now in the world is only to keep up his interest at Court, having little hopes to get more considerably, he saying that he hath now about £8,000 per annum. It is true, he says, he oweth about £10,000; but he hath been at great charges in getting things to this pass in his estate; besides his building and good goods that he hath bought. He says that he hath now evened his reckonings at the Wardrobe till Michaelmas last, and hopes to finish it to Lady-day before he goes. He says now there is due, too, £7,000 to him there, if he knew how to get paid, besides £2,000 that Mr. Montagu do owe him. As to his interest, he says that he hath had all the injury done him that ever man could have by another bosom friend that knows all his secrets, by Mr. Montagu; but he says that the worst of it all is past, and he gone out and hated, his very person by the King, and he believes the more upon the score of his carriage to him; nay, that the Duke of York did say a little while since in his closet, that he did hate him because of his ungrateful carriage to my Lord of Sandwich. He says that he is as great with the Chancellor, or greater, than ever in his life. That with the King he is the like; and he told me an instance, that whereas he formerly was of the private council to the King before he was last sick, and that by the sickness an interruption was made in his attendance upon him; the King did not constantly call him, as he used to do, to his private council, only in businesses of the sea, and the like; but of late the King did send a message to him by Sir Harry Bennet, to excuse the King to my Lord that he had not of late sent from him as he used to do to his private council, for it was not out of any distaste, but to avoid giving offence to some others whom he did not name; but my Lord supposes it might be Prince Rupert, or it may be only that the King would rather pass it by an excuse than be thought unkind: but that now he did desire him to attend him constantly, which of late he hath done, and the King never more kind to him in his life than now. The Duke of York, as much as is possible; and in the business of late, when I was to speak to my Lord about his going to sea, he says that he finds the Duke did it with the greatest ingenuity and love in the world; "and whereas," says my Lord, "here is a wise man hard by that thinks himself so, and, it may be, is in a degree so, naming by and by my Lord Crewe, would have had me condition with him that neither Prince Rupert nor any body should come over his head, and I know not what." The Duke himself hath caused, in his commission, that he be made Admirall of this and what other ships or fleets shall hereafter be put out after these; which is very noble. He tells me, in these cases, and that of Mr. Montagu's, and all others, he finds that bearing of them patiently is the best way, without noise or trouble, and things wear out of themselves and come fair again. But says he takes it from me, never to trust too much to any man in the world, for you put yourself into his power; and the best seeming friend and real friend, as to the present, may have or take occasion to fall out with you, and then out comes all. Then he told me of Sir Harry Bennet, though they were always kind, yet now it is become to an acquaintance and familiarity above ordinary, that for these months he hath done no business but with my Lord's advice in his chamber, and promises all faithfull love to him and service upon all occasions. My Lord says, that he hath the advantage of being able, by his experience, to help out and advise him; and he believes that, that chiefly do invite Sir Harry to this manner of treating him. "Now," says my Lord, "the only and the greatest embarras that I have in the world is, how to behave myself to Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Chancellor, in case that there do lie any thing under the embers about my Lord Bristoll, which nobody can tell; for then," says he, "I must appear for one or other, and I will lose all I have in the world rather than desert my Lord Chancellor: so that," says he, "I know not, for my life, what to do in that case." For Sir H. Bennet's love is come to the height, and his confidence, that he hath given my Lord a character,[1] and will oblige my Lord to correspond with him. "This," says he, "is the whole condition of my estate and nterest; which I tell you, because I know not whether I shall see you again or no." Then, as to the voyage, he thinks it will be of charge to him, and no profit; but that he must not now look after nor think to encrease, but study to make good what he hath; that what is due to him from the Wardrobe, or elsewhere, may be paid, which otherwise would fail, and all a man hath be but small content to him. So we seemed to take eave one of another; my Lord of me, desiring me that I would write to him, and give him information upon all occasions in matters that concern him; which, put together with what he preambled with yesterday, makes me think that my Lord do truly esteem me still, and desires to preserve my service o him; which I do bless God for. In the middle of our discourse, my Lady Crewe come in, to bring my Lord word hat he hath another son,[2] my Lady being brought to bed just now, for which God be praised! and send my Lord to study he laying up of something the more! Thence with Creed to St. James's; and, missing Mr. Coventry, to White Hall; where, staying for him in one of the galleries, there comes out of the chayre-roome Mrs. Stewart, in a most lovely form, with her hair all about her eares, having her picture taking there. There was the King and twenty more, I think, standing by all the while, and a lovely creature she in the dress seemed to be.

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[1] A cipher.

[2] Lord Sandwich's sixth son, James Montagu, who died unmarried.

16th. To the Tangier Committee, and there, above my expectation, got the business of our contract for the victualling carried for my people, viz., Alsop, Lanyon, and Kabsey: and by their promise I do thereby get £300 per annum to myself, which do overjoy me, and the matter is left to me to draw up. Mr. Coventry did also surprise me with a question why Deane did not bring in their report of the timber of Clarendon. What he means thereby I know not, but at present put him off, nor do I know how to steer myself, but I must think of it, and advise with my Lord Sandwich.

17th. (Lord's day.) After dinner walked to my Lord's, and there found him and much other guests at table at dinner, and it seems they have christened his young son to-day—called him James. I got a piece of cake. Dr. Burnett showed me the manner of eating turpentine, which pleases me well, for it is with great ease.

18th. To my Lord's, and there took my leave of him, he seeming very friendly to me in as serious a manner as ever in his life. He sets out this morning for Deale. Sir G. Carteret and I did talk together in the Parke about my Lord Chancellor's business of the timber; he telling me freely that my Lord Chancellor was never so angry with him in all his life as he was for this business, and in a great passion; and that, when he saw me there, he knew what it was about. And plots now with me how we may serve my Lord, which I am mightily glad of: and I hope together we may do it. Thence home, and Creed with me, and there he took occasion to own his obligations to me, and did lay down twenty pieces in gold upon my shelf in my closet, which I did not refuse, but wish and expected should have been more. Now I am out of expectation, and shall henceforward know how to deal with him. After discourse, we went out by coach, and we light at the Temple, and then he took final leave of me, in order to his following my Lord to-morrow. Thence to my Lord Chancellor, and discoursed his business with him. I perceive, and he says plainly, that he will not have any man to have it in his power to say that my Lord Chancellor did contrive the wronging the King of his timber; but yet, I perceive, he would be glad to have service done him therein; and told me Sir G. Carteret hath told him that he and I would look after his business, to see it done in the best manner for him.

19th. Coming to the rope-yard at Woolwich, we are told that Mr. Falconer, who hath been ill of a relapse these two days, is just now dead. We went up to his widow, who is sick in bed also. The poor woman in great sorrow, and entreats our friendship, which we shall, I think, in everything do for her. I am sure I will.

20th. With Mr. Deane, discoursing upon the business of my Lord Chancellor's timber, in Clarendon Park, and how to make a report therein without offending him; which at last I drew up, and hope it will please him. But I would to God neither I nor he ever had anything to have done with it! To White Hall, to the Committee for Fishing; but nothing done, it being a great day to-day there upon drawing at the Lottery[1] of Sir Arthur Slingsby. I got in, and stood by the two Queens and the Duchess of York, and just behind my Lady Castlemaine, whom I do heartily admire; and good sport to see how most that did give their ten pounds did go away with a pair of gloves only for their lot, and one gentlewoman, one Mrs. Fish, with the only blanke. And one I staid to see draw a suit of hangings valued at £430, and they say are well worth the money, or near it. One other suit there is better than that; but very many lots of three and fourscore pounds. I observed the King and Queen did get but as poor lots as any else. But the wisest man I met with was Mr. Cholmley, who insured as many as would, from drawing of the one blank for 12*d.*; in which case there was the whole number of persons to one, which, I think, was three or four hundred. And so he insured about 200 for 200 shillings, so that he could not have lost if one of them had drawn it; for here was enough to pay the £10, but it happened another drew t, and so he got all the money he took. I left the lottery, and went to a play—only a piece of it, which was at the Duke's house, "Worse and Worse,"[2] just the same manner of play, and writ, I believe by the same man as "The Adventures of Five Hours;"[3] very pleasant it was, and I begin to admire Harris more than ever.[4]

21st. This morning to the office. Comes Nicholas Osborne, Mr. Gauden's clerk, to desire of me what piece of plate I would choose to have of £100, or thereabouts, bestowed upon me, he having order to lay out so much; and, out of his freedom with me, do of himself come to make this question. I a great while urged my unwillingness to take any, not knowing how I could erve Mr. Gauden, but left it wholly to himself: so at noon I find brought home in fine leather cases a pair of the noblest flaggons that ever I saw all the days of my life; whether I shall keep them or no I cannot tell; for it is to oblige me to him in the business of the Tangier victualling, wherein I doubt I shall not; but glad I am to see that I shall be sure to get something on one side or other, have it which will: so, with a merry heart, I looked upon them, and locked them up. After dinner to give my Lord Chancellor a good account of his business, and he is very well pleased therewith, and carries himself with great discretion to me, without seeming any way glad or beholding to me; and yet I know that he do think himself so.

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[1] Evelyn says this Lottery was a shameful imposition.

[2] A Comedy, by G. Digby, Earl of Bristol. [3] Sir Samuel Tuke.

[4] He played Don Antonio, "a soldier haughty and of exact honour."

22d. To Deptford. Coming too soon, I spent an hour in looking round the yard, and putting Mr. Shish[1] to measure a piece or two of timber, which he did most cruelly wrong, and to the King's loss, 12 or 13*s.* in a piece of 28 feet in contents. Thence to the Clerke of the Cheques, from whose house Mr. Falconer was buried to-day—Sir J. Minnes and I the only principall officers that were there. We walked to Church with him, and then I left them without staying the sermon, and at night home; and there find, as I expected, Mr. Hill, and Andrews, and one slovenly and ugly fellow, Signor Pedro, who sings Italian songs to the theorbo most neatly; and they spent the whole evening in singing the best piece of musique counted of all hands in the world, made by Signor Charissimi,[2] the famous master in Rome. Fine it was indeed, and too fine for me to judge of. Comes Mr. Lanyon, who tells me Mr. Alsop is now become dangerously ill, and fears his recovery, which shakes my expectation of £300 per annum by the business; and, therefore, bless God for what Mr. Gauden hath sent me, which, from some discourse to-day with Mr. Osborne, swearing that he knows not anything of this business of the victualling; but, the contrary, that it is not that that moves Mr. Gauden to me, for he hath had order for it any time these two months. Whether this be true or not, I know not; but I shall hence with the more confidence keep it.

23d. I took occasion to break the business of my Lord Chancellor's timber[3] to Mr. Coventry in the best manner I could. He professed to me, that, till Sir G. Carteret did speak of it at the table, after our officers were gone to survey it, he did not know that my Lord Chancellor had anything to do with it; but now he says that he had been told by the Duke that Sir G. Carteret had spoke to him about it, and that he had told the Duke, that, were he in my Lord Chancellor's case, if he were his father, he would rather fling away the gains of two or £3,000 than have it said that the timber, which should have been the King's, if it had continued the Duke of Albemarle's, was concealed by us in favour of my Lord Chancellor; for, says he, he is a great man, and all such as he, and he himself particularly, have a great many enemies that would be very glad of such an advantage against him; and that he would speak to the Duke, that he and Sir G. Carteret might be appointed to attend my Lord Chancellor in it. All this disturbs me mightily. I know not what to say to it, nor how to carry myself therein; for a compliance will discommend me to Mr. Coventry, and a discompliance to my Lord Chancellor. But I think to let it alone, or at least meddle in it as little more as I can.

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[1] Jonas Shish, master shipwright at Deptford.

[2] Giacomo Carissimi, maestro di capella of St. Apollinare, in the German College at Rome, one of the most excellent of the Italian musicians. He lived to be ninety years old, composed much, and died very rich.—Hawkins's *Hist. of Music.*

[3] See 18th August, 1662.

25th. Met with a printed copy of the King's commission for the repair of Paul's, which is very large, and large power for collecting money, and recovering of all people that had bought or sold formerly anything belonging to the church. And here I find my Lord Mayor of the city set in order before the Archbishop or any nobleman, though all the greatest officers of the state are there. But yet I do not hear, by my Lord Barkeley, who is one of them, that any thing is like to come of it. No news, only the plague is very hot still, and encreases among the Dutch.

26th. To Anthony Joyce's, to our gossip's dinner. I had sent a dozen and half of bottles of wine thither, and paid my double share besides, which is 18*s*. Very merry we were. Great discourse of the fray yesterday in Moorefields, how the butchers at first did beat the weavers, between whom there hath been ever an old competition for mastery, but at last the weavers rallied and beat them. At first, the butchers knocked down all for weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last, the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised; till at last the weavers went out tryumphing, calling £100 for a butcher.

27th. To White Hall, where anon the Duke of Yorke came, and a Committee we had of Tangier, where I read over my rough draught for the Tangier victualling, and acquainted them with the death of Mr. Alsopp, which Mr. Lanyon had told me this morning, which is a sad consideration to see how uncertain our lives are, and how little to be presumed of in our greatest undertakings.

28th. Home, and then abroad, and seeing "The Bondman" upon the posts, I went to the Duke's house and saw it acted. It is true, for want of practice, they have many of them forgot their parts a little; but Betterton and my poor Ianthe [Mrs. Betterton?] outdo all the world. There is nothing more taking in the world with me than that play. I am overjoyed in hopes that, upon this month's account, I shall find myself worth £1000, besides the rich present of two silver and gilt flaggons, which Mr. Gauden did give me the other day. My Lord Sandwich newly gone to sea; and he did, before his going, and by his letter since, show me all manner of respect and confidence.

30th. To the 'Change, where great talk of a rich present brought by an East India ship, from some of the Princes of India, worth to the King £70,000, in two precious stones, by which, at least, I hope to be £100 or two the better. This afternoon, with great content, I finished the contract for victualling of Tangier, with Mr. Lanyon and the rest; and, to my comfort, got him and Andrews to sign to the giving me £300 per annum.

31st. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church, where I have not been these many weeks.

August 1st. To the Coffee-house, and there all the house full of the victory Generall Soushe,[1] who is a Frenchman, a soldier of fortune, commanding part of the German army, hath had against the Turke; killing 4000 men, and taking most extraordinary spoil. Thence taking up Harman and his wife, carried them to Anthony Joyce's, where we had my venison in a pasty well done; but, Lord! to see how much they made of it, as if they had never eat any before: and very merry we were. Mrs. Harman is a very pretty-humoured wretch, whom I could love with all my heart, being so good and innocent company. Last night I was waked with knocking at Sir W. Pen's door; and what was it but people's running up and down, to bring him word that his brother [Captain Pen], who hath been a good while, it seems, sick, is dead.

2d. To the King's play-house, and there saw "Bartholomew Fayre," which do still please me; and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world, I believe. I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a Nursery [for actors]; that is, is going to build a house in Moorefields, wherein he will have common plays acted. But four operas it shall have in the year, to act six weeks at a time: where we shall have the best scenes and machines, the best musique and every thing as magnificent as is in Christendome; and to that end, hath sent for voices and painters and other persons from Italy. Thence homeward called upon my Lord Marlborough.

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[1] General Soushe was Louis Ratuit, Comte de Souches. The battle was fought at Lewentz, in Hungary.

4th. To a play at the King's house, "The Rivall Ladys,"[1] a very innocent and most pretty witty play. I was much pleased with it, and, it being given me,[2] I look upon it as no breach of my oath. Here we hear that Clun,[3] one of their best actors, was, the last night, going out of towne, after he had acted the Alchymist, wherein was one of his best parts that he acts, to his country-house, set upon and murdered; one of the rogues taken, an Irish fellow. It seems most cruelly butchered and bound. The house will have a great miss of him. Thence visited my Lady Sandwich, who tells me my Lord FitzHarding is to be made a Marquis.

5th. About ten o'clock I dressed myself, and so mounted upon a very pretty mare, sent me by Sir W. Warren, according to his promise yesterday. And so through the City, not a little proud, God knows, to be seen upon so pretty a beast, and to my cozen W. Joyce's, who presently mounted too, and he and I out of towne toward Highgate; in the way, at Kentish Towne, he showing me the place and manner of Clun's being killed and laid in a ditch, and yet was not killed by any wounds, having only one in his arm, but bled to death through his struggling. He told me, also, the manner of it, of his going home so late from drinking with his mistress, and manner of having it found out. Thence forward to Barnett, and so by night to Stevenage, it raining a little, and there, to my great rouble, find that my wife was not come, nor any Stamford coach gone down this week, so that she cannot come. To bed, and, after a little sleep, W. Joyce comes in his shirt into my chamber, with a note, and a messenger from my wife, that she was come by Yorke coach to Bigglesworth, and would be with us to-morrow morning. So, mighty pleased at her discreet action in this business, to sleep again.

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[1] A Tragedy, by Dryden.

[2] His companion paid for him.

[3] A poem upon his death was published at the time, with the following tle:—"An Elegy upon the most execrable murder of Mr. Clun, one of he comedians of the Theatre Royal, who was robbed and most inhumanly illed on Tuesday night, being the 2nd of August, 1664, near Tatnam Court, s he was riding to his country house at Kentish Town."

6th. Here lay Deane Honiwood last night. I met and talked with him this morning, and a simple priest he is, though a good, well-meaning man. W. Joyce and I to a game at bowles on the green, there till eight o'clock, and then comes my wife, and a coach full of women, only one man riding by. Very joyful, and mounted, and away with them to Welling,[1] and there light, and dined very well and merry, and glad to see my poor wife. After dinner, out again, and to London, all the way the mightiest merry at a couple of young gentlemen, come down to meet the same gentlewoman, that ever I was in my life, and so W. Joyce, too, to see how one of them was horsed upon a hard-trotting sorrell horse, and both of them soundly weary and galled. But it is not to be set down how merry we were all the way. We light in Holborne, and by another coach home, and found all things well, and most mighty neat and clean.

7th. (Lord's day.) My wife telling me sad stories of the ill, improvident, disquiet, and sluttish manner, that my father and mother and Pall do live in the country, which troubles me mightily, and I must seek to remedy it. Showed my wife, to her great admiration and joy, Mr. Gauden's present of plate, the two flaggons, which indeed are so noble that I hardly can think that they are yet mine. I saw several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be catched!

8th. After dinner, to hang up my five pictures in my dining-room, which makes it very pretty, and so my wife and I abroad to the King's play-house. Here we saw "Flora's Figarys."[2] I never saw it before; and, by the most ingenious performance of the young jade Flora, it seemed as pretty a pleasant play as ever I saw.

9th. This day come the news, that the Emperour hath beat the Turke;[3] killed the Grand Vizier and several great Bashas, with an army of 80,000 men killed and routed; with some considerable loss of his own side, having lost three generals, and the French forces all cut off almost;[1] which is thought as good a service to the Emperour as beating the Turke almost.

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[1] Welwyn.

[2] "Flora's Vagaries," a comedy by Richard Rhodes, first acted by the students at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1663. Sir Henry Herbert records its performance in London, on the 3rd Nov., 1663. Flora was afterwards played by Nell Gwynne. See 5th Oct., 1667.

[3] This was the battle of St. Gothard, in which the Turks were defeated with great slaughter by the Imperial forces under Montecucoli, assisted by the confederates from the Rhine, and by forty troops of French cavalry under Coligni. St. Gothard is in Hungary, on the river Raab, near the

10th. Abroad to find out one to engrave my tables upon my new sliding rule with silver plates, it being so small, that Browne, that made it, cannot get one to do it. So I got Cocker,[2] the famous writing-master, to do it, and I set an hour by him to see him design it all; and strange it is to see him, with his natural eyes, to cut so small at his first designing it, and read it all over, without any missing, when for my life I could not, with my best skill, read one word, or letter of it; but t is use. He says, that the best light for his life to do a very mall thing by, contrary to Chaucer's words to the Sun, "that s he should lend his light to them that small seals grave,"[3] it hould be by an artificial light of a candle, set to advantage, s he could do it. I find the fellow, by his discourse, very ngenious: and, among other things, a great admirer of, and well read in, the English poets, and undertakes to judge of hem all, and that not impertinently. After dinner, Deane nd I had great discourse again about my Lord Chancellor's imber, out of which I wish I may get well.

11th. Comes Cocker, with my rule, which he hath engraved o admiration, for goodness and smallness of work: it cost me 4*s.* the doing. This day, for a wager before the King, my Lords f Castlehaven, and Arran, a son of my Lord of Ormond's, hey two alone did run down and kill a stoute bucke in t. James's Parke.

12th. To White Hall, and did much business at a Tangier Committee; where, among other things, speaking about prorietary of the houses there, and how we ought to let the Portueses have right done them, as many of them as continue, or

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ontier of Styria; it is about 120 miles S. of Vienna, and 30 E. of Gratz. he battle took place on the 9th Moharrem, A.H. 1075, or 23rd July, D. 1664, *old style*, which is that used by Pepys.

[1] The fact is, the Germans were beaten by the Turks, and the French on the battle for them.

[2] Edward Cocker, the well-known arithmetician. Ob. *circ.* 1679.

[3] The words are in *Troilus and Creseide*, Book iii., lines 1462–1468.—Chalmer's *English Poets*, vol. i. p. 262.)

"Alas, what have these lovers thee agilt?
Dispitious day, thine be the paine of hell
For many a lover hast thou slain, and wilt,
Thy poring in woll nowhere let hem dwell:
What profrest thou thy light here for to sell?
Go sell it hem that smale seales 'grave
We woll thee not; us needeth no day have."

did sell the houses while they were in possession, and something further in their favour, the Duke, after an anger I never observed in him before, did cry, says he, "All the world rides us, and I think we shall never ride anybody."

13th. Comes Mr. Reeve, with a microscope and scotoscope. For the first I did give him £5 10*s*., a great price, but a most curious bauble it is, and he says, as good, nay, the best he knows in England. The other he gives me, and is of value; and a curious curiosity it is to discover objects in a dark room with. Mr. Creed dining with me, I got him to give my wife and me a play this afternoon, lending him money to do it, which is a fallacy that I have found now once, to avoid my vowe with, but never to be more practised, I swear. To the new play, at the Duke's house, of "Henry the Fifth;[1] a most noble play, writ by my Lord Orrery; wherein Betterton, Harris, and Ianthe's parts are most incomparably wrote and done, and the whole play the most full of height and raptures of wit and sense that ever I heard; having but one incongruity, that King Harry promises to plead for Tudor to their mistress, Princess Katherine of France, more than, when it comes to it, he seems to do; and Tudor refused by her with some kind of indignity, not with a difficulty and honour that it ought to have been done in to him.

14th. (Lord's day.) Comes Mr. Herbert, Mr. Honiwood's man, and dined with me—a very honest, plain, and well-meaning man, I think him to be; and, by his discourse and manner of life, the true emblem of an old ordinary serving-man. By and by comes W. Joyce, in his silk suit, and cloak lined with velvett: staid talking with me, and I very merry at it. He supped with me; but a cunning, crafty fellow he is, and dangerous to displease, for his tongue spares nobody.

15th. With Sir J. Minnes; he talking of his cures abroad, while he was with the King as a doctor. And among others, Sir J. Denham, he told me, he had cured to a miracle. At Charing Cross, and there saw the great Dutchman that is come over, under whose arm I went with my hat on, and could not reach higher than his eye-browes with the tip of my fingers. He is a comely and well-made man, and his wife a very little but pretty comely Dutch woman. It is true, he wears pretty high-heeled shoes, but not very high, and do generally wear a turbant, which makes him show yet taller than really he is.

16th. Wakened about two o'clock this morning with a noise of thunder, which lasted for an hour, with such continued ightnings, not flashes, but flames, that all the sky and ayre was ight; and that for a great while, not a minute's space between new flames all the time: such a thing as I never did see, nor could have believed had even been in nature. And being put nto a great sweat with it, could not sleep till all was over. And that accompanied with such a storm of rain as I never heard in my life. I expected to find my house in the morning overflowed; but I find not one drop of rain in my house, nor any news of hurt done.

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[1] Three women played in this piece: Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Long, and Mrs. Davis.

17th. Sir W. Batten did give me three bottles of his Essence water, which I drank, and I found myself mightily cooled with them and refreshed. With Sir Thomas Crewe, who told me how Mr. Edward Montagu is for ever blown up, and now quite out with his father again; to whom he pretended that his going down was, not that he was cast out of the Court, but that he had leave to be absent a month; but now he finds the truth. Mr. Pierce tells me, the King do still sup every night with my Lady Castlemaine.

18th. Dined alone at home, my wife going to-day to dine with Mrs. Pierce, and thence with her and Mrs. Clerke to see a new play, "The Court Secret."[1] My wife says, the play is the worst that ever she saw in her life.

19th. To Sir W. Pen's, to see his lady[2] the first time, who is a well looked, fat, short, old Dutchwoman, but one that hath been heretofore pretty handsome, and is now very discreet, and I believe hath more wit than her husband. Here we staid alking a good while, and very well pleased I was with the old woman. The news of the Emperour's victory over the Turkes s by some doubted, but by most confessed to be very small, hough great, of what was talked, which was 80,000 men to be killed and taken of the Turke's side.

20th. I walked to Cheapside, to see the effect of a fire there his morning, since four o'clock; which I find in the house of Mr. Bois, that married Doctor Fuller's niece, who are both out of town, leaving only a maid and man in town. It begun n their house, and hath burned much and many houses backward, though none forward; and that in the great uniform pile of buildings in the middle of Cheapside. I am very sorry for them, for the Doctor's sake. Thence to the 'Change, and so home to dinner. And thence to Sir W. Batten's, whither Sir Richard Ford come, the Sheriffe, who hath been at this fire all the while; and he tells me, upon my question, that he and the Mayor were there, as it is their dutys to be, not only to keep the peace, but they have power of commanding the pulling down of any house or houses, to defend the City. By and by comes in the Common Cryer of the City to speak with him; and when he was gone, says he, "You may see by this man the constitution of the Magistracy of this City; that this fellow's place, I dare give him, if he will be true to me, £1,000 for his profits every year, and expect to get £500 more to myself thereby, when," says he, "I in myself am forced to spend many times as much."

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[1] A tragi-comedy, by James Shirley, "written when the stage was nterdicted," and first performed after the Restoration. Before publication f this notice in Pepys's, Langbaine's statement was the only evidence that t had ever been acted.

[2] Margaret, daughter of John Jasper, a merchant at Rotterdam.

21st. (Lord's day.) Mr. Coventry told us the Duke was gone ill of a fit of an ague to bed: so we sent this morning to see how he do.

23d. Talking with my wife, and angry about her desiring to have a French maid all of a sudden, which I took to arise from yesterday's being with her mother. But that went over, and so she be well qualitied, I care not much whether she be French or no, so a Protestant. I went into New Bridewell, in my way to Mr. Cole, and there I saw the new model, and is very handsome: several at work—among others, one pretty strumpet brought in last night, which works very lazily. I did give them 6*d*. to drink. The Dutch East India Fleet are now come home safe, which we are sorry for. Our Fleets on both sides are hastening out to Guinny.

24th. To the Wardrobe, and there saw one suit of clothes made for my boy, and linen set out.

25th. Jack Noble come to me, to tell me, that he had Cave in prison, and that he would give me and my father good security, that neither we nor any of our family should be troubled with the child; for he could prove that he was fully satisfied for him; and that, if the worst come to the worst, the parish must keep it; that Cave did bring the child to his house, but they got it carried back again, and that thereupon he put him in prison. When he saw that I would not pay him the money, nor made anything of being secured against the child, he then said that then he must go to law, not himself, but come in as a witness for Cave against us. I could have told him that he could bear witness that Cave is satisfied, or else there is no money due to himself; but I let alone any such discourse, only getting as much out of him as I could. I perceive he is a rogue, and hath inquired into everything, and consulted with Dr. Pepys.

26th. By water to Deptford Docke Yard, and there saw the new ship in very great forwardness. To White Hall. There I could not get into the Park, and so was fain to stay in the gallery over the gate to look to the passage into the Park, into which the King hath forbid of late anybody's coming. To see some pictures at one Huysman's, a picture-drawer, a Dutchman, which is said to exceed Lilly; and indeed there is both of the Queens and Maids of Honour, particularly Mrs. Stewart's,[1] in a buff doublet like a soldier, as good pictures, I think, as ever I saw. The Queen is drawn in one like a shepherdess, in the other like St. Catherine, most like and most admirably. I was mightily pleased with this sight indeed. Mr. Pen, Sir William's son, is come back from France, and come to visit my wife; a most modish person, grown, she says, a fine gentleman.[2]

27th. To Cutler's house, and there had a very good dinner; and had two or three pretty young ladies of their relations there. Home, and there find my boy, Tom Edwards,[3] come, sent me by Captain Cooke, having been bred in the King's Chapel these four years. I propose to make a clerk of him; and, if he deserves well, to do well by him. Find him a very schooleboy, that talks innocently and impertinently. All the news this day is, that the Dutch are, with twenty-two sail of ships of war, cruising up and down about Ostend; at which we are alarmed. My Lord Sandwich is come back into the Downes, with only eight sail, which is, or may be, a prey to the Dutch, if they knew our weakness and inability to set out any more speedily.

29th. Mr. Hughes come to speak with me, and told me that, as he come this morning from Deptford, he left the King's yard a-fire. So I presently took a boat, and down, and there found, by God's providence, the fire out; but, if there had been any wind, it must have burned all our stores, which is a most dreadfull consideration. Home, and Creed and I met at my Lady Sandwich's, and there dined; but my Lady is become as handsome, I think, as ever she was; and so good and discreet a woman I know not in the world. I must remember that, never since I was a housekeeper, I ever lived so quietly without any noise, or one angry word almost, as I have done since my present maids Besse, Jane, and Susan come, and were together. Now I have taken a boy, and am taking a woman, I pray God we may not be worse!

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[1] Still in the Royal Collection.

[2] He became the celebrated Quaker.

[3] Tom Edwards's death is noticed by Pepys in a letter to Sir Richard Haddock, dated August 20, 1681. Rawlinson, A 194, fol. 256.

30th. Comes Mr. Pen to visit me. I perceive something of learning he hath got, but a great deal, if not too much, of the vanity of the French garb, and affected manner of speech and gait. I fear all real profit he hath made of his travel will signify little.

31st. Casting up my monthly accounts, and, blessed be God! find myself worth £1020. Prince Rupert, I hear this day, is to go to command this fleet going to Guinny against the Dutch. I doubt few will be pleased with his going, being accounted an unhappy man.[1] Pretty well in health, since I left off wearing of a gowne within doors all day, and then go back with my legs into the cold, which brought me daily pain.

September 1st. To the 'Change, and thence brought Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and Creed, and dined very merry and handsomely; but my wife not being well, she not with us; and we cut up the great cake Moorcocke lately sent us, which is very good.

2d. To Bartholomew fayre, and our boy with us, and there showed them and myself the dancing on the ropes, and several other the best shows; but pretty it is to see how our boy carries himself so innocently clownish as would make one laugh. Then up and down, to buy combes for my wife to give her maids.

3d. I have had a bad night's rest to-night, not sleeping well, as my wife observed; and I thought myself to be mightily bit with fleas, and in the morning she chid her maids for not looking the fleas a' days. But, when I rose, I found that it is only the change of the weather from hot to cold, which, as I was two winters ago, do stop my pores, and so my blood tingles and itches all day, all over my body.

4th. (Lord's day.) All the morning looking over my old wardrobe, and laying by things for my brother John and my father, by which I shall leave myself very bare in clothes, but yet as much as I need, and the rest could but spoil in the keeping. Mr. Hill come to tell me, that he had got a gentlewoman for my wife—one Mrs. Ferrabosco, that sings most admirably. I seemed glad of it; but I hear she is too gallant for me, and I am not sorry that I misse her

5th. With the Duke; where all our discourse of war in the highest measure. Prince Rupert was with us; who is fitting himself to go to sea in the Henerctta. And afterwards I met him and Mr. Gray, and says he, "I can answer but for one ship, and in that I will do my part; for it is not in that as in an army, where a man can command every thing." Come W. Bowyer, and dined with us; but strange to see how he could not endure onyons in sauce to lamb, but was overcome with the sight of it, and so was forced to make his dinner of an egg or two. To Woolwich, with a gally, all the way reading Sir J. Suckling's "Aglaura," which, methinks, is but a mean play: nothing of design in it.

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[1] *i. e.* unlucky, or unfortunate infelix, now obsolete in this sense.

6th. Called upon Doll, our pretty 'Change woman, for a pair of gloves trimmed with yellow ribbon, to [match] the petticoat my wife bought yesterday, which cost me 20*s.*; but she is so pretty, that, God forgive me! I could not think it too much, which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing near it. This day Mr. Coventry did tell us how the Duke did receive the Dutch Embassador the other day; by telling him that, whereas they think us in jest, he believes that the Prince Rupert, which goes in this fleet to Guinny, will soon tell them that we are in earnest, and that he himself will do the like here, in the head of the fleet here at home; and that he did not doubt to live to see the Dutch as fearfull of provoking the English, under the government of a King, as he remembers them to have been under that of a Coquin.

7th. With Creed walked to Bartholomew fayre—this being the last day, and there I saw the best dancing on the ropes that I think I ever saw in my life.

8th. All haste made in setting out this Guinny fleet, but yet not such as will ever do the King's business, if we come to a war. My wife this afternoon being very well dressed by her new woman, Mary Mercer, a decayed merchant's daughter that our Will helps us to, did go to the christening of Mrs. Mills, the parson's wife's child, where she never was before.

9th. Up, and put things in order against dinner. I out and bought some things: among others, a dozen of silver salts; and at noon comes my company, namely, Anthony and Will Joyce and their wives; my aunt James, newly come out of Wales, and my cozen Sarah Gyles.[1] Her husband did not come; and by her I did understand, afterwards, that it was because he was not able to pay me the 40*s*. she had borrowed a year ago of me. I was as merry as I could, giving them a good dinner; but W. Joyce did so talk, that he made everybody else dumb, but only laugh at him. I forgot there was Mr. Harman and his wife, my aunt, a very good harmless woman. All their talk is of her and my two she-cozen Joyces, and Will's little boy Will, who was also here to-day. They eyed mightily my great cupboard of plate—I this day putting my two flaggons upon my table; and indeed it is a fine sight, and better than ever I did hope to see of my own. Mercer dined with us at table, this being her first dinner in my house. After dinner, my wife and Mercer, and Tom and I, sat till eleven at night, singing and fiddling, and a great joy it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house. The girle plays pretty well upon the harpsichon, but only ordinary tunes, but hath a good hand: sings a little, but hath a good voyce and eare. My boy, a brave boy, sings finely, and is the most pleasant boy at present, while his ignorant boy's tricks last, that ever I saw.

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[1] Pepys would have been more proud of his cousin had he anticipated her husband's becoming a Knight, for she was probably the same person whose burial is recorded in the register of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, September 4, 1704: "Dame Sarah Gyles, widow, relict of Sir John Gyles."

10th. All the morning much troubled to think what the end of our great sluggishness will be; for we do nothing in this office like people able to carry on a war. We must be put out, or other people put in. My wife and I, and Mercer, to the Duke's house, and there saw "The Rivalls,"[1] which is no excellent play, but good acting in it; especially Gosnell comes and sings and dances finely; but, for all that, fell out of the key, so that the musique could not play to her afterwards; and so did Harris also go out of the time to agree with her. This night I received, by Will, £105, the first fruits of my endeavours in the late contract for victualling of Tangier, for which God be praised! for I can, with a safe conscience, say that I have therein saved the King £5,000 per annum, and yet got myself a hope of £300 per annum, without the least wrong to the King.

11th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church in the best manner I have gone a good while—that is to say, with my wife, and her woman, Mercer, along with us, and Tom, my boy, waiting on us. A dull sermon. With Mr. Blagrave, walking in the Abbey, he telling me the whole government and discipline of While Hall Chapel, and the caution now used against admitting any debauched persons. This afternoon, it seems, Sir J. Minnes fell sick at church, and, going down the gallery stairs, fell down dead,[1] but come to himself again, and is pretty well.

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[1] A comedy; an alteration of "The Two Noble Kinsmen," &c., but ascribed to Davenant by Downes, p. 23, and by Langbaine, p. 547. Harris played Theocles. Gosnell is not mentioned in the caste by Downes.

12th. Up, and to my cozen Anthony Joyce's, and there took leave of my Aunt James, and both cozens, their wives, who are this day going down to my father's by coach. I did give my aunt 20*s.*, to carry as a token to my mother, and 10*s.* to Pall.[2] With the Duke; and saw him with great pleasure play with his little girle,[3] like an ordinary private father of a child. To Mr. Creed's lodgings, talking mightily of the convenience and necessity of a man's wearing good clothes, after eating a mess of creame.

13th. To Fishmongers' Hall, where we met the first time upon the Fishery Committee, and many good things discoursed of, concerning making of farthings, which was proposed as a way of raising money for this business, and then that of lotterys, but with great confusion; but I hope we shall fall into greater order.

15th. After dinner, many people come in, and kept me all the afternoon; among other, the Master and Wardens of Chyrurgeons' Hall, who staid arguing their cause with me.

16th. Mr. Gauden coming to me, I had a good opportunity to speak to him about his present, which hitherto hath been a burden to me, because I was doubtfull that he meant it as a temptation to me, to stand by him in the business of Tangier victualling; but he clears me it was not, and that what he did was for my old kindnesses to him, and dispatching of his business. Met Sir W. Warren, and afterwards to the Sun taverne, where he brought to me, being all alone, a £100 in a bag, which I offered him to give him my receipt for, but he told me no, it was my owne, which he had a little while since promised me; and so most kindly he did give it me, and I as joyfully, even out of myself, carried it home in a coach—he himself expressly taking care that nobody might see this business done, though I was willing enough to have carried a servant with me to have received it, but he advised me to do it myself. Met Mr. Pargiter, and he would needs have me drink a cup of horse-radish ale, which he and a friend of his, troubled with the stone, have been drinking of, which we did, and then walked into the fields as far almost as Sir G. Whitmore's,[4] all the way talking of Russia, which, he says, is a sad place; and, though Moscow is a very great city, yet it is from the distance between house and house, and few people compared with this, and poor, sorry houses, the Emperor himself living in a wooden house; his exercise only flying a hawke at pigeons, and carrying pigeons ten or twelve miles off, and then laying wagers which pigeon shall come soonest home to her house. All the winter within doors, some few playing at chesse, but most drinking their time away. Women live very slavishly there, and, it seems, in the Emperor's court, no room hath above two or three windows, and those the greatest not a yard wide or high, for warmth in winter time, and that the general cure for all diseases there is their sweating-houses; or, people that are poor, they get into their ovens, being heated, and there lie. Little learning among them of any sort. Not a man that speaks Latin, unless the Secretary of State by chance. Old Hardwicke come, and redeemed a watch he had left with me in pawn for 40*s.* seven years ago, and I let him have it.

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[1] Hibernice, *kilt.* [2] His sister Paulina. [3] Afterwards Queen Mary.

[4] Baulmes, at Hoxton, situate in the parish of Hackney, near the Islington boundary, belonged to Sir George Whitmore, of Barnes, in Surrey, who was Lord Mayor, in 1631, and a great sufferer for the Royal Cause. His daughter Anne, mentioned by Pepys, Feb. 12, 1663-4, *ante*,

18th. (Lord's day.) Last night, my aunt Wight did send my wife a new scarfe, laced, as a token for her many givings to her; but my aime is to get myself something more from my uncle's favour than this.

19th. My wife having put on, to-day, her winter new suit of moyre, which is handsome, after dinner I did give her £15, to lay out in linen and necessaries for the house, and to buy a suit for Pall. Dr. Pierce tells me, when I was wondering that Fraizer[1] should order things with the Prince in that confident manner, that Fraizer is so great with my Lady Castlemaine, and Stewart, and all the ladies at Court, in helping to slip their calfes when there is occasion, and with the great men in curing of them, that he can do what he please with the King, in spite of any man, and upon the same score with the Prince; they all having more or less occasion to make use of him. Colonel Reames[2] did this day tell me how it is clear that, if my Lord Teviott had lived, he would have quite undone Tangier, or designed himself to be master of it. He did put the King

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married Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower. Baulmes is described as an old square mansion, with two stories in the roof; it was afterwards converted into a madhouse, and demolished in the year 1852.

[1] Sir William Fraizer, one of the King's Physicians. Sir John Denham refers to him very unceremoniously in "A Dialogue between Sir John Pooley and Mr. Thomas Killigrew."

[2] Bullen Reymes, M.P. for Melcombe Regis, in 1664, was appointed one of the Commissioners for sick and wounded prisoners of war.—Evelyn's *Diary*, Oct. 27, 1664.

upon most great, chargeable, and unnecessary works there; and took the course industriously to deter all other merchants but himself to deal there, and to make both King and all others pay what he pleased for all that was brought thither.

20th. Met Captain Poyntz, who hath some place, or title to a place, belonging to gameing. I discoursed with him about our business of improving of the Lotterys, for the King's benefit, and that of the Fishery, and had some light from him n the business. I find, with great delight, that I am come to my good temper of business again. God continue me in it!

21st. To Huysman's,[1] the great picture-drawer, and saw again very fine pictures, and have his promise, for Mr. Povy's sake, to take pains in what picture I shall set him about, and I hink to have my wife's. To Povy's, to dinner, where great and good company; among others, Sir John Skeffington,[2] whom I knew at Magdalene College, a fellow-commoner, my fellow-pupil, but one with whom I had no great acquaintance, he being then, God knows! much above me.

22d. My wife not well, and she tells me she thinks she is with child, but I neither believe nor desire it. But God's will be done! Home to bed; having got a strange cold in my head, by flinging off my hat[3] at a dinner, and sitting with the wind in my neck.

23d. Comes Mr. Fuller, that was the wit of Cambridge, and Prævaricator[4] in my time, and staid all the morning with me, discoursing, and his business to get a man discharged, which I did do for him. To the office, where Sir G. Carteret, and we met about an order of the Council for the hiring him a house, giving him £1,000 fine, and £70 per annum for it. Here Sir J. Minnes took occasion, in the most childish and most unbecoming manner, to reproach us all, but most himself, that he was not valued as Comptroller among us, nor did anything but only set his hand to paper, which is but too true, and everybody had a palace, and he no house to lie in, and wished he had but as much to build him a house with, as we have laid out in carved work. It was to no end to oppose, but all bore it, and, after, laughed at him for it.

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[1] James Huysman, a native of Antwerp, who settled in London, and ttained considerable eminence as a painter. His portraits are still ighly valued. He died in 1696.

[2] Described in the Magdalene College Register-book as John Skeffingon, son of Sir Richard Skeffington, Knt., of Coventry, admitted as a Pensioner, Sept. 19, 1649, and in April, 1651, made a Fellow-Commoner. ir John Skeffington married Mary, only daughter and heir of Sir John Clotworthy, who was, in 1660, created Viscount Massareene, of Ireland, ith remainder to his son-in-law, Sir John Skeffington, who succeeded as econd Viscount in 1665, and died in 1695.

[3] In Lord Clarendon's Essay "On the Decay of Respect paid to Age," e says, that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those lder than himself, *except at dinner*.

[4] In Dean Peacock's work on the Statutes of the University of Camridge, Appendix A, p. xxvi., there is an interesting account of the Varier r Prævaricator, who was appointed at the commencement of the year receding, and made an oration, in which he was authorized by custom, ke the Tripos at the lesser Comitia, to use considerable freedom of nguage, a privilege the abuse of which led by degrees to the abolition of he office. The functionary was named from varying the question, which e proposed either by a play on the words, or by the transposition of the erms in which it was expressed.

24th. Comes one Phillips, who is concerned in the Lottery, and from whom I collected much concerning that business. He told me that Monsieur du Puy, that is so great a man at the Duke of Yorke's, and this man's great opponent, is a knave, and by quality but a tailor. We were told to-day of a Dutch ship of 3 or 400 tons, where all the men were dead of the plague, and the ship cast ashore at Gottenburgh.

25th. (Lord's day.) My throat being yet very sore, and my head out of order, went not to church, but spent all the morning reading of "The Madd Lovers,"[1] a very good play. Read another play, "The Custome of the Country,"[1] which is a very poor one, methinks.

26th. I have looked a little too much after Tangier and the Fishery, and that in the sight of Mr. Coventry; but I have good reason to love myself for serving Tangier, for it is one of the best flowers in my garden.

28th. My Lord Rutherford would needs carry me and another Scotch Lord to a play, and so we saw, coming late, part of "The Generall;"[2] my Lord Orrery, Broghill's, second play; but, Lord! to see how no more either in words, sense, or design, it is to his "Harry the 5th," is not imaginable, and so poorly acted, though in finer clothes, is strange. My mind at a great loss how to go down to Brampton this week, to satisfy Pigott; but, what with the fears of my house, my money, my wife, and my office, I know not how in the world to think of it; Tom Hater being out of town, and I having near £1,000 in my house.

29th. After dinner, to Sir G. Carteret, and with him to his ew house he is taking in Broad Streete, and there surveyed ll the rooms and bounds, in order to the drawing up a lease hereof; and that done, Mr. Cutler, his landlord, took me up nd down, and showed me all his ground and house, which is xtraordinary great, he having bought all the Augustine Fryers, nd many, many a £1,000 he hath, and will bury there. Fresh newes come of our beating the Dutch at Guinny quite ut of all their castles almost, which will make them quite nad here at home, sure. And Sir G. Carteret did tell me, hat the King do joy mightily at it; but asked him, laughing, " But," says he, " how shall I do to answer this to the Embasador, when he comes?" Nay, they say that we have beat them ut of the New Netherlands,[1] too; so that we have been doing hem mischief for a great while in several parts of the world, vithout publick knowledge or reason. Their fleete for Guinny s now, they say, ready, and abroad, and will be going this week.

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[1] Both these plays were by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[2] Shirley has a Prologue "To a play in Ireland called The General," which, Mr. Dyce observes, "was probably never printed. A tragi-comedy under this title was in the library of Dr. Farmer, and afterwards in that of Mr. Reed."—Shirley's *Works*, vi., 495.

30th. At my accounts, it being a great month, both for proit and layings out—the last being £89 for kitchen, and lothes for myself and wife, and a few extraordinaries for the ouse; and my profits, beside salary, £239; so that I have his week, notwithstanding great layings out, and preparations or laying out, which I make as paid this month, my balance to ome to £1,203.

October 1st. We go nowon with vigour in preparing against the utch; who, they say, will now fall upon us without doubt upon his high news come of our beating them so wholly in Guinny.[2]

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[1] Captain (afterwards Sir Robert) Holmes' expedition to attack the utch settlements in Africa eventuated in an important exploit. Holmes ddenly left the coast of Africa, sailed across the Atlantic, and reduced the utch settlement of *New Netherlands* to English rule, under the title of ew York.—"The short and true state of the matter is this: the country entioned was part of the province of Virginia; and, as there is no settling extensive country at once, a few Swedes crept in there, who surrendered e plantation they could not defend to the Dutch, who having bought the arts and papers of one Hudson, a seaman, who, by commission from the own of England, discovered a river to which he gave his name, conceited ey had purchased a province. Sometimes when we had strength in ose parts, they were English subjects; at others, when that strength eclined they were subjects of the United Provinces. However, upon ing Charles's claim the States disowned the title, but resumed it during r confusions. On March 12th, 1663–4, Charles II. granted it to the uke of York. . . . The King sent Holmes, when he returned to the ower, and did not discharge him till he made it evidently appear at he had not infringed the law of nations."—Campbell's *Naval Hist.*, , 89. How little did the King or Holmes himself foresee the effects of e capture!

[2] See *Poems on State Affairs*, vol. i., p. 32.

2d. (Lord's day.) Walked with my boy through the city, putting in at several churches, among others at Bishopsgate, and there saw the picture[1] usually put before the King's book, put up in the church, but very ill painted, though it were a pretty piece to set up in a church. I intended to have seen the Quakers, who, they say, do meet every Lord's day at the Mouth, at Bishopsgate; but I could see none stirring, nor was it fit to ask for the place; so I walked over Moorefields, and thence to Clerkenwell Church, and there, as I wished, sat next pew to the fair Butler, who indeed is a most perfect beauty still; and one I do very much admire myself for my choice of her, for a beauty, having the best lower part of her face that ever I saw all days of my life. After church, I walked to my Lady Sandwich's, through my Lord Southampton's new buildings in the fields behind Gray's Inn;[2] and, indeed, they are a very great and a noble work. My Lady asked me my opinion about Creed, whether he would have a wife or no, and proposed Mrs. Wright for him, which, she says, she heard he was once inquiring after. She desired I would take a good time and manner of proposing it, and I said I would, though I believed he would love nothing but money, and much was not to be expected there, she said. So away back to Clerkenwell Church, and so we walked all over the fields home, and there my wife was angry with me for not coming home, and for gadding abroad to look after beauties.

3d. With Sir J. Minnes, by coach, to St. James's; and there all the news now of very hot preparations for the Dutch: and, being with the Duke, he told us he was resolved to take a tripp himself, and that Sir W. Pen should go in the same ship with him. Which honour, God forgive me! I could grudge him, for his knavery and dissimulation, though I do not envy much the having the same place myself. Talk also of great haste in he getting out another fleet, and building some ships; and ow it is likely we have put one another's dalliance past a etreate.

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[1] The picture usually placed before the King's book, which Pepys says he saw "put up in Bishopsgate church," was not engraved for the Eikon Basilike, but relates to the frontispiece of the large folio Common Prayer Book of 1661, which consists of a sort of pattern altar-piece, which it was intended should generally be placed in the churches. The design is a sort of classical affair, derived in type from the ciborium of the ancient and continental churches: a composition of two Corinthian columns, engaged or disengaged, with a pediment. It occurs very frequently in the London churches, and may be occasionally remarked in country-town churches, especially those restored at the King's coming in. Any one who has ever seen the great Prayer Book of 1661 will at once recognise the allusion; and it is a well-known fact that the frontispiece was drawn and engraved for the purpose mentioned above."—*Gent. Mag.*, March, 1849, p. 226.

[2] Gray's Inn Square.

4th. This morning Sir W. Pen went to Chatham to look fter the ships now going out thence, and particularly that vherein the Duke and himself go. He took Sir G. Ascue vith him, whom, I believe, he hath brought into play. After linner, to a play, to see "The Generall;" which is so dull and o ill acted, that I think it is the worst I ever saw or heard in ll my days. I happened to sit near to Sir Charles Sedley, vho I find a very witty man, and he did at every line take otice of the dullness of the poet and badness of the action, nd that most pertinently; which I was mightily taken with.

5th. To New Bridewell, and there I did with great pleasure ee the many pretty works, and the little children employed, very one, to do something, which was a very fine sight, and vorthy encouragement. Fell in discourse with the Secretary f the Virtuosi[1] of Gresham College. He tells me of a new-nvented instrument to be tried before the College anon, and I ntend to see it. So to Trinity House, and there I dined mong the old dull fellows. Comes Mr. Cocker to see me, nd I discoursed with him about his writing and ability of ight, and how I shall do to get some glass or other to help my yes by candlelight; and he tells me he will bring me the helps e hath, within a day or two, and show me what he do. To the usique-meeting at the Post-office, where I was once before. nd thither anon come all the Gresham College, and a great eal of noble company: and the new instrument was brought alled the Arched Viall, where, being tuned with lute-strings, nd played on with keys like an organ, a piece of parchment is lways kept moving; and the strings, which, by the keys, are ressed down upon it, are grated in imitation of a bow, by the archment; and so it is intended to resemble several vialls layed on with one bow, but so basely and so harshly, that it ill never do. But, after three hours' stay, it could not be xed in tune; and so they were fain to go to some other usique of instruments. This morning, by three o'clock, the rince,[2] and King, and Duke, with him, went down the River, nd the Prince under sail the next tide after, and so is gone om the Hope. God give him better success than he used to ave!

7th. Come Mr. Cocker, and brought me a globe of glasse nd a frame of oyled paper, as I desired, to show me the manner of his gaining light to grave by, and to lessen the glaringness of it at pleasure by an oyled paper. This I bought of him, giving him a crowne for it; and so, well satisfied, he went away.

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[1] Henry Oldenburgh.

[2] Rupert.

9th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Fuller, my Cambridge acquaintance, coming, he told me he was to preach at Barking Church,[1] and so I to hear him, and he preached well and neatly. To bed without prayers, it being cold, and to-morrow washing day.

10th. Sir W. Pen do grow every day more and more regarded by the Duke, because of his service heretofore in the Dutch war, which I am confident is by some strong obligations he hath laid upon Mr. Coventry; for Mr. Coventry must needs know that he is a man of very mean parts, but only a bred seaman. Sat up till past twelve at night, to look over the account of the collections for the Fishery, and to the loose and base manner that monies so collected are disposed of in, would make a man never part with a penny in that manner; and, above all, the inconvenience of having a great man, though never so seeming pious as my Lord Pembroke[2] is. He is too great to be called to an account, and is abused by his servants, and yet obliged to defend them, for his own sake. This day, by the blessing of God, my wife and I have been married nine years: but my head, being full of business, I did not think of it to keep it in any extraordinary manner. But bless God for our long lives, and loves, and health together, which the same God long continue, I wish, from my very heart!

11th. Luellin tells me what an obscene, loose play this "Parson's Wedding"[3] is, that is acted by nothing but women at the King's house. To the Fishery in Thames Street, and there several good discourses about the letting of the Lotterys, and, among others, one Sir Thomas Clifford, whom yet I knew not, do speak very well and neatly. My wife tells me the sad news of my Lady Castlemaine's being now become so decayed that one would not know her; at least, far from a beauty, which I am sorry for. This day, with great joy, Captain Titus told us the particulars of the French's expedition against Gigery upon the Barbary Coast, in the Straights, with 6,000 chosen men.[4]

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[1] Allhallows.

[2] Philip Herbert, fifth Earl. Ob. 1669.

[3] A comedy, by Thomas Killigrew.

[4] Colbert, in his desire to establish French colonies, wished to found one on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. For this purpose the Duc de Beaufort, High Admiral of France, took possession, on the 22d July, 1664, of Gigeri, in the province of Bugia, and he placed a garrison there under the command of Lieut.-General Guadagni. The Duke had scarcely retired

They have taken the Fort of Gigery, wherein were five men and three guns, which makes the whole story of the King of France's policy and power to be laughed at.

12th. For news, all say De Ruyter is gone to Guinny before us. Sir J. Lawson is come to Portsmouth; and our fleet is hastening all speed: I mean, this new fleet. Prince Rupert with his is got into the Downes.

13th. Taking leave of my wife, I by coach to the Red Lyon in Aldersgate Streete, and there, by agreement, met W. Joyce and Tom Trice, and mounted—I upon a very fine mare that Sir W. Warren helps me to—and so very merrily rode till it was very dark, I leading the way through the dark to Welling, and there to supper and to bed. But very bad accommodation at the Swan. In my way to Brampton, in this day's journey, I met with Mr. White, Cromwell's chaplain that was, and had a great deal of discourse with him. Among others, he tells me that Richard is, and hath long been, in France, and is now going into Italy. He owns publickly that he do correspond with him, and return him all his money. That Richard hath been in some straits in the beginning; but relieved by his friends. That he goes by another name, but do not disguise himself, nor deny himself to any man that challenges him. He ells me, for certain, that offers had been made to the old man[1] of marriage between the King and his daughter to have obliged him, but he would not. He thinks, with me, that it never was n his power to bring in the King with the consent of any of his officers about him; and that he scorned to bring him in as Monk did, to secure himself and deliver every body else. When told him of what I found writ in a French book of one Monsieur Sorbière[2] that gives an account of his observations

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efore the Moors attacked the place in great force and with such success, hat Guadagni thought himself happy in evacuating it with safety. He mbarked on the night of the 29th Oct., abandoning his artillery and stores. The regiment of Picardy perished by shipwreck.

[1] Oliver Cromwell.

[2] Samuel Sorbière, who, after studying divinity and medicine at Paris, ravelled in different parts of Europe, and published his voyage into Eng- and, described by Voltaire as a dull, scurrilous satire upon a nation of hich the author knew nothing. Ob. 1670. It is not clear whether he nvented or only repeated the story here related, which has been disposed f by the discovery of Charles the First's coffin in 1813; and, indeed, how ny doubt upon the subject could have arisen, seems extraordinary, condering that several persons were present at the interment; and that we ave also Sir T. Herbert's testimony as to the fact in his published *Memoirs.* ee also *Diary*, 26th February, 1665-6, when Pepys was shown the place here the late king was buried in St. George's Chapel, and Fuller's *Church History*, book xi., p. 327.

here in England; among other things, he says, that it is reported that Cromwell did, in his life-time, transpose many of the bodies of the kings of England from one grave to another, and that, by that means, it is not known certainly whether the head that is now set up upon a post be that of Cromwell, or of one of the Kings; Mr. White tells me that he believes he never had so poor a low thought in him to trouble himself about it. He says the hand of God is much to be seen; that all his children are in good condition enough as to estate, and that their relations that betrayed their family are all now either hanged or very miserable.

14th. Up by break of day, and got to Brampton by three o'clock, where my father and mother overjoyed to see me, my mother ready to weep every time she looked upon me. To the [Manorial] Court, and there did all our business to my mind. So home, and after supper I to bed.

15th. My father and I up, and walked alone to Hinchingbroke; and, among the late chargeable works that my Lord hath done there, we saw his water-works, which are very fine; and so is the house all over, but I am sorry to think of the money at this time spent therein. Taking leave, W. Joyce and I set out, calling T. Price at Bugden, and got by night to Stevenage, and there mighty merry, though I in bed, more weary than the other two days, which, I think, proceeded from our galloping so much; but I find that a coney skin in my breeches preserves me perfectly from galling.

16th. (Lord's day.) It raining, we set out betimes, and about nine o'clock got to Hatfield in church-time; and I 'light, and saw my simple Lord Salisbury[1] sit there in the gallery. To Barnett, and there dined at the Red Lyon;[2] thence home by four o'clock, weary, but very well.

18th. We made a very great contract with Sir W. Warren for 3,000 load of timber. In the afternoon to the Fishery, where, very confused and very ridiculous, my Lord Craven's proceedings, especially his finding fault with Sir J. Collaton[3] and Colonel Griffin's[4] report in the accounts of the lottery-men.

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[1] See his character in Clarendon: he was at this time seventy-four years of age.

[2] Still existing.

[3] Sir John Collaton or Colladon, of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Physician-in-ordinary to the King, was knighted at Somerset House, 8th of August, 1664.

[4] Edward Griffin, of Braybrooke, in Northamptonshire, at this time Lieutenant-Colonel in the Duke of York's regiment of Foot-Guards, now called the Coldstream: he was raised to the peerage in 1688, by the title of

Thence I with Mr. Gray in his coach to White Hall; but the King and Duke, being abroad, we returned to Somerset House. I find him a very worthy and studious gentleman in the business of trade. He says that it is concluded, among merchants, that, vhere a trade hath once been and do decay, it never recovers igain; and, therefore, that the manufacture of cloth of England vill never come to esteem again: that, among other faults, Sir Richard Ford cannot keep a secret: that Sir Ellis Layton is, or a speech of forty words, the wittiest man that ever he knew n his life, but longer he is nothing. At Somerset House I aw the Queen Dowager's new rooms, which are most stately nd nobly furnished; and there I saw her and the Duke of York and Duchess. The Duke espied me, and come to me, nd talked with me a very great while.

19th. Weighed my two silver flaggons at Stevens's. They veigh 212 oz., 27 dwt., which is about £50, at 5*s*. per oz.: and hen they judge the fashion to be worth about 5*s*. per oz. more; ay, some say 10s. an ounce the fashion. Sorry to see that the ashion is worth so much, and the silver come to no more.

20th. Took two silver tumblers home, which I have bought.

21st. To Sir W. Turner's, and there bought my cloth, oloured, for a suit and cloak, to line with plush. I find hat I must go handsomely, whatever its costs me, and the harge will be made up in the fruits it brings. Comes Mr. Iartin, to trouble me again to get him a Lieutenant's place, or which he is as fit as a fool can be. But I put him off like n asse, as he is.

23d. (Lord's day.) To Church. At noon comes unexpected Mr. Fuller, and dines with me. At night to the office, doing usiness, and then home to supper. Then a psalm, to prayers, nd to bed.

24th. Into the galleries at White Hall, to talk with my Lord andwich; among other things, about the Prince's writing up o tell us of the danger he and his fleet lie in at Portsmouth, of eceiving affronts from the Dutch; which, my Lord said, he ould never have done, had he lain there with one ship alone: or is there any great reason for it, because of the sands. Iowever, the fleet will be ordered to go and lay themselves up

ord Griffin, and followed the fortunes of his Royal Master after the evolution, and was outlawed. Being taken prisoner in the attempted vasion of Scotland in 1708, he was committed to the Tower, and died ere, in confinement, in November, 1710. He married Lady Essex Ioward, eldest daughter, and one of the two co-heirs of James Howard, ird Earl of Suffolk. Their grandson, Edward, third Lord Griffin, dying *p*., in 1742, the barony became extinct.

at the Cowes. Much beneath the prowesse of the Prince, I think, and the honour of the nation, at the first to be found t secure themselves. My Lord is well pleased to think that, i the Duke and the Prince go, all the blame of any miscarriag will not light on him: and that, if any thing goes well, h hopes he shall have the share of the glory, for the Prince is b no means well esteemed of by any body. This day the grea O'Neale[1] died; I believe, to the content of all the Protestan pretenders in Ireland.

25th. Taking care of a piece of plate for Mr. Commissione Pett, against the launching of his new great ship to-morrow a Woolwich, which I singly did move to His Royal Highness yesterday, and did obtain it for him, to the value of twent pieces. And he, under his hand, do acknowledge to me tha he did never receive so great a kindness in the world as fro me herein.

26th. My people rising mighty betimes, to fit themselves to go by water; and my boy, he could not sleep, but wakes about four o'clock, and in bed lay playing on his lute till daylight and, it seems, did the like last night till twelve o'clock. About eight o'clock, my wife and her woman, and Bessy and Jane and W. Hewer and the boy, to the water-side, and there took boat, and by and by I out of doors, to look after the flaggon to get it ready to carry to Woolwich. By and by, the flaggo being finished at the burnisher's, I home, and there fitted myself, and took a hackney-coach I hired, it being a very col and foule day, to Woolwich, all the way reading in a goo book touching the fishery, and that being done, in the boo upon the statute of charitable uses, mightily to my satisfaction At Woolwich; I there up to the King and Duke. Here I staid above with them while the ship was launched,[2] which was done with great success; and the King did very much lik the ship, saying, she had the best bow that ever he saw. But Lord! the sorry talk and discourse among the great courtier round about him, without any reverence in the world, but wit so much disorder. By and by the Queen comes and he

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[1] Daniel O'Neale, husband of the Countess of Chesterfield. "Mr O'Neale, of the Bedchamber, dyed yesterday, very rich, and left his ol lady all." Ed. Savage to Dr. Sancroft, 25th Oct., 1664.—*Harl. MS.* 3785, fol. 19.

[2] The Royal Catharine, of 82 guns. It was observed, that just upo her launching there appeared a fair rainbow, once the sign of a covenan betwixt God and the world, that it should never perish by water; and w hope it will prove as auspicious to this vessel.—*The Newes*, 27th Oct 1664.

Iaids of Honour; one whereof, Mrs. Boyton,[1] and the uchess of Buckingham had been very sick coming by water the barge, the water being very rough; but what silly sport ney made with them in very common terms, methought, was ery poor, and below what people think these great people ay and do. The launching being done, the King and company ent down to take barge; and I sent for Mr. Pett, and put the aggon into the Duke's hand, and he, in the presence of the ing, did give it Mr. Pett, taking it upon his knee. This Ir. Pett is wholly beholding to me for, and he do know, and believe will acknowledge it. Going out of the gate, an rdinary woman prayed me to give her room to London, which did, but spoke not to her all the way, but read as long as I ould see my book again. Dark when we come to London, nd a stop of coaches in Southwarke. Into the Beare, at the ridge-foot, to Sir W. Batten. Presently the stop is removed, nd there going out to find my coach, I could not find it: so I in to go through the dark and dirt over the bridge, and my g fell in a hole broke on the bridge, but, the constable anding there to keep people from it, I was catched up, therwise I had broke my leg: for which mercy the Lord be raised! So home, where the little girl hath looked to the ouse well, but no wife come home, which made me begin to ar for her, the water being very rough, and cold and dark. ut by and by she and her company come in all well, at which was glad, though angry. The City did last night very freely nd the King £100,000, without any security but the King's ord, which was very noble.

27th. At noon, Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, ir W. Pen, and myself, were treated at the Dolphin, by Ir. Foly,[2] the ironmonger, where a good plain dinner, but I pected musique, the missing of which spoiled my dinner, nly very good merry discourse at dinner.

28th. My tailor brings me home my fine, new, coloured-oth suit, my cloak lined with plush—as good a suit as ever I ore in my life, and mighty neat, to my great content.

29th. Up, and it being my Lord Mayor's show,[3] my boy and three maids went out; but, it being a very foul, rainy day, fro morning till night, I was sorry my wife let them go out. the talk is that De Ruyter is come over-land home with six eight of his captains to command here at home, and their shi kept abroad in the Streights: which sounds as if they had mind to do something with us.

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[1] Daughter of Matthew, second son to Sir Matthew Boynton, Bart., of arnston, Yorkshire. She became the first wife of Richard Talbot, afterards Duke of Tyrconnel.

[2] Thomas Foley, afterwards of Witley Court. He was the grandfather of e first Lord Foley, and died on the 1st October, 1677, aged 59. His ortrait is engraved in Nash's *History of Worcestershire.*

[3] Sir John Lawrence. The King and Queen were present at the banquet. *The Intelligencer*, 31st October, 1664.

30th. (Lord's day.) Put on my new, fine, coloured clo suit, with my cloak lined with plush, which is a dear and nob suit, costing me about £17.

31st. To a Committee of Tangier, when Mr. Covent proposed the retrenching some of the charge of the horse. Th first word asked by the Duke of Albemarle was, "let us se who commands them," there being three troops. One of the he calls to mind was by Sir Toby Bridges.[1] Says he, "ther is a very good man. If you must reform [2] two of them, be su let him command the troop that is left." This day, I he young Mr. Stanly, a brave young gentleman, that went out wit young Jermin, with Prince Rupert, is already dead of th small-pox, at Portsmouth. All preparations against the Dutc and the Duke of York fitting himself with all speed to go to th fleet which is hastening for him; being now resolved to go i the Charles.

November 3d. To the office, where strange to see how S W. Pen is flocked to by people of all sorts against his going t sea. This night, Sir W. Batten did tell me strange news, whic troubles me, that my Lord Sandwich will be sent Governor t Tangier, which, in some respects, indeed, I should be glad o for the good of the place and the safety of his person, but think his honour will suffer, and, it may be, his interest fail b his distance.

4th. To St. James's, where I find Mr. Coventry full business, packing up for his going to sea with the Duk Walked with him, talking, to White Hall, where to the Duke lodgings, who is gone thither to lodge lately. Talking abou the management of our office, Mr. Coventry tells me the weigh of dispatch will lie most upon me, and told me freely his min touching Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, the latter of who he most aptly said, was like a lapwing, that all he did was t keep a flutter, to keep others from the nest that they woul find. He told me an old story of the former about the ligh houses, how just before he had certified to the Duke again ne use of them, and what a burden they are to trade, and resently after, at his being at Harwich, comes to desire that e might have the setting one up there, and gets the usefulness f it certified also by the Trinity-House. After discoursing as ow the King hath resolved upon Captain [Silas] Taylor and olonell Middleton, the first to be commissioner for Harwich, nd the latter for Portsmouth, home, and Mr. Duke, our ecretary for the Fishery, dined with me.

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[1] Perhaps we should read Sir Thomas Bridges, made a K.B. at t Restoration.—Kennett's *Chronicle*.

[2] Reform—*i. e.* reduce or abolish.

5th. To the Duke's house, to see "Macbeth,"[1] a pretty good lay, but admirably acted. Thence home; the coach being rced to go round by London Wall home, because of the onfires; the day being mightily observed in the City.

6th. (Lord's day.) Up, and with my wife to church. Dined home. At night, to supper with my uncle Wight, where ery merry, and so home. To prayers and to bed.

7th. To White Hall, where mighty thrusting about the Duke ow upon his going. We were with him long. He advised us follow our business close, and to be directed in his absence the Committee of the Councell for the Navy. By and by a eeting of the Fishery, where the Duke was; but I see the reatest businesses are done so superficially, that I wonder nything succeeds at all among us, that is publick. To my ady Sandwich's, and there met my wife and dined, but I find at I dine as well myself—that is, as neatly, and my meat as ood and well-dressed, as my good Lady do, in the absence of y Lord.

8th. To the office, where by and by Mr. Coventry come, and ter doing a little business, took his leave of us, being to go to a with the Duke to-morrow. At noon, I and Sir J. Minnes nd Lord Barkeley, who with Sir J. Duncum[2] and Mr. Chichly e made Masters of the Ordnance, to the office of the rdnance, to discourse about wadding for guns. Thence to nner, all of us to the Lieutenant's of the Tower; where a good nner, but disturbed in the middle of it by the King's coming to the Tower; and so we broke up, and to him, and went up nd down the store-houses and magazines; which are, with the ldition of the new great store-house, a noble sight. This day, r. Lever sent my wife a pair of silver candlesticks, very pretty nes. The first man that ever presented me, to whom I have t only done little service, but apparently did him the greatest sservice in his business of accounts, as Purser-Generall, of y man at the board.

9th. Called up, as I had appointed, between two and three o'clock. I and my boy Tom by water with a gally down to the Hope, it being a fine starry night. Got thither by eight o'clock, and there, as expected, found the Charles, her mainmast setting Commissioner Pett aboard. I up and down to see the ship I was so well acquainted with, and a great work it is, the setting so great a mast. Thence the Commissioner and I on board Sir G. Ascue, in the Henry, who lacks men mightily, which makes me think that there is more believed to be in a man that hath heretofore been employed than truly there is; for one would never have thought, a month ago, that he would have wanted 1000 men at his heels. Nor do I think he hath much of a seaman in him: for he told me, says he, "Heretofore, we used to find our ships clear and ready, everything to our hands in the Downes. Now I come, and must look to see things done like a slave—things that I never minded, nor cannot look after." And by his discourse I find that he hath not minded anything in her at all. To White Hall, and there the King being in his Cabinet Council, I desiring to speak with Sir G. Carteret, I was called in, and demanded by the King himself many questions, to which I did give him full answers. There were at this Council my Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Treasurer, the two Secretarys, and Sir G. Carteret. Not a little contented at this chance of being made known to these persons, and called often by my name by the King. The Duke of York is this day gone away to Portsmouth.

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[1] As altered by Davenant.

[2] M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds.

10th. Abroad, intending to have spoke with my Lord Chancellor about the old business of his wood at Clarendon, but could not. My little girle Susan is fallen sick of the meazles, we fear, or, at least, of a scarlett fevour.

11th. To the Council-chamber at White Hall, where, looking upon some books of heraldry of Sir Edward Walker's making, which are very fine, I observed the Duke of Monmouth's armes are neatly done, and his title, "The most noble and high-born Prince, James Scott, Duke Monmouth," &c.; nor could Sir J. Minnes, nor anybody there, tell whence he should take the name of Scott.[1] And then I found my Lord Sandwich, his title under his armes is, "The most noble and mighty Lord, Edward Earl of Sandwich," &c. Sir Edward Walker, afterwards coming in, in discourse did say that there was none of the families of princes in Christendom that do derive themselves so high as Julius Cæsar, nor so far, by 1000 years, that can directly prove their rise; only some in Germany do derive themselves from the patrician families of Rome, but that uncertainly; and, among other things, did much inveigh against the writing of romances, that 500 years hence being wrote of matters in general true, as the romance of Cleopatra, the world will not know which is true and which is false. A gentleman told us he saw, the other day, and did bring the draught of it to Sir Francis Pridgeon, a monster born of an hostler's wife at Salisbury, two women children perfectly made, joyned at the lower part of their bellies, and every part as perfect as two bodies, and only one payre of legs coming forth on one side from the middle where they were joined. It was alive 24 hours, and cried, and did as all hopefull children do; but, being showed too much to people, was killed. To the Council at White Hall, where a great many lords: Anglesey in the chair. But, Lord! to see what work they will make us, and what trouble we shall have to inform men in a business they are to begin to know, when the greatest of our hurry is, is a thing to be lamented; and I fear the consequence will be bad to us. Put on my new shaggy purple gown with gold buttons and loop ace.

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[1] He had married Anne Scot, Duchess of Buccleuch. They were created joint Duke and Duchess. The present Duke inherits *her* Dukedom.

13th. (Lord's day.) This morning to Church, where mighty sport, to hear our clerke sing out of tune, though his master sits by him, that begins and keeps the time aloud for the parish. With my wife within doors, and getting a speech out of Hamlett, "to bee or not to bee," without book. In the evening to sing psalms, and so to prayers and to bed.

14th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to White Hall, to the Lords of the Admiralty, and there did our business betimes. Thence to Sir Philip Warwick about Navy business: and my Lord Ashly; and afterwards to my Lord Chancellor, who is very well pleased with me, and my carrying of his business.[1] And so to the 'Change, where mighty busy; and so home to dinner, where Mr. Creed and Moore: and after dinner I to my Lord Treasurer's, to Sir Philip Warwick there, and then to White Hall to the Duke of Albemarle, about Tangier; and then homeward to the Coffee-house, to hear news. And it seems, the Dutch, as I afterwards found by Mr. Coventry's letters, have topped a ship of masts of Sir W. Warren's, coming for us in a Swede's ship, which they will not release upon Sir G. Downing's claiming her: which appears as the first act of hostility; and is ooked upon as so, by Mr. Coventry. The Elias, coming from New England, Captain Hill, commander, is sunk: only the aptain and a few men saved. She foundered at sea.

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[1] About the timber in Clarendon Park.

15th. To a Committee of Tangier, where, and everywher else, thank God, I find myself growing in repute; and so home and late, very late, at business, nobody minding it but myse and so home to bed, weary and full of thoughts.

16th. This day my wife went to the burial of a little boy o W. Joyce's.

17th. This day I received from Mr. Foley, but for me to pa for if I like it, an iron chest, having now received back som money I had laid out for the King, and I hope to have a goo sum of money by me, thereby, in a few days—I think abov £800. But, when I come home at night, I could not find the way to open it; but, which is a strange thing, my little gir Susan could carry it alone from one table clear from the ground and set it upon another, when neither I nor any one in my house but Jane, the cook-maid, could do it.

18th. To the Committee of the Fishery, where so poo simple doings about the business of the Lottery, that I was ashamed to see it, that a thing so low and base should have anything to do with so noble an undertaking. But I had the advantage this day to hear Mr. Williamson discourse, who come to be a contractor with others for the Lotterys, and indeed I find he is a very logicall man and a good speaker. I had a letter from Mr. Coventry, that tells me that my Lord Brouncker is to be one of our Commissioners, of which I am very glad, if any more must be.

20th. (Lord's day.) Up, and with my wife to Church, where Pegg Pen very fine in her new coloured silk suit laced with silver lace.

21st. This day, for certain, news is come that Teddiman hath brought in eighteen or twenty Dutchmen, merchants, their Bourdeaux fleet, and two men of war to Portsmouth. And I had letters this afternoon, that three are brought into the Downes and Dover; so that the war is begun: God give a good end to it!

22d. To my Lord Treasurer's; where with Sir Philip Warwick, studying all we could to make the last year swell as high as we could. And it is much to see how he do study for the King to do it to get all the money from the Parliament he can: and I shall be serviceable to him therein, to help him to heads upon which to enlarge the report of the expense. He did observe to me how obedient this Parliament was for awhile, and the last Session how they began to differ, and to carp at the King's officers; and what they will do now, he says, is to make agreement for the money, for there is no guess to be made o

. He told me he was prepared to convince the Parliament hat the Subsidys are a most ridiculous tax, the four last not ising to £40,000, and unequall. He talks of a tax of Assess- nent of £70,000 for five years; the people to be secured that shall continue no longer than there is really a war; and the harges thereof to be paid. He told me, that one year of ne late Dutch war cost £1,623,000. Thence to my Lord Chancellor's, and there staid long with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, to speak with my lord about our Prize Office business; ut, being sick and full of visitants, we could not speak with him, nd so away home, where Sir Richard Ford did meet us with etters from Holland this day, that it is likely the Dutch fleet ill not come out this year; they have not victuals to keep them ut, and it is likely they will be frozen before they can get ack.[1] Captain Cocke is made Steward for sick and wounded eamen.

23d. Sir G. Carteret was here this afternoon; and strange to ee how we plot to make the charge of this war to appear reater than it is, because of getting money.

24th. To a coffee-house, to drink Jocolatte—very good; nd so by coach to Westminster, being the first day of the arliament's meeting. After the House had received the ing's speech, and what more he had to say, delivered in riting, the Chancellor being sick, it rose.

25th. At my office all the morning, to prepare an account f the charge we have been put to extraordinary by the Dutch ready; and I have brought it to appear £852,700: but God nows this is only a scare to the Parliament, to make them give ne more money. Thence to the Parliament House, and there id give it to Sir Philip Warwick; the House being hot upon ving the King a supply of money. Mr. Jennings tells me ne mean manner that Sir Samuel Morland lives near him, in a ouse he hath bought and laid out money upon, in all to the alue of £1,200; but is believed to be a beggar. At Sir W. atten's, I hear that the House have given the King £2,500,000, be paid for this war, only for the Navy, in three years' time: hich is a joyful thing to all the King's party, I see; but was uch opposed by Mr. Vaughan and others, that it should be much.

27th. (Lord's day.) To church in the morning, then dined home, and to my office, and there all the afternoon setting ght my business of flaggs. In the evening come Mr. Andrews and Hill,[1] and we sung, with my boy, Ravenscroft's 4-part psalms—most admirable musick. After supper, fell into the rarest discourse with Mr. Hill about Rome and Italy; but mos pleasant that ever I had in my life.

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[1] If they made the attempt to put to sea.

28th. Certain news of our peace made by Captain Allen with Algiers; and that the Dutch have sent part of their fleet round by Scotland; and resolve to pay off the rest half-pay, promising the rest in the Spring, hereby keeping their men. But how true this, I know not.

29th. Sir G. Carteret told us how the King inclines to our request of making us Commissioners of the Prize Office.

30th. To the Committee of the Lords, and there did our business; but, Lord! what a sorry despatch these great persons give to business. My heart glad to see my accounts fall so right in this time of missing of monies and confusion. Home and to bed.

December 2d. After dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Duke's house, and there saw "The Rivalls," which I had seen before; but the play not good, nor any thing but the good actings of Betterton, and his wife, and Harris. Thence homewards, and the coach broke with us in Lincoln's Inn Fields. We all to Sir J. Minnes, where good discourse of the late troubles, they knowing things, all of them, very well; and Cocke, from the King's own mouth, being then intrusted himself much, do know particularly that the King's credulity to Cromwell's promises, private to him, against the advice of his friends, and the certain discovery of the practices and discourses of Cromwell in councill, by Major Huntingdon,[2] did take away his life, and nothing else. To my office, to fit up an account for Povy. At it till almost two o'clock, then to supper and to bed.

3d. To a Committee of the Fishery: there only to hear Sir Edward Ford's proposal about farthings, wherein, O God! to see almost every body interested for him; only my Lord Anglesey, who is a grave, serious man. My Lord Barkeley vas there, but is the most hot, fiery man in discourse, without ny cause, that ever I saw, even to breach of civility to my Lord Anglesey, in his discourse, opposing to my Lord's. At last, hough without much satisfaction to me, it was voted that it hould be requested of the King, and that Sir Edward Ford's proposal is the best yet made. The Duke of York is expected o-night with great joy from Portsmouth, after his having been broad at sea three or four days with the fleet: and the Dutch re all drawn into their harbours. But it seems like a victory; nd a matter of some reputation to us it is, and blemish to hem; but in no degree like what it is esteemed at, the weather equiring them to do so.

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[1] Thomas Hill, a merchant, whom Pepys describes, in his *Collection of Signs Manual*, as "my friend, who died at Lisbon in 1675."

[2] According to Clarendon, the officer here alluded to was a major in Cromwell's own regiment of horse, and employed by him to treat with Charles I. whilst at Hampton Court; but, being convinced of the insincerity of the proceeding, communicated his suspicions to that monarch, and immediately gave up his commission. We hear no more of Huntington till the Restoration, when his name occurs with those of many other officers, who tendered their services to the King. His reasons for laying down his commission are printed in Thurloe's *State Papers*, and Masenes's *Tracts*.

4th. (Lord's day.) This day I hear the Duke of York is ome to town, though expected last night, as I observed, but by what hindrance stopped, I can't tell.

5th. Up, and to White Hall with Sir J. Minnes; and there, mong an infinite crowd of great persons, did kiss the Duke's and; but had no time to discourse. By appointment comes ny cozen Roger Pepys and Mrs. Turner, and dined with me, nd very merry we were. To White Hall, and there saw Mr. Coventry come to town, and, with all my heart, am glad to see im.

6th. To the Old Exchange, and there hear that the Dutch re fitting their ships out again, which puts us to new discourse, nd to alter our thoughts of the Dutch, as to their want of ourage or force. Povy tells me how he believes, and in part nows, Creed to be worth £10,000—nay, that now and then e hath three or £4,000 in his hands, for which he gives Creed] the interest the King gives, which is ten per cent., and hat Creed do come and demand it every three months the nterest to be paid him, which Povy looks upon as a cunning nd mean trick of him; but, for all that, he will do, and is very ch.

7th. By coach to my Lady Sandwich's, and there dined with er, and found all well and merry. Thence to White Hall, nd we waited on the Duke, who looks better than he did, methinks, before his voyage; and, I think, a little more stern han he used to do. Povy and Creed staid and eat with me; ut I was sorry I had no better cheer for Povy; for the fool nay be useful, and is a cunning fellow in his way, though a trange one, and that, that I meet not in any other man, nor an describe in him.

9th. This day I had several letters from several places, of ur bringing in great numbers of Dutch ships.

10th. At the office, where comes my Lord Brouncker with his patent in his hand; and I in his coach with him to the 'Change, where he set me down: a modish, civil person he seems to be, but wholly ignorant in the business of the Navy as possible, but I hope to make a friend of him, being a worthy man. Major Holmes is come from Guinny, and is now at Plymouth with great wealth, they say.

11th. (Lord's day.) To church alone in the morning. In the afternoon to the French church, where much pleased with the three sisters of the parson—very handsome, especially in their noses, and sing prettily. I heard a good sermon of the old man, touching duty to parents. Here was Sir Samuel Morland and his lady very fine, with two footmen in new liverys, the church taking much notice of them, and going into their coach after sermon with great gazing. So I home: my cozen, Mary Pepys's husband, comes after me, and told me that out of the money he received some months since he did receive 18*d.* too much, and did now come and give it me, which was very pretty.

12th. To White Hall, where all of us, with the Duke, Mr. Coventry did privately tell me the reason of his advice against our pretences to the Prize Office, in his letter from Portsmouth, because he knew that the King and the Duke had resolved to put in some Parliament men that deserved well, and that would be obliged, by putting them in. Comes Cutler to tell us that the King of France hath forbid any canvass to be carried out of his kingdom. This day, to see how things are ordered in the world, I had a command from the Earl of Sandwich, at Portsmouth, not to be forward with Mr. Chomly and Sir J. Lawson about the Mole at Tangier, because that what I do therein will, because of his friendship to me known, redound against him, as if I had done it upon his score. So I wrote to my Lord my mistake, and am contented to promise never to pursue it more, which goes against my mind with all my heart.

14th. To my bookseller's, and there spoke for several books against new year's day, I resolving to lay out about £7 or £8: and bespoke also some plate spoons and forks.

15th. It seems, of all mankind, there is no man so led by another as the Duke is by my Lord Muskerry[1] and this Fitz-Harding. Insomuch, as when the King would have him to be

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[1] Eldest son of the Earl of Clancarty. He had served with distinction in Flanders, as colonel of an infantry regiment, and was killed on board the Duke of York's ship, in the sea fight, 1665.

Privy Purse, the Duke wept, and said, "But, Sir, I must have your promise, if you will have my dear Charles from me, that if ever you have occasion for an army again, I may have him with me; believing him to be the best commander of an army in the world." But Mr. Cholmly thinks, as all other men I meet do, that he is a very ordinary fellow. It is strange how the Duke also do love naturally, and affect the Irish, above the English.[1] He, of the company he carried with him to sea, took above two thirds Irish and French. He tells me the King do hate my Lord Chancellor; and that they, that is, the King and Lord FitzHarding, do laugh at him for a dull fellow; and in all this business of the Dutch war do nothing by his advice, hardly consulting him. Only he is a good minister in other respects, and the King cannot be without him; but, above all, being the Duke's father-in-law, he is kept in; otherwise FitzHarding were able to fling down two of him. This all the wise and grave Lords see, and cannot help it; but yield to it. But he bemoans what the end of it may be, the King being ruled by these men, as he hath been all along since his coming; to the razing all the strongholds in Scotland, and giving liberty to the Irish in Ireland, whom Cromwell had settled all in one corner: who are now able, and it is feared every day a massacre beginning among them. To the coffee-house, where great talk of the Comet seen in several places; and, among our men at sea, and by my Lord Sandwich, to whom I intend to write about it to-night. This night I begun to burn wax candles in my closet at the office, to try the charge, and to see whether the smoke offends like that of tallow candles.

16th. Bought a looking-glass by the Old Exchange, which costs me £5 5*s*., and 6*s*. for the hooks. A very fair glass.

17th. To the 'Change, and there, among others, had my first meeting with Mr. L'Estrange, who hath endeavoured several times to speak with me. It is to get, now and then, some news of me, which I shall, as I see cause, give him. He s a man of fine conversation, I think, but I am sure most courtly, and full of compliments. Mighty talk there is of this Comet that is seen a'nights: and the King and Queen did sit up last night to see it, and did, it seems. And to-night I hought to have done so too: but it is cloudy, and so no stars appear. But I will endeavour it. Mr. Grey did tell me to-night, for certain, that the Dutch, as high as they seem, do begin to buckle; and that one man in this Kingdom did tell the King that he is offered £40,000 to make a peace, and others have been offered money also. It seems the taking of their Bourdeaux fleet thus, arose from a printed Gazette of the Dutch's boasting of fighting, and having beaten the English: in confidence whereof, it coming to Bourdeaux, all the fleet comes out, and so falls into our hands.

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[1] Because so many of the Irish were Roman Catholics.

18th. (Lord's day.) After supper, Mr. Fuller, the parson, and I, told many stories of apparitions and delusions thereby, and I out with my stories of Tom Mallard; and then to prayers and to bed.

19th. With Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, and there we waited on the Duke. And, among other things, Mr. Coventry took occasion to vindicate himself before the Duke and us, being all there, about the choosing of Taylor[1] for Harwich Upon which the Duke did clear him, and did tell us that he did expect, that, after he had named a man, none of us shall then oppose or find fault with the man; but, if we had anything to say, we ought to say it before he had chose him. Sir G. Carteret thought himself concerned, and endeavoured to clear himself: and by and by Sir W. Batten did speak, knowing himself guilty, and did confess, that, being pressed by the Council, he did say what he did, that he was accounted a fanatique; but did not know that at that time he had been appointed by his Royal Highness. To which the Duke replied, that it was impossible but he must know that he had appointed him; and so it did appear that the Duke did mean all this while Sir W. Batten.

21st. To Mrs. Turner, to Salisbury Court, and with her a little; and carried her, the porter staying for me, our eagle, which she desired the other day, and we were glad to be rid of her. They are much pleased with her. My Lord Sandwich this day writes me word that he hath seen, at Portsmouth, the Comet, and says it is the most extraordinary thing he ever saw.

22d. Met with a copy of verses, mightily commended by some gentlemen there, of my Lord Mordaunt's,[2] in excuse of his going to sea this late expedition, with the Duke of York. But, Lord! they are sorry things; only a Lord made them. Thence to the 'Change: and there, among the merchants, I hear fully the news of our being beaten to dirt at Guinny, by De Ruyter, with his fleete. The particulars, as much as by Sir G. Carteret afterwards I heard, I have said in a letter to my Lord Sandwich this day at Portsmouth; it being most wholly to the utter ruine of our Royall Company, and reproach and shame to the whole nation, as well as justification to them in their doing wrong to no man as to his private property, only taking whatever is found to belong to the Company, and nothing else. Dined at the Dolphin—Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and I, with Sir William Boreman and Sir Theophilus Biddulph[1] and others, Commissioners of the Sewers, about our place below to lay masts in. But, coming a little too soon, I out again, and took boat down to Redriffe; and just in time within two minutes, and saw the new vessel of Sir William Petty's launched, the King and Duke being there. It swims and looks finely, and I believe will do well. Coming away back immediately to dinner, where a great deal of good discourse, and Sir G. Carteret's discourse of this Guinny business, with great displeasure at the loss of our honour there, and do now confess that the trade brought all these troubles upon us between the Dutch and us.

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[1] Silas Taylor, storekeeper there.

[2] See Note, November 26th, 1666.

24th. Having sat up all night to past two o'clock this morning, our porter, being appointed, comes and tells us that the bellman tells him that the Star is seen upon Tower Hill, so I, that had been all night setting in order all my old papers in my chamber, did leave off all, and my boy and I to Tower Hill, it being a most fine, bright, moonshine night, and a great frost, but no Comet to be seen. · At noon to the 'Change, to the Coffee-house; and there heard Sir Richard Ford tell the whole story of our defeat at Guinny, wherein our men are guilty of the most horrid cowardice and perfidiousness, as he says and tells it, that ever Englishmen were. Captain Raynolds, that was the only commander of any of the King's ships there, was shot at by De Ruyter, with a bloody flag flying. He, instead of opposing, which, indeed, had been to no purpose, but only to maintain honour, did poorly go on board himself, to ask what De Ruyter would have, and so yield to whatever Ruyter would desire. The King and Duke are highly vexed at it, it seems, and the business deserves it. I saw the Comet,[2] which now, whether worn away or no I know not, appears not with a tail, but only is larger and duller than any other star, and is come to rise betimes, and to make a great arch, and is gone quite to a new place in the heavens than it was before: but I hope, in a clearer night, something more will be seen.

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[1] Sir Theophilus Biddulph, of Westcombe, Kent, who had been previously knighted, was made a Baronet, 2nd November, 1664: he was then serving in Parliament for Litchfield.

[2] It is one of the twenty-four comets of which the observations have been collected in Halley's *Astronomiæ Cometicæ Synopsis*.

25th. (Lord's day.) To Mr. Rawlinson's church,[1] where I heard a good sermon of one that I remember was at Paul's with me—his name Maggett: and very great store of fine women that is in this church, more than I know anywhere else about us.

26th. To Sir W. Batten's, where Mr. Coventry and all our families here, and Sir R. Ford and his, and a great feast, and good discourse and merry, and so home to bed, where my wife and people innocently at cards, very merry. I to bed, leaving them to their sport and blindman's buff.

27th. Up at seven, and to Deptford and Woolwich in a gally: the Duke calling me out of a barge in which the King was with him, to know whither I was going. I told him to Woolwich, but was troubled afterwards I should say no further, being in a gally, lest he should think me too profuse in my journeys. The Comet appeared again to-night, but duskishly. I went to-bed, leaving my wife, and all her folks and Will also, to come to make Christmas gambols to-night.

28th. My wife to bed at eight o'clock in the morning, which vexed me a little, but I believe there was no hurt in it at all, but only mirth. Visited my Lady Sandwich, and was there, with her and the young ladies, playing at cards till night. Then home to bed, leaving my wife and people up to more sports, but without any great satisfaction to myself.

30th. To several places to pay away money, to clear myself in all the world, and, among others, paid my bookseller £6 for books I had from him this day, and the silversmith £22 18*s.* for spoons, forks, and sugar-box.

31st. To my accounts of the whole year till past twelve at night, it being bitter cold, but yet I was well satisfied with my work; and above all, to find myself, by the great blessing of God, worth £1349, by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above £500 this year above what I was worth this day twelve month. The Lord make me for ever thankful to his holy name for it! Soon as ever the clock struck one, I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry new year.

So ends the old year, I bless God, with great joy to me, not only from my having made so good a year of profit, as having spent £420 and laid up £540, and upwards; but I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health in so very cold weather as this is, nor indeed in any hot weather, these ten years, as I am at this day, and have been these four or five months. But I am at a great loss to know whether it be my hare's foote,[1] or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne. My family is my wife, in good health, and happy with her; her woman Mercer, a pretty, modest, quiet maid; her chambermaid Besse, her cook-maid Jane, the little girl Susan, and my boy, which I have had about half a year, Tom Edwards, which I took from the King's Chapel; and as pretty and loving quiet a family I have as any man in England. My credit in the world and my office grows daily, and I am in good esteem with everybody, I think. My troubles of my uncle's estate pretty well over; but it comes to be of little profit to us, my father being much supported by my purse. But great vexations remain upon my father and me from my brother Tom's death and ill condition, both to our disgrace and discontent, though no great reason for either. Public matters are all in a hurry about a Dutch war. Our preparations great; our provocations against them great; and, after all our presumption, we are now afraid as much of them as we lately contemned them. Every thing else in the State quiet, blessed be God! My Lord Sandwich at sea with the fleete, at Portsmouth; sending some about to cruise for taking of ships, which we have done to a great number. This Christmas I judged it fit to look over all my papers and books, and to tear all that I found either boyish or not to be worth keeping, or fit to be seen, if it should please God to take me away suddenly. Among others, I found these two or three notes, which I thought fit to keep.

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[1] St. Dionis Backchurch.

AGE OF MY GRANDFATHER'S CHILDREN.

Thomas, 1595.
Mary, March 16, 1597.
Edith, October 11, 1599.
John (my Father) January 14, 1601.

My father and mother marryed at Newington, in Surry, Oct. 15, 1626.

THEYR CHILDREN'S AGES.

Mary, July 24, 1627. *mort.*[2]
Paulina, Sept. 18, 1628. *mort.*
Esther, March 27, 1630. *mort.*
John, January 10, 1631. *mort.*

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[1] As a charm against the colic.

[2] The word "*mort*" must have been in some instances added long after he entry was first made.

Samuel,[1] Feb. 23, 1632.
Thomas, June 18, 1634. *mort.*
Sarah, August 25, 1635. *mort.*
Jacob, May 1, 1637. *mort.*
Robert, Nov. 18, 1638. *mort.*
Paulina, Oct. 18, 1640.
John, Nov. 26, 1641. *mort.*

December 31, 1664.

CHARMES.

FOR STENCHING OF BLOOD.

Sanguis mane in te,
Sicut Christus fuit in se;
Sanguis mane in tuâ venâ
Sicut Christus in suâ pœnâ;
Sanguis mane fixus,
Sicut Christus quando fuit crucifixus.

2. A THORNE.

Jesus, that was of a Virgin born,
Was pricked both with nail and thorn;
It neither wealed, nor belled, rankled nor boned;
In the name of Jesus no more shall this.

Or, thus:—

Christ was of a Virgin born,
And he was pricked with a thorn;
And it did neither bell, nor swell;
And I trust in Jesus this never will.

3. A CRAMP.

Cramp be thou faintless,
As our Lady was sinless,
When she bare Jesus.

4. A BURNING.

There came three Angells out of the East;
The one brought fire, the other brought frost—
Out fire; in frost,
In the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost.
AMEN.

1664–5

January 1st. (Lord's day.) This day I am dividing my expense, to see what my clothes and every particular hath stood me in: I mean all the branches of my expense. At noon a good venison-pasty and a turkey to ourselves, without any body so much as wished by us, a thing unusuall for so small a family of my condition: but we did it, and were very merry.

2d. To my Lord Brouncker's, by appointment, in the Piazza, in Covent Garden; where I occasioned much mirth with a ballet [1] I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea to their ladies in town; saying Sir W. Pen, Sir G. Ascue, and Sir J. Lawson, made them. Here a most noble French dinner and banquet. The street full of footballs, it being a great frost.

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[1] To this name is affixed the following note:—"Went to reside in Magd. Coll., Camb., and did put on my gown first, March 5, 1650–1."

3d. Up, and found Mr. Coventry walking in St. James's Park. I did my errand to him about the felling of the King's timber in the forests, and then to my Lord of Oxford, Justice in Eyre, for his consent thereto, for want whereof my Lord Privy Seale [2] stops the whole business. I found him in his lodgings, in but an ordinary furnished house, and room where he was, but I find him to be a man of good discreete replys. Certain news that the Dutch have taken some of our colliers to the North: some say four, some say seven. To Sir W. Batten's, who is going out of town to Harwich to-morrow to set up a lighthouse there, which he hath lately got a patent from the King to set up, that will turn much to his profit.

4th. To my Lord of Oxford's, but his Lordship was in bed at past ten o'clock: and, Lord help us! so rude a dirty family I never saw in my life. To the 'Change, where I hear of some more of our ships lost to the Northward. Mr. Moore and I to "Love in a Tubb,"[1] which is very merry, but only so by gesture, not wit at all, which methinks is beneath the house.

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[1] The Earl of Dorset's song, "To all ye ladies now on land," &c. It is stated by Prior, in the Dedication of his Poems to Lionel Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, that the Earl's father wrote the celebrated sea song, "The night before the Engagement with the Dutch, in 1665"; but this assertion seems very questionable. Dr. Johnson, indeed, after remarking that seldom any splendid story is wholly true, mentions his having heard from the Earl of Orrery, who was likely to have good hereditary intelligence, that Lord Buckhurst had been a week employed upon the performance, and only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening. "But even this," adds the Dr., "whatever it may subtract from his facility, leaves him his courage." In Johnson's *Poets*, 1790, the song is described as "written at sea in the first Dutch war, the night before *an* engagement." T. Durfey, in his *Wit and Drollery*, vol. v., speaks of the composition as "a ballad written by the late Lord Dorset *when at sea*"; and in the fifth stanza he substitutes "Count Thoulouse" for "foggy Opdam," and "French" for "Dutch"; but the original words have been restored in more recent versions. In the absence of certain evidence, we cannot decide upon the fact; but all accounts agree in representing Buckhurst as having served as a volunteer under the Duke of York, whose *first cruise took place in November*, 1664. Perhaps then, the ballad was written at this time, when one action between the two fleets was only delayed by the Dutch retiring to port. Thus Pepys might well have seen the song in January, 1664-5; and it still may have been retouched and brought out with *éclat* during the excitement consequent upon the victory of June 3, following. Nor is it, indeed, easy to imagine that any one ever wrote a ballad when about to take part in a great naval conflict; or that, if two songs had been contemporaneously composed on the same subject, with titles so nearly identical, one only should be known to exist.

[2] Lord Robartes, mentioned Aug. 21, 1660.

6th. At night home, being twelfthnight, and there chose my piece of cake, but went up to my viall, and then to bed, leaving my wife and people up at their sports, which they continue till morning, not coming to bed at all.

8th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall Chapel, where one Dr. Beaumont[2] preached a good sermon, and afterwards a brave anthem upon the 150 Psalm, where upon the word "trumpet" very good musique was made.

9th. Walked to White Hall. In my way saw a woman that broke her thigh, by her heels slipping up upon the frosty street. I saw the Royal Society bring their new book, wherein is nobly writ their charter and laws, and comes to be signed by the Duke as a Fellow; and all the Fellows are to be entered there, and lie as a monument; and the King hath put his, with the word Founder.[3] Holmes was this day sent to the Tower, but I perceive it is made matter of jest only; but if the Dutch should be our masters, it may come to be of earnest to him, to be given over to them for a sacrifice, as Sir W. Ralegh was. To a Tangier committee, where I was accosted and most highly complimented by my Lord Bellasses,[4] our new governor, beyond my expectation; and I may make good use of it. Our patent is renewed, and he and my Lord Barkeley and Sir Thomas Ingram[5] put in as commissioners.

11th. This evening, by a letter from Plymouth, I hear that two of our ships, the Leopard and another, in the Streights, are lost by running aground; and that three more had like to have been so, but got off, whereof Captain Allen one: and that a Dutch fleete are gone thither; and if they should meet with our lame ships, God knows what would become of them.

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[1] "The Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub;" a comedy, by Sir George Etherege.

[2] Joseph Beaumont, D.D., Prebendary of Ely, and Master of Jesus College, Cambridge.

[3] The book is still in use, containing the autograph of every Fellow from the institution of the Society to the present time.

[4] John Lord Bellassis, second son of Thomas Viscount Falconberg, an officer of distinction on the King's side, during the Civil War. He was afterwards Governor of Tangier, and Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners. Being a Catholic, the Test Act deprived him of all his appointments in 1672; but James II., in 1684, made him first Commissioner of the Treasury. Ob. 1689.

[5] Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and a Privy Councillor. Ob. 1671.

This I reckon most sad news; God make us sensible of it! When I come home, I was much troubled to hear my poor canary-bird, that I have kept these three or four years, was dead.

12th. Spoke with a Frenchman, who was taken, but released, by a Dutch man-of-war of thirty-six guns, with seven more of the King's, or greater ships, off the North Foreland, by Margett, which is a strange attempt, that they should come to our teeth; but the wind being easterly, the wind that should bring our force from Portsmouth will carry them away home.

13th. Walked to my Lord Bellasses's lodgings, in Lincoln's Inne Fields, and there he received and discoursed with me, in the most respectfull manner that could be; telling me what a character of my judgment, and care and love to Tangier, he had received of me; that he desired my advice and my constant correspondence, which he much valued, and my courtship, in which, though I understand his design very well, and that it is only a piece of courtship, yet it is a comfort to me, that I am become so considerable, as to have him need say that to me, which, if I did not do something in the world, would never have been. Yesterday's news confirmed, though a little different; but a couple of ships in the Streights we have lost, and the Dutch have been in the Margett Road. To the King's house, to a play, "The Traytor," where, unfortunately, I met with Sir W. Pen, so that I must be forced to confess it to my wife, which troubles me. Thence walked home, being ill satisfied with the present actings of the house, and prefer the other house before this. To my Lady Batten's, where I find Pegg Pen, the first time that ever I saw her to wear spots.

14th. Our late ill news confirmed, in loss of two ships in the Streights, but are now the Phœnix and Nonsuch. To the King's house, there to see Vulpone,[1] a most excellent play; the best I think I ever saw, and well acted.

15th. (Lord's day.) To church, where a most insipid young coxcomb preached. After dinner, to read in "Rushworth's Collections," about the charge against the late Duke of Buckingham,[2] in order to the fitting me to speak and understand the discourse anon, before the King, about the suffering the Turkey merchants to send out the fleete at this dangerous time, when we can neither spare them ships to go, nor men, nor King's ships to convey them. With Sir W. Pen in his coach to my Lord Chancellor's, where, by and by, Mr. Coventry; Sir W. Pen, Sir J. Lawson, Sir G. Ascue and myself were called in to the King, there being several of the Privy Council, and my Lord Chancellor lying at length upon a couch, of the goute, I suppose; and there Sir W. Pen spoke pretty well to dissuade the King from letting the Turkey ships go out: saying, in short, the King having resolved to have 130 ships out by the spring, he must have above 20 of them merchantmen, towards which, he in the whole River could find but 12 or 14, and of them, the five ships taken up by these merchants were a part, and so could not be spared. That we should need 30,000 sailors to man these 130 ships, and of them in service we have not above 16,000; so that we shall need 14,000 more. That these ships will, with their convoys, carry about 2,000 men, and those the best men that could be got; it being the men used to the Southward that are the best men for war, though those bred in the North, among the colliers, are good for labour. That it will not be safe for the merchants, nor honourable for the King, to expose these rich ships with his convoy of six ships to go, it not being enough to secure them against the Dutch, who, without doubt, will have a great fleet in the Streights. This Sir J. Lawson enlarged upon. Sir G. Ascue chiefly spoke that the war and trade could not be supported together. Mr. Coventry showed how the medium of the men the King hath one year with another employed in his Navy since his coming, hath not been above 3,000 men, or at most 4,000 men; and now, having occasion of 30,000, the remaining 26,000 must be found out of the trade of the nation. He showed how the cloaths, sending by these merchants to Turkey, are already bought and paid for to the workmen, and are as many as they would send these twelve months or more; so the poor do not suffer by their not going, but only the merchant, upon whose hands they lie dead; and so the inconvenience is the less. And yet for them he propounded, either the King should, if his Treasurer would suffer it, buy them, and showed the loss would not be so great to him: or, dispense with the Act of Navigation, and let them be carried out by strangers; and ending that he doubted not but when the merchants saw there was no remedy, they would and could find ways of sending them abroad to their profit. All ended with a conviction, unless future discourse with the merchants should alter it, that it was not fit for them to go out, though the ships be loaded. So we withdrew, and the merchants were called in. Staying without, my Lord FitzHarding come thither, and fell to discourse of Prince Rupert's disease,[1] telling the orrible degree of its breaking out on his head. He observed, lso, from the Prince, that courage is not what men take it to e, a contempt of death; for, says he, how chagrined the 'rince was, the other day, when he thought he should die, aving no more mind to it than another man. But, says he, ome men are more apt to think they shall escape than another ıan in fight while another is doubtfull he shall be hit. But, 'hen the first man is sure he shall die, as now the Prince is, e is as much troubled and apprehensive of it as any man lse; for, says he, since we told him that we believe he would vercome his disease, he is as merry, and swears and laughs nd curses, and do all the things of a man in health, as ever e did in his life; which, methought, was a most extraordinary ıying, before a great many persons there of quality.

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[1] A Comedy, by Ben Jonson.

[2] On the expedition to the Isle de Rhé.

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[1] Morbus, scil. Gallicus.

16th. Ned Pickering met me, and told me how active my ord is at sea; and that my Lord Hinchingbroke is now at ome; and, by all report, a very noble and hopefull gentleman. 'hence to Mr. Povy's, and dined well, after his old manner f plenty and curiosity. To a Tangier Committee, where my ord Barkeley was very violent against Povy. My Lord Ashly, observe, is a most clear man in matters of accounts, and most ıgeniously did discourse and explain all matters.

17th. To my Lord Ashly's, where to see how simply, beyond l patience, Povy did again, by his many words and non- ıderstanding, confound himself and his business, to his sgrace, and rendering every body doubtfull of his being either fool or a knave, is very wonderfull. We broke up all dis- tisfied. Here it was mighty strange to find myself sit here in ɔmmittee with my hat on, while Mr. Sherwin stood bare as a erk, with his hat off to his Lord Ashly and the rest; but I ank God I think myself never a whit the better man for all at. A brave dinner, by having a brace of pheasants, and very erry about Povy's folly.

18th. To my bookseller's, and there did give thorough rection for the new binding of a great many of my old books, make my whole study of the same binding, within very few.

19th. To Exeter House,[1] and there was a witness of most ıse language against Mr. Povy, from my Lord Peterborough, ho is most furiously angry with him, because the other, as a ol, would needs say that the £26,000 was my Lord Peter- ɔrough's account, and that he had nothing to do with it. ome, by coach, with my Lord Barkeley, who, by his discourse, find do look upon Mr. Coventry as an enemy, but yet professes great justice and pains. This day was buried, but I could not be there, my cozen Percivall Angier; and yesterday I received the news that Dr. Tom Pepys is dead, at Impington, for which I am but little sorry, not only because he would have been troublesome to us, but a shame to his family and profession—he was such a coxcomb.

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[1] Where Lord Ashley then lived.

20th. To my bookseller's, and there took home Hook's book of Microscopy, a most excellent piece, and of which I am very proud. Homeward, in my way buying a hare, and taking it home, which arose upon my discourse to-day with Mr. Batten, in Westminster Hall, who showed me my mistake that my hare's foot hath not the joynt to it; and assures me he never had his cholique since he carried it about him: and it is a strange thing how fancy works, for I no sooner handled his foot, but I become very well, and so continue.

21st. Mr. Povy carried me to Somerset House; and there showed me the Queen-Mother's chamber and closet, most beautiful places for furniture and pictures; and so down the great stone stairs to the garden, and tried the brave echo upon the stairs; which continues a voice so long as the singing three notes, concords, one after another, they all three shall sound in consort together a good while most pleasantly. To a Tangier Committee, where I saw nothing ordered by judgement, but great heat and passion and faction now in behalf of my Lord Bellasses, and to the reproach of my Lord Teviott. So away with Mr. Povy—a simple fellow I now find him, to his utter shame, in this business of accounts, as none but a sorry fool would have discovered himself; and yet, in little, light, sorry things, very cunning; yet, in the principal, the most ignorant man I ever met with in so great trust as he is. Now mighty well, and truly I can but impute it to my fresh hare's foote.

22d. (Lord's day.) To church. Thence home, discoursing, among other things, of a design I have of making a match between Mrs. Betty Pickering and Mr. Hill, my friend the merchant, that loves musique, and comes to me a' Sundays; a most ingenious and sweet-natured and highly accomplished person. I know not how their fortunes may agree, but their disposition and merits are much of a sort, and persons, though different, yet equally, I think, acceptable.

23d. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to White Hall; but, there finding the Duke gone to his lodgings in St. James's for altogether, his Duchess being ready to lie in, we to him, and there did our usual business. And here I met the great news confirmed by the Duke's own relation, by a letter rom Captain Allen. First, of our own loss of two ships, the Phœnix and Nonsuch, in the Bay of Gibraltar: then of his and is seven ships with him, in the Bay of Cales, or thereabouts, ighting with the 34 Dutch Smyrna fleete; sinking the King Salamon, a ship worth a £150,000 or more; some say £200,000, nd another; and taking of three merchant-ships. Two of ur ships were disabled, by the Dutch unfortunately falling gainst their will against them; the Advice, Captain W. Poole, nd Antelope, Captain Clerke. The Dutch men-of-war did ittle service. Captain Allen, before he would fire one gun, ome within pistol-shot of the enemy. The Spaniards, at Cales, did stand laughing at the Dutch, to see them run away and flee o the shore, 34 or thereabouts, against eight Englishmen at most. I do purpose to get the whole relation, if I live, of Captain Allen himself. In our loss of the two ships in the Bay of Gibraltar, the world do comment upon the misfortune f Captain Moone of the Nonsuch, who did lose, in the same manner, the Satisfaction, as a person that hath ill-luck attending him; without considering that the whole fleete was ashore. Captain Allen led the way, and himself writes, that all the masters of the fleete, old and young, were mistaken, and did arry their ships aground. But I think I heard the Duke say, hat Moone, being put into the Oxford, had in this conflict egained his credit, by sinking one and taking another. Captain Seale, of the Milford, hath done his part very well, in oarding the King Salamon, which held out half an hour after he was boarded; and his men kept her an hour after they did master her, and then she sunk, and drowned about 17 of her men.

24th. The Dutch have, by consent of all the Provinces, oted no trade to be suffered for eighteen months, but that hey apply themselves wholly to the war.[1] Home to supper, aving a great cold, got on Sunday last, by sitting too long ith my head bare, for Mercer to comb and wash my eares.

25th. Dined upon a hare pye, very good meat. Mr. Hill tells me, that he is to be Assistant to the Secretary of th Prize Office, Sir Ellis Layton, which, methinks, is but something low, but perhaps may bring him something considerable but it makes me alter my opinion of his being so rich as t make a fortune for Mrs. Pickering. Visited Sir J. Minnes, wh continues ill, but he told me what a mad, freaking fellow Sir Ellis Layton hath been, and is, and once at Antwerp wa really mad.

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[1] This statement of a total prohibition of all trade, and for so long a eriod as eighteen months, by a government so essentially commercial as at of the United Provinces, seems extraordinary. The fact was, that hen, in the beginning of the year 1665, the States-General saw that the ar with England was become inevitable, they took several vigorous easures, and determined to equip a formidable fleet; and, with a view to btain a sufficient number of men to man it, prohibited all navigation, pecially in the great and small fisheries, as they were then called, and the Whale fishery. This measure appears to have resembled the em-rgoes so commonly resorted to in this country on similar occasions, ther than a total prohibition of trade.

27th. To my Lord Bellasses's, and so with my Lord in his coach to White Hall, and with him to my Lord Duke o Albemarle, finding him at cards. After a few dull words or two, I away to White Hall again, and there walked u and down, talking with Mr. Slingsby, who is a very ingenious person, about the Mint. He argues, that there bein £700,000 coined in the Rump time, and by all the Treasurers of that time, it being their opinion that the Rump money was in all payments, one with another, about a tenth part of al their money; then, says he, the nearest guess we can make is that the money passing up and down in business is £700,000 He also made me fully understand that the old law of prohibiting bullion to be exported is, and ever was, a folly and an injury, rather than good. Arguing thus, that if the exportations exceed the importations, then the balance must be brough home in money, which, when our merchants know cannot b carried out again, they will forbear to bring home in money but let it lie abroad for trade, or keep in foreign banks: or, i our importations exceed our exportations, then, to keep credit the merchants will and must find ways of carrying out money by stealth, which is a most easy thing to do, and is everywhere done; and, therefore, the law against it signifies nothing in the world. Besides, that it is seen, that where money is free, there is great plenty: where it is restrained, as here, there is great want, as in Spain.

28th. To clear all my matters about Colours,[1] and I find myself to have got clear, by that commodity, £50, and something more; and earned it with due pains and care, and issuing of my own money, and saved the King near £10 in it.

30th. This is solemnly kept as a fast all over the City, bu I kept my house, putting my closet to rights again. To my office, and, being late at it, comes Mercer to me, to tell me that my wife was in bed, and desired me to come home; fo they hear, and have, night after night, lately heard noises ove eir head upon the leads. Now, knowing that I have a great im of money in my house, this puts me into a most mighty fright, that for more than two hours, I could not almost tell hat to do or say, but feared this night, and remembered that iis morning I saw a woman and two men stand suspiciously the entry, in the dark; I calling to them, they made me nly this answer, the woman saying that the men come to see er; but who she was I could not tell. The truth is, my ouse is mighty dangerous, having so many ways to be come ; and at my windows, over the stairs, to see who goes up nd down; but, if I escape to-night, I will remedy it. God reserve us this night safe! So, at almost two o'clock, I home my house, and, in great fear, to bed, thinking every running f a mouse really a thief; and so to sleep, very brokenly, all ight long, and found all safe in the morning.

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[1] Flags.

February 1st. After being in bed, my people come and say ere is a great stink of burning, but no smoke. We called o Sir J. Minnes's and Sir W. Batten's people, and Griffin, nd the people at the madhouse, but nothing could be found give occasion to it. At this trouble we were till past three clock, and then the stink ceasing, I to sleep, and my people bed.

3d. To Mrs. Turner's, who, I perceive, is vexed, because I o not serve her in something against the great feasting for her usband's reading, in helping her to some good penn'eths, but care not. She was dressing herself by the fire in her hamber, and there took occasion to show me her leg, which, ndeed, is the finest I ever saw, and she not a little proud of . My bill for the rebinding of some old books to make hem suit with my study, cost me, besides other new books in he same bill, £3; but it will be very handsome. News is ome from Deale, that the same day my Lord Sandwich sailed hence with the Fleet, that evening some Dutch men-of-war ere seen on the back side of the Goodwin, and, by all con-cture, must be seen by my Lord's fleete; which, if so, they ust engage. To my uncle Wight's, where the Wights all ined; and, among the others, pretty Mrs. Margaret, who ndeed is a very pretty lady; and, though by my vow it costs e 12*d.* a kiss after the first, yet I did adventure upon a couple. o visit my Lady Sandwich, and she discoursed largely to me er opinion of a match, if it could be thought fit by my Lord, r my lady Jemimah, with Sir G. Carteret's eldest son; but I oubt he hath yet no settled estate in land. But I will inform yself, and give her my opinion. Then Mrs. Pickering, after private discourse ended, we going into the other room, did, at my Lady's command, tell me the manner of a masquerade before the King and Court the other day,[1] where six women, my Lady Castlemaine and Duchess of Monmouth being two of them, and six men, the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Arran,[2] and Monsieur Blanfort,[3] being three of them, in vizards, but most rich and antique dresses, did dance admirably and most gloriously. God give us cause to continue the mirth

4th. I to the Sun behind the 'Change, to dinner to my Lord Belasses. He told us a very handsome passage of the King's sending him his message about holding out the town of Newarke, of which he was then governor for the King. This message he sent in a slugg-bullet, being writ in cypher, and wrapped up in lead and sealed. So the messenger come to my Lord, and told him he had a message from the King, but it was yet in his belly; so they did give him some physick, and out it come. This was a month before the King's flying to the Scots; and therein he told him that, at such a day, the 3d or 6th of May, he should hear of his being come to the Scots, being assured by the King of France, that in coming to them he should be used with all the liberty, honour, and safety, that could be desired. And at the just day he did come to the Scots. He told us another odd passage: how the King having newly put out Prince Rupert of his generalship, upon some miscarriage at Bristol, and Sir Richard Willis of his governorship of Newarke, at the entreaty of the gentry of the County, and put in my Lord Bellasses; the great officers of the King's army mutinied, and come in that manner with swords drawn, into the market-place of the town where the King was; which the King hearing, says, "I must horse." And there himself personally, when every body expected they should have been opposed, the King come, and cried to the head of the mutineers, which was Prince Rupert, "Nephew, I command you to be gone." So the Prince, in all his fury and discontent, withdrew, and his company scattered.

[1] *i. e.* yesterday. See Evelyn's *Diary* and De Grammont.

[2] Richard Butler, second son of James, first Duke of Ormond, created Earl of Arran in Ireland, in 1662; and, in 1674, made Baron Butler, of Weston, co. Huntingdon, which honours became extinct at his death, *s. p. m.* in 1685.

[3] Lewis Duras, Marquis de Blanquefort, naturalized 17th Charles II., and created Baron Duras, 1672, and in 1677 succeeded to the Earldom of Feversham, under the limitation in the patent by which his father-in-law, who died without issue, had been raised to that title. He was afterwards made K.G. by James II., whom he had attended in the sea-fight of 1665, as Captain of the guard.

5th. (Lord's day.) Up and down to my chamber, among my ew books, which is now a pleasant sight to me to see my hole study almost of one binding.

6th. One of the coldest days, all say, they ever felt in ngland.

7th. At home at dinner. It being Shrove Tuesday, had ome very good fritters. This day, Sir W. Batten, who hath een sick four or five days, is now very bad, so as the people egin to fear his death; and I at a loss whether it will be etter for me to have him die, because he is a bad man, or ve, for fear a worse should come.

9th. Sir William Petty tells me, that Mr. Barlow[1] is dead; r which, God knows my heart, I could be as sorry as is ossible for one to be for a stranger, by whose death he gets 100 per annum.

10th. To Paul's Churchyard, there to see the last of my ooks new bound: among others, my "Court of King James," nd "The Rise and Fall of the Family of the Stewarts;" and uch pleased I am now with my study; it being, methinks, a eautiful sight. In Mr. Grey's coach to Westminster, where I eard that yesterday the King met the Houses to pass the reat bill for £2,500,000.

12th. (Lord's day.) To church, to St. Lawrence's in the ewry, to hear Dr. Wilkins, the great scholar, for curiosity, I aving never heard him: but was not satisfied with him at all. was well pleased with the church—it being a very fine church.

13th. On board Sir W. Petty's "Experiment," which is a ne roomy vessel, and I hope may do well. Light upon some utchmen, with whom we had good discourse, touching stove-ng,[2] and making of cables. But to see how despicably ey speak of us for using so many hands more to do any ing than they do—they closing a cable with 20, that we se 60 men upon. Captain Stokes, it seems, is dead at ortsmouth.

14th. (St. Valentine.) This morning comes betimes Dicke en, to be my wife's Valentine, and come to our bedside. By e same token, I had him brought to my side, thinking to ave made him kiss me; but he perceived me, and would ot; so went to his Valentine: a notable, stout, witty boy.

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[1] Thomas Barlow, Pepys's predecessor as Clerk of the Acts, to whom e paid part of the salary. Barlow had previously been Secretary to lgernon, Earl of Northumberland, when High Admiral.

[2] Stoveing, in sail-making, is the heating of the bolt-ropes, so as to ake them pliable.

My Lord Sandwich is, it seems, with his fleet at Aldboroug Bay.

15th. Busy all the morning. At noon, with Creed to th Trinity-house, where a very good dinner among the old joke and an extraordinary discourse of the manner of the loss the The Royall Oake[1] coming home from Bantam, upon th rocks of Scilly. Thence with Creed to Gresham Colleg where I had been by Mr. Povy the last week proposed to b admitted a member; and was this day admitted, by signing book and being taken by the hand of the President, my Lor Brouncker, and some words of admittance said to me.[2] Bu it is a most acceptable thing to hear their discourse, and se their experiments; which were this day on fire, and how i goes out in a place where the ayre is not free, and sooner o where the ayre is exhausted, which they showed by an engin on purpose. After this being done, they to the Crown Taver behind the 'Change, and there my Lord and most of th company to a club supper; Sir P. Neale, Sir R. Murray,[3] D Clerke, Dr. Whistler, Dr. Goddard,[4] and others, of the mos eminent worth. Above all, Mr. Boyle was at the meeting and above him Mr. Hooke,[5] who is the most, and promise the least, of any man in the world that ever I saw. Her excellent discourse till ten at night, and then home.

16th. To White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier, but Lord! to see what a degree of contempt—nay, scorn, Mr Povy, through his prodigious folly, hath brought on himself i his accounts, that if he be not a man of a great interest, h will be kicked out of his employment for a fool. Mrs. Hun dined with me, and, poor Mrs. Batters, who brought her littl daughter with her, and a letter from her husband, wherein, a a token, the fool presents me very seriously with his daughte for me to take the charge of bringing up for him and to mak my owne. But I took no notice to her at all of the substanc of the letter.

17th. Povy tells me how he was hunted the other day, an is still, by my Lord Barkeley; and, among other things, tells me, what I did not know, that my Lord will say openly that he hath fought more set fields than any man in England hath done.

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[1] For the relation of the loss of the Royal Oak, see Rawlinson, A 19 fol. 180.

[2] Pepys was afterwards President. His portrait, by Kneller, presented b himself, is still to be seen in the Great Room of the Society.

[3] One of the Founders of the Royal Society, made a Privy Councillor f Scotland after the Restoration.

[4] Jonathan Goddard, M.D., F.R.S. He had been Physician t Cromwell, and was M.P. for Oxfordshire in 1653.

[5] Dr. Robert Hooke, Professor of Geometry at Gresham College, an Curator of the Experiments to the Royal Society, of which he was one the earliest and most distinguished members. Ob. March 3, 1702–3.

18th. At noon, to the Royall Oak taverne in Lombard Street; where Sir William Petty and the owners of the double-bottomed boat, the Experiment, did entertain my Lord Brouncker, Sir R. Murray, myself, and others, with marrow-bones, and a chine of beef, of the victuals they have made for this ship; and excellent company and good discourse: but, above all, I do value Sir William Petty. Thence home; and took my Lord Sandwich's draught of the harbour of Portsmouth down to Ratcliffe, to one Burston, to make a plate for the King, and another for the Duke, and another for himself; which will be very neat. My Lord Sandwich, and his fleete of twenty-five ships in the Downes, returned from cruising, but could not meet with any Dutchmen.

19th. (Lord's day.) Hearing by accident of my maid's letting in a roguing Scotch woman that haunts the office, to help them to wash and scour in our house, and that very lately, I fell mightily out, and made my wife, to the disturbance of the house and neighbours, to beat our little girle, and then we shut her down into the cellar, and there she lay all night.

20th. Rode into the beginning of my Lord Chancellor's new house,[1] near St. James's: which common people have already called Dunkirke-house, from their opinion of his having a good bribe for the selling of that towne. And very noble I believe it will be. Near that is my Lord Barkeley beginning another on one side, and Sir J. Denham on the other. To the Sun taverne, where we dined merry, but my club and the rest come to 7*s.* 6*d.*, which was too much.

21st. My wife busy in going with her woman to the hot-house to bathe herself, after her long being within doors in the dirt, so that she now pretends to a resolution of being hereafter very clean. How long it will hold I can guess. I dined with Sir W. Batten and my Lady, they being nowa'days very fond of me. My Lady Sandwich tells me how my Lord Castlemaine s coming over from France, and it is believed will soon be made friends with his Lady again. What mad freaks the Mayds of Honour at Court have: that Mrs. Jenings,[1] one of the Dutchess's maids, the other day dressed herself like an orange wench, and went up and down and cried oranges; till, falling down, or by some accident, her fine shoes were discerned, and she put to a great deal of shame; that such as these tricks, being ordinary, and worse among them, thereby few will venture upon them for wives: my Lady Castlemaine will in merriment say, that her daughter, now above a year old or two, will be the first mayd in the Court that will be married. This day my Lord Sandwich writ me word from the Downes, that he is like to be in town this week.

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[1] "Oct. 8, 1667. The Lord Chancellor's House, called 'Clarendon House,' is now almost finished. The chapel is quite completed, and was consecrated, when His Honour gave a rich Bible, the cover of which was of silver, and the Book of Common Prayer with the same covering, together with bowls and other vessels for the Sacrament, to the value of £1,000. A Sermon was preached that day by a Bishop."—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

22d. At noon to the 'Change, busy; where great talk of a Dutch ship in the North put on shore, and taken by a troop of horse.

23d. This day, by the blessing of Almighty God, I have lived thirty-two years in the world, and am in the best degree of health at this minute that I have been almost in my life time, and at this time in the best condition of estate that ever I was in—the Lord make me thankful.

25th. At noon to the 'Change; where, just before I come, the Swede that had told the King and the Duke so boldly a great lie of the Dutch flinging our men back to back into the sea at Guinny, so particularly, and readily, and confidently, was whipt round the 'Change: he confessing it a lie, and that he did it in hopes to get something. It is said the Judges, upon demand, did give it their opinion that the law would judge him to be whipt, to lose his eares, or to have his nose slit: but I do not hear that any thing more is to be done to him. They say he is delivered over to the Dutch Embassador to do what he pleased with him. To the Sun taverne, and there dined with Sir W. Batten and Mr. Gifford, the merchant: and I hear how Nick Colborne, that lately lived and got a great estate there, is gone to live like a prince in the country, and that this Wadlow, that did the like at the Devil[2] by St. Dunstan's, did go into the country, and there spent almost all he had got, and hath now choused this Colborne now of his house, that he might come to his old trade again. But, Lord! to see how full the house is, no room for any company almost to come into it. Late home, and to clean myself with warm water; my wife will have me, because she do use it herself.

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[1] Frances, daughter of Richard Jennings, Esq., of Sundridge, near St. Albans, and eldest sister of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, married, 1st, George Hamilton, afterwards knighted, and in the French service; and, 2dly, Richard Talbot, created Duke of Tyrconnel. She died in Ireland, in 1730. The anecdote here related is told in the *Mémoires de Grammont.*

[2] The Devil Tavern stood between Temple Bar and the Middle Temple Gate, nearly opposite to St. Dunstan's Church. Child's Place, so called from the Banking-house adjoining, was built in 1788 on the site of the tavern. See *Handbook of London.*

27th. We to a Committee of the Council, to discourse concerning pressing of men; but, Lord! how they meet! never sit down: one comes, now another goes, then comes another; one complaining that nothing is done, another swearing that he hath been there these two hours, and nobody come. At last my Lord Anglesey says, "I think we must be forced to get the King to come to every Committee; for I do not see that we do any thing at any time but when he is here." And I believe he said the truth: and very constant he is on council-days: which his predecessors, it seems, very rarely were. To Sir Philip Warwick's; and there he did contract with me a kind of friendship and freedom of communication, wherein he assures me to make me understand the whole business of the Treasurer of the Navy, that I shall know, as well as Sir G. Carteret, what money he hath; and will needs have me come to him sometimes, or he meet me, to discourse of things tending to the serving the King: and I am mighty proud and happy in becoming so known to such a man. And I hope shall pursue it.

March 1st. Being the day that by a promise, a great while ago, made to my wife, I was to give her £20 to lay out in clothes against Easter, I did give it her, and then she abroad to buy her things. To Gresham College, where Mr. Hooke read a second very curious lecture about the late Comet; among other things, proving very probably that this is the very same Comet that appeared before in the year 1618, and that n such a time probably it will appear again, which is a very new opinion; but all will be in print. Then to the meeting, where Sir G. Carteret's two sons, his own, and Sir N. Slaning,[1] were admitted of the Society: and this day I did pay my admission money, 40*s.*, to the Society. Here was very fine discourses and experiments, but I do lack philosophy enough o understand them, and so cannot remember them. Among others, a very particular account of the making of the several orts of bread in France, which is accounted the best place for bread in the world.

2d. Begun this day to rise betimes before six o'clock, and, going down to call my people, found Besse and the girle with their clothes on, lying within their bedding upon the ground close by the fireside, and a candle burning all night, pretending they would rise to scoure. But Besse is going, and so she will not trouble me long.

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[1] Sir Nicholas Slaning, K.B., married a daughter of Sir George Carteret.

3d. To see Mrs. Turner, who takes it mightily ill I did not come to dine with the Reader in Law, her husband, which, she says, was the greatest feast that ever was yet kept by a Reader, and I believe it was well. But I am glad I did not go, which confirms her in an opinion that I am grown proud.

4th. William Howe come to see me, being come up with my Lord from sea: he is grown a discreet but very conceited fellow. He tells me how little respectfully Sir W. Pen did carry it to my Lord on board the Duke's ship at sea: and that Captain Minnes, a favourite of Prince Rupert's, do show my Lord little respect; but that every body else esteems my Lord as they ought. This day was proclaimed at the 'Change the war with Holland.

5th. (Lord's day.) To my Lord Sandwich's, and dined with my Lord; it being the first time he hath dined at home since his coming from sea: and a pretty odd demand it was of my Lord to my Lady before me: "How do you, sweetheart? How have you done all this week?" himself taking notice of it to me, that he had hardly seen her the week before. At dinner he did use me with the greatest solemnity in the world, in carving for me, and nobody else, and calling often to my Lady to cut for me; and all the respect possible.

6th. With Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, and there did our business with the Duke. Great preparations for his speedy return to sea. I saw him try on his buff coat and hat-piece covered with black velvet. It troubles me more to think of his venture than of any thing else in the whole war. I saw Besse go away; she having, of all wenches that ever lived with us, received the greatest love and kindness, and good clothes besides wages, and gone away with the greatest ingratitude.

8th. This morning is brought me to the office the sad news of The London, in which Sir J. Lawson's men were all bringing her from Chatham to the Hope, and thence he was to go to sea in her; but a little on this side the buoy of the Nore, she suddenly blew up. About twenty-four men and a woman that were in the round house and coach saved; the rest, being above 300, drowned: the ship breaking all in pieces, with 80 pieces of brass ordnance. She lies sunk, with her round-house above water. Sir J. Lawson hath a great loss in this of so many good chosen men, and many relations among them.

I went to the 'Change, where the news taken very much to heart. To Gresham College, and there saw several pretty experiments.

9th. At Paule's school, where I visited Mr. Crumlum at his house; and, Lord! to see how ridiculous a conceited pedagogue he is, though a learned man, he being so dogmaticall in all he do and says. But, among other discourse, we fell to the old discourse of Paule's Schoole; and he did, upon my declaring my value of it, give me one of Lilly's grammers of a very old impression, as it was in the Catholique times, which I shall much set by. This night my wife had a new suit of flowered ash-coloured silk, very noble.

10th. At noon to the 'Change, where very hot, people's proposal of the City giving the King another ship for The London, that is lately blown up. It would be very handsome, and, if well managed, might be done; but, I fear, if it be put into ill hands, or that the courtiers do solicit it, it will never be done. To the Committee of Tangier at White Hall, where my Lord Barkeley, and Craven, and others; but, Lord! to see how superficially things are done in the business of the Lottery, which will be the disgrace of the Fishery and without profit.

11th. Sir J. Minnes from Lee Roade, where they have been to see the wrecke of "The London," out of which, they say, the guns may be got, but the hull of her will be wholly lost, as not being capable of being weighed.

12th. (Lord's day.) Borrowing Sir J. Minnes's coach, to my Lord Sandwich's, but he was gone abroad. I sent the coach back for my wife, my Lord a second time dining at home, on purpose to meet me, he having not dined once at home, but those times, since his coming from sea. I sat down, and read over the Bishop of Chichester's[1] sermon upon the anniversary of the King's death—much cried up, but methinks but a mean sermon. Down to dinner, where my wife in her new lace whiske, which indeed is very noble, and I am much pleased with it, and so my Lady also. Here very pleasant my Lord was at dinner; and after dinner did look over his plate,[2] which Burston hath brought him to-day, and is the last of the three that he will have made. After much discourse with my Lady about Sir G. Carteret's son, of whom she hath some thoughts for a husband for my Lady Jemimah, we away home by coach again.

13th. To St. James's, and there much business, the King also being with us a great while. This day my wife begun to wear light-coloured locks, quite white almost, which, though it makes her look very pretty, yet, not being natural, vexes me, that I will not have her wear them. This day I saw my Lord Castlemaine at St. James's, lately come from France.

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[1] See note to July 8, 1660.

[2] See Feb. 18, 1664–5.

14th. Dined with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes at the Tower, with Sir J. Robinson, at a farewell dinner which he gives Major Holmes at his going out of the Tower, where he hath for some time, since his coming from Guinny, been a prisoner,[1] and, it seems, had presented the Lieutenant with fifty pieces yesterday. Here a great deal of good victuals and company.

15th. To dinner, where my wife being gone down upon a sudden warning from my Lord Sandwich's daughters, to the Hope with them, to see the Prince, I dined alone. Anon to Gresham College, where, among other good discourse, there was tried the great poyson of Maccassa[2] upon a dogg, but it had no effect all the time we sat there.

16th. At noon, home to dinner, where my wife told me the unpleasant journey she had yesterday among the children, whose fear upon the water and folly made it very unpleasing to her. This afternoon, Mr. Harris, the sayle-maker, sent me a noble present of two large silver candlesticks and snuffers, and a slice to keep them upon, which indeed is very handsome.

17th. This night, my Lady Wood died of the smallpox, and is much lamented among the great persons for a good-natured woman and a good wife. The Duke did give us some commands, and so broke up, not taking leave of him. But the best piece of newes is, that, instead of a great many troublesome Lords, the whole business is to be left with the Duke of Albemarle to act as Admirall in his stead; which is a thing that do cheer my heart; for the other would have vexed us with attendance, and never done the business. Povy and I by water to London together. In the way, of his own accord, he proposed to me that he would surrender his place of Treasurer[3] to me to have half the profit. The thing is new to me, but, the more I think, the more I like it, and do put him upon getting it done by the Duke.

19th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Povy sent his coach for me betimes, and I to him, and there, to our great trouble, do find that my Lord FitzHarding do appear for Mr. Brouncker[4] to be Paymaster upon Povy's going out, by a former promise of the Duke's, and offering to give as much as any for it. This put us all into a great damp; and so we went to Creed's new odging in the Mewes, and there we found Creed with his parrot upon his shoulder, which struck Mr. Povy coming by ust by the eye, very deep, which, had it hit his eye, had put t out. At last, I to Mr. Coventry, and there had his most riendly and ingenuous advice, advising me not to decline the hing, it being that, that will bring me to be known to great persons, while now I am buried among three or four of us, says he, in the Navy; but do not make a declared opposition o my Lord FitzHarding. Then to my Lord Sandwich's to dinner, and after dinner to Mr. Povy's, who hath been with he Duke of York, and, by the mediation of Mr. Coventry, the Duke told him that the business shall go on, and he will take off Brouncker, and my Lord FitzHarding is quiett, too. Mr. Povy and I in his coach to Hyde Parke, being the first day of the tour there: where many brave ladies; among others, Castlemaine lay impudently upon her back in her coach asleep, with her mouth open. There was also my lady Kerneguy,[1] once my Lady Anne Hambleton. Here I saw Sir J. Lawson's daughter and husband, a fine couple, and also Mr. Southwell and his new lady, very pretty. Thence back, putting in at Dr. Where's, where I saw his lady, a very fine woman.

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[1] For taking New York from the Dutch. See 29th Sept., 1664, *ante.*

[2] The Upas-tree.

[3] For Tangier.

[4] See note to March 24, 1667, *postea.*

20th. Creed and I had Mr. Povy's coach sent for us, and we to his house; where we did some business, in order to the work of this day. Povy and I to my Lord Sandwich, who ells me that the Duke is not only a friend to the business, but o me, in terms of the greatest love and respect and value of me that can be thought, which overjoys me. Thence to St. James's, and there was in great doubt of Brouncker; but t last I hear that Brouncker desists. The Duke did direct Secretary Bennet to declare his mind to the Tangier Committee, hat he approves of me for Treasurer; and with a character of me to be a man whose industry and discretion he would trust pon as any man's in England: and did the like to my Lord andwich. So to White Hall, to the Committee of Tangier, here there were present, my Lord of Albemarle, my Lord eterborough, Sandwich, Barkeley, Fitz-Harding, Secretary ennet, Sir Thomas Ingram, Sir John Lawson, Povy, and I: here, after other business, Povy did declare his business very andsomely; that he was sorry he had been so unhappy in his accounts, as not to give their Lordships the satisfaction he intended, and that he was sure his accounts were right, and continues to submit them to examination, and is ready to lay down in ready money the fault of his account; and that for the future, that the work might be better done, and with more quiet to him, he desired, by approbation of the Duke, he might resign his place to Mr. Pepys. Whereupon, Secretary Bennet did deliver the Duke's command, which was received with great content and allowance beyond expectation; the Secretary repeating also the Duke's character of me. And I could discern my Lord FitzHarding was well pleased with me, and signified full satisfaction, and whispered something seriously of me to the Secretary. And there I received their constitution under all their hands presently: so that I am already confirmed their Treasurer, and put into a condition of striking of tallys: and all without one harsh word of dislike, but quite the contrary; which is a good fortune beyond all imagination. Here we rose, and Povy and Creed and I, all full of joy, thence to dinner, they setting me down at Sir J. Winter's by promise, and dined with him, and a worthy fine man he seems to be, and of good discourse; and a fine thing it is to see myself come to the condition of being received by persons of this rank, he being, and having long been, Secretary to the Queen Mother. News is this day come of Captain Allen's being come home from the Streights, as far as Portland, with eleven of the King's ships, and about twenty-two of merchantmen.

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[1] Daughter of William Duke of Hamilton, wife of Lord Carnegy, who ecame Earl of Southesk on his father's death. She is frequently mentioned the *Mémoires de Grammont*, and in the Letters of the second Earl of hesterfield.

21st. My taylor coming to me, did consult all my wardrobe, how to order my clothes against next summer. Received a couple of state-caps, very large, coming, I suppose, to about £6 a piece, from Burrows, the slopseller.

22d. To Mr. Houblon's,[1] the merchant, where Sir William

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[1] James Houblon, an eminent London merchant, remarkable for his piety and plainness. Two of his sons rose to great wealth, and became Knights and Aldermen. Sir James Houblon served in Parliament for his native city. Sir John was Lord Mayor in 1695, and at the same time a Lord of the Admiralty and Governor of the Bank. The best account of the father is to be found in the subjoined epitaph, said to be written by Pepys. Mr. John Archer Houblon, of Hallingbury, Essex, is the present representative of this very respectable family.

Jacobus Houblon,
Londin: Petri filius,
Ob fidem Flandriâ exulantis:
Ex C. Nepotibus habuit LXX superstites:
Filios V. videns mercatores florentissimos;
Ipse Londinensis Bursæ Pater.
Piisimè obiit Nonagenarius,
A.D. MDCLXXXII.

See Pennant's *London*, 4to. ed., p. 398.

Petty, and abundance of most ingenious men, owners and freighters of "The Experiment," now going with her two bodies to sea. Most excellent discourse. Sir William Petty did tell me that in good earnest he hath in his will[1] left some parts of his estate to him that could invent such and such things. As among others, that could discover truly the way of milk coming into the breasts of a woman; and he that could invent proper characters to express to another the mixture of relishes and tastes. And says, that to him that invents gold, he gives nothing for the philosopher's stone; for, says he, they that find out that, will be able to pay themselves. But, says he, by this means it is better than to go to a lecture; for here my executors, that must part with this, will be sure to be well convinced of the invention before they do part with their money. After dinner, Mr. Hill took me with Mrs. Houblon,[2] who is a fine gentlewoman, into another room, and there made her sing, which she do very well, to my great content. Thence to Gresham College, and there did see a kitling killed almost quite, but that we could not quite kill her, with such a way: the ayre out of a receiver, wherein she was put, and then the ayre being let in upon her, revives her immediately—nay, and this ayre is to be made by putting together a liquor and some body that ferments—the steam of that do do the work. I saw the Duke, kissed his hand, and had his most kind expressions of his value and opinion of me, which comforted me above all things in the world: the like from Mr. Coventry most heartily and affectionately. Saw, among other fine ladies, Mrs. Middleton,[3] a very great beauty; and I saw Waller,[4] the poet, whom I never saw before.

23d. To my Lord Sandwich, who follows the Duke this day by water down to the Hope, where the Prince lies. He received me, busy as he was, with mighty kindness and joy at my promotions; telling me most largely how the Duke hath expressed on all occasions his good opinion of my service, and love for me. I paid my thanks and acknowledgement to him; and so back home, where at the office all the morning.

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[1] A copy of Sir William Petty's will, dated 1685, is in the British Museum, Addit. MSS., No. 15,858, fol. 109. See also Lodge's *Irish Peerage*, vol. ii., p. 80.

[2] The wife of James Houblon, Mary Ducane. They were married 11th November, 1620, and had twelve children.

[3] Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Needham, is frequently mentioned in the *Mémoires de Grammont*. Her portrait is in the Royal Collection at Hampton Court, amongst the beauties of Charles II.'s Court. See *postea*, Feb. 17, 1668–9. Sir Robert Needham was related to John Evelyn: *Diary*, Aug. 2, 1683.

[4] Edmund Waller.

24th. To Povy's, and there delivered him his letters of greatest import to him that is possible, yet dropped by young Bland, just come from Tangier, upon the road by Sittingburne, taken up, and sent to Mr. Pett, at Chatham. Thus everything done by Povy is done with a fatal folly and neglect. To my Lady Sandwich's, where my wife all this day, having kept Good Friday very strict with fasting. Here we supped, and talked very merry. My Lady alone with me, very earnest about Sir G. Carteret's son, with whom I perceive they do desire my Lady Jemimah may be matched.

25th. This afternoon of a sudden is come home Sir W. Pen from the Fleet, upon what score I know not.

26th. (Lord's day and Easter day.) With my wife to church. Home to dinner, my wife and I, Mercer staying the Sacrament, alone. This is the day seven years which, by the blessing of God, I have survived of my being cut of the stone, and am now in very perfect good health, and have long been; and though the last winter hath been as hard a winter as any have been these many years, yet I never was better in my life, nor have not, these ten years, gone colder in the summer than I have done all this winter, wearing only a doublet, and a waistcoat cut open on the back; abroad, a cloak, and within doors a coat I slipped on. Now I am at a loss to know whether it be my hare's foot which is my preservation; for I never had a fit of the collique since I wore it, or whether it be my taking of a pill of turpentine every morning.

27th. Up betimes to Mr. Povy's, and there did sign and seal my agreement with him about my place of being Treasurer for Tangier. Thence to the Duke of Albemarle, the first time that we officers of the Navy have waited upon him since the Duke of York's going, who hath deputed him to be Admirall in his absence,[1] and I find him a quiet heavy man, that will help business when he can, and hinder nothing. I did afterwards alone give him thanks for his favour to me about my Tangier business, which he received kindly, and did speak much of his esteem of me. Thence, and did the same to Sir H. Bennet, who did the like to me very fully. To my Lord Peterborough's; where Povy, Creed, Williamson, Auditor

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[1] In a letter of 22 March, 1664-5, from the Duke of York to the Duke, Albemarle, on the power he assigns to him in his absence, printed in *Memoirs of Naval Affairs, &c.*, 8vo. 1729, p. 51. On the 23d, the Duke of York assumed command of the fleet against the Dutch.

Beale, and myself, and mighty merry to see how plainly my Lord and Povy do abuse one another about their accounts, each thinking the other a fool, and I thinking they were not either of them, in that point, much in the wrong, though in everything, and even in this manner of reproaching one another, very witty and pleasant. Among other things, we had here the genteelest dinner and the neatest house that I have seen many a day, and the latter beyond anything I ever saw in a nobleman's house. Thence visited my Lord Barkeley, and he mighty friendly to me about the same business of Tangier. He said that the Parliament must be called again soon, and more money raised, not by tax, for he said he believed the people could not pay it, but he would have either a general excise upon everything, or else that every city incorporate should pay a toll into the King's revenue, as he says it is in all he cities in the world; for here a citizen hath no more laid on han their neighbours in the country, whereas, as a city, it ought o pay considerably to the King, for their charter; but I fear his will breed ill blood.

29th. Drawing up a proposal for Captain Taylor, for him to deliver to the City about his building the new ship, which I have done well, and I hope will do the business.

31st. To visit my Lord of Falmouth,[1] who did also receive me pretty civilly, but not as I expected; he, I perceive, believing hat I had undertaken to justify Povy's accounts, taking them pon myself; but I rectified him therein. I find Creed mightily ransported by my Lord of Falmouth's kind words to him, and aying that he hath a place in his intention for him, which he elieves will be considerable. A witty man he is in every espect, but of no good nature, nor a man ordinarily to be ealt with. My Lady Castlemaine is sick again—people think, lipping her filly.[2]

April 1st. Dining at Captain Cocke's, in Broad Streete, very merry. Among other tricks, there did come a blind fiddler to he door, and Sir G. Carteret did go to the door, and lead the lind fiddler by the hand in. With Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Batten, and Sir J. Minnes, to my Lord Treasurer, and there id lay open the expence for the six months past, and an stimate of the seven months to come, to November next; the rst arising to above £500,000, and the latter will, as we judge, come to above £1,000,000. But to see how my Lord Treasurer did bless himself, crying he would do no more than he could, nor give more money than he had, if the occasion and expence were never so great, which is but a bad story.

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[1] Lord FitzHarding had just been advanced to the Earldom of almouth.

[2] This did not occur, for George Fitzroy, created Duke of Northumbernd, was born 28th September following.

3d. To a play at the Duke's, of my Lord Orrery's, called "Mustapha,"[1] which, being not good, made Betterton's part and Ianthe's but ordinary too. All the pleasure of the play was, the King and my Lady Castlemaine were there; and pretty witty Nell Gwynn, at the King's house, and the younger Marshall sat next us; which pleased me mightily.

5th. This day was kept publicly, by the King's command, as a fast day against the Dutch war. To Woolwich and Deptford, where did a very great deal of business, and then home, and there by promise find Creed, and he and my wife, and Mercer and I, by coach to take the ayre; and where we had formerly been, at Hackney, did there eat some pullets we carried with us, and some things of the house; and after a game or two at shuffle-board, home, and Creed lay with me; but, being sleepy, he had no mind to talk about business, which indeed I intended, by inviting him to lie with me, so to bed, he and I to sleep, being the first time I have been so much at my ease, and taken so much fresh ayre, these many weeks or months.

6th. Attended the Duke of Albemarle about the business of money. I also went to Jervas's, my barber, for my periwigg that was mending there. Great talk of a new Comet: and it is certain do appear as bright as the late one at the best; but I have not seen it myself.

7th. Sir Philip Warwick did show me nakedly the King's condition for money for the Navy; and he do assure me, unless the King can get some noblemen or rich money-gentleman to lend him money, or to get the City to do it, it is impossible to find money: we having already, as he says, spent one year's share of the three-years' tax, which comes to £2,500,000.

8th. To the Old Exchange, and there, of my pretty seamstress, bought four bands. The French Embassadors[2] are come incognito before their train, which will, hereafter, be very pompous. It is thought they come to get our King to joyne with the King of France, in helping him against Flanders, and they to do the like to us against Holland. We have lain a good while with a good fleete at Harwich. The Dutch not said yet o be out. We, as high as we make our shew, I am sure, are nable to set out another small fleete, if this should be worsted. Wherefore, God send us peace! I cry.

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[1] There was another tragedy of this name, by Fulke Greville, Lord Brook.

[2] The French Ambassadors were Henri de Bourbon, Duc de Verneuil, natural son of Henry IV. and brother of Henrietta Maria, and M. de Courtin.

9th. (Lord's day.) To church with my wife, in the morning, n her new light-coloured silk gown, which is, with her new oint, very noble. . In the afternoon, to Fenchurch, the little hurch in the middle of Fenchurch Street, where a very few eople, and few of any rank.

10th. My Lord Brouncker took me and Sir Thomas Harvy n his coach to the Park, which is very troublesome with the ust; and ne'er a great beauty there to-day but Mrs. Middleton.

11th. At noon dined at the Sun, behind the 'Change, with Sir Edward Deering,[1] and his brother and Commissioner Pett, we having made a contract with Sir Edward this day about imber.

12th. To a Committee of Tangier, where, contrary to all xpectation, my Lord Ashly, being vexed with Povy's accounts, id propose it as necessary that Povy should be still continued Treasurer of Tangier till he had made up his accounts; and with such arguments as, I confess, I was not prepared to answer, ut by putting off of the discourse, and so, I think, brought it ight again, but it troubled me. Sir G. Carteret, my Lord Brouncker, Sir Thomas Harvy, and myself, down to my Lord Treasurer's chamber to him and the Chancellor, and the Duke f Albemarle; and there I did give them a large account of the harge of the Navy, and want of money. But strange to see ow they hold up their hands, crying, "What shall we do?" Says my Lord Treasurer, "Why, what means all this, Mr. epys? This is all true, you say; but what would you have e to do? I have given all I can for my life. Why will not eople lend their money? Why will they not trust the King s well as Oliver? Why do our prizes come to nothing, that ielded so much heretofore?" And this was all we could get, nd went away without other answer, which is one of the saddest hings that, at such a time as this, with the greatest action on oot that ever was in England, nothing should be minded, but et things go on of themselves, and do as well as they can. So ome, vexed, and going to my Lady Batten's, there found a reat many women with her, in her chamber merry—my Lady en and her daughter, among others, where my Lady Pen flung me down upon the bed, and herself and others, one after another, upon me, and very merry we were.

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[1] Sir Edward Dering, of Surrenden Dering, Kent, which county he epresented frequently in Parliament. He was the second Baronet of his mily, and some time one of the Lords of the Treasury. He died in 1684.

13th. To Sheriff Waterman's,[1] to dinner, all of us men of the office in town, and our wives, my Lady Carteret and daughters, and Ladies Batten, Pen, and my wife, &c. Very good cheer we had, and merry musique at and after dinner, and a fellow danced a jigg; but, when the company begun to dance, I come away, lest I should be taken out; and God knows how my wife carried herself, but I left her to try her fortune.

14th. Up, and betimes to Mr. Povy, being desirous to have an end of my trouble of mind touching my Tangier business, whether he hath any desire of accepting what my Lord Ashly offered, of his becoming Treasurer again; and there I did, with a seeming most generous spirit, offer him to take it back again upon his own terms; but he did answer me, that he would not, above all things in the world, at which I was for the present satisfied; but, going away thence, and speaking with Creed, he puts me in doubt that the very nature of the thing will require that he be put in again; and did give me the reasons of the auditors, which, I confess, are so plain, that I know not how to withstand them. But he did give me most ingenious advice what to do in it, and anon, my Lord Barkeley and some of the Commissioners coming together, though not in a meeting, I did procure that they should order Povy's payment of his remain of accounts to me; which order, if it do pass, will put a good stop to the fastening of the thing upon me. Called my wife, and with her through the city, to Mile-End Greene, and eat some creame and cakes, and so back home. This morning, I was saluted with news that the fleetes, our's and the Dutch, were engaged, and that the guns were heard at Walthamstow to play all yesterday, and that Captain Teddiman's legs were shot off in the Royall Katherine. But, before night, I heard the contrary, both by letters of my own, and messengers thence, that they were all well of our side, and no enemy appears yet, and that the Royall Katherine is come to the fleete, and likely to prove as good a ship as any the King hath, of which I am heartily glad, both for Christopher Pett's sake, and Captain Teddiman, that is in her.

16th. (Lord's day.) I walked to the Rolls' Chapel, expecting to hear the great Stillingfleet[2] preach, but he did not; but a very sorry fellow, which vexed me. Captain [Silas] Taylor,[1] my old acquaintance at Westminster, supped with me, and a good understanding man he is, and a good schollar; and, among other things, a great antiquary. He can, as he says, show the very originall Charter to Worcester, of King Edgar's,[2] wherein he stiles himself, Rex Marium Britanniæ, &c.; which is the great text that Mr. Selden and others do quote, but imperfectly and upon trust. But he hath the very originall, which, he says, he will show me. This night news is come of our taking three Dutch men-of-war, with the loss of one of our Captains.

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[1] George Waterman, Sheriff of London, afterwards knighted, and Lord Mayor, 1672.

[2] Edward Stillingfleet, the learned Divine, consecrated Bishop of Worcester, in 1689. Ob. 1699.

17th. To the Duke of Albemarle's, where he showed me Mr. Coventry's letters, how three Dutch privateers are taken, in one whereof Everson's son is captaine. But they have killed poor Captain Golding[3] in The Diamond. Two of them, one of 32, and the other of 20 odd guns, did stand stoutly up against her, which hath 46, and the Yarmouth, that hath 52 guns, and as many more men as they. So that they did more than we could expect, not yielding till many of their men were killed. And Everson, when he was brought before the Duke of York, and was observed to be shot through the hat, answered, that he wished it had gone through his head, rather than been taken. One thing more is written; that two of our ships the other day appearing upon the coast of Holland, they presently fired their beacons round the country to give them notice. And news is brought the King, that the Dutch Smyrna fleete is seen upon the back of Scotland; and thereupon the King hath wrote to the Duke, that he do appoint a fleete to go to the Northward, to try to meet them coming home round: which God send! Thence to White Hall; where the King, seeing me, did come to me, and, calling me by name, did discourse with me about the ships in the River: and this is the first time that ever I knew the King did know me personally; so that hereafter I

[1] See *ante*, Nov. 7, 1663.

[2] This is the celebrated *Charta Eadgari R. de Oswaldeslawe*, dat. Gloucester, 28th Dec., 964, mentioning not only the Dominion of the Sea, but also that Edgar had subdued the greatest part of Ireland, a piece of history which rests solely on the authority of this instrument. It is cited by Coke, Selden, Ussher, Dugdale and Spelman, not to mention inferior names. Three copies existed; the finest and most complete, and probably the same which is here mentioned by Taylor, is now in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. It is fully described in the *Dissertatio Epistolaris* (p. 86) prefixed by Hickes to his *Thesaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium*, and an engraved facsimile of the whole is given by him at the end. It is right to say, that the charter is now generally considered to be a forgery executed in later times.

[3] Captain John Goulding, slain on the 13th April.

must not go thither, but with expectation to be questioned, and to be ready to give good answers. Thence with Creed, who come to dine with me, to the Old James, where we dined with Sir W. Rider and Cutler, and, by and by, being called by my wife, we all to a play, "The Ghosts,"[1] at the Duke's house, but a very simple play. This day was left at my house a very neat silver watch, by one Briggs, a scrivener and solicitor, which I was angry with my wife for receiving, or, at least, for opening the box wherein it was, and so far witnessing our receipt of it, as to give the messenger 5*s.* for bringing it; but it can't be helped, and I will endeavour to do the man a kindness, he being a friend of my uncle Wight's.

18th. To Sir Philip Warwick, and with him to my Lord Treasurer, who signed my commission for Tangier Treasurer, and the docquet of my Privy Seale, for the monies to be paid to me.

19th. Up by five o'clock, and by water to White Hall; and there took coach, and with Mr. Moore to Chelsey: where, after all my fears what doubts and difficulties my Lord Privy Seale would make at my Tangier Privy Seale, he did pass it at first reading, without my speaking with him: and then called me in, and was very civil to me. I passed my time in contemplating, before I was called in, the picture of my Lord's son's lady,[2] a most beautiful woman, and most like to Mrs. Butler. Thence very much joyed to London back again, and found out Mr. Povy; told him this, and then went and left my Privy Seale at my Lord Treasurer's: and so to the 'Change, and thence to Trinity-house; where a great dinner of Captain Crisp, who is made an Elder Brother. And so, being very pleasant at dinner, away home, Creed with me, and there met Povy; and we to Gresham College, where we saw some experiments upon a hen, a dog, and a cat, of the Florence poyson. The first it made for a time drunk, but it come to itself again quickly; the second it made vomit mightily, but no other hurt. The third I did not stay to see the effect of it.

20th. This night I am told the first play is played in White Hall noon-hall, which is now turned to a house of playing.

21st. This day we hear that the Duke and the fleete are sailed yesterday. Pray God go along with them, that they have good speed in the beginning of their work.

22d. My wife making great preparation to go to Court to Chapel to-morrow.

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[1] A Comedy, on the authority of Downes (p. 26) attributed to a Mr. Holden, and probably never printed.

[2] Sarah Bodvill. See 3d May, 1664.

23d. (Lord's day.) Mr. Povy, according to promise, sent his coach betimes, and I carried my wife and her woman to White Hall chapel, and heard the famous young Stillingfleet, whom I knew at Cambridge, and he is now newly admitted one of the King's chaplains; and was presented, they say, to my Lord Treasurer for St. Andrew's, Holborn, where he is now minister, with these words: that they, the Bishops of Canterbury, London, and another, believed he is the ablest young man to preach the Gospel of any since the Apostles. He did make a most plain, honest, good, grave sermon, in the most unconcerned and easy yet substantial manner, that ever I heard in my life, upon the words of Samuel to the people: "Fear the Lord in truth with all your heart, and remember the great things that he hath done for you;" it being proper to this day, the day of the King's Coronation. After dinner, Creed and we by coach took the ayre in the fields beyond St. Pancras, it raining now and then, which it seems is most welcome weather. After supper, Creed and I together to bed, in Mercer's bed; and so to sleep.

24th. To the Duke of Albemarle, where very busy. To my Lady Sandwich's to dinner, where my wife by agreement. My Lady told me, with the prettiest kind of doubtfullness, whether it would be fit for her with respect to Creed to do it, that is in the world, that Creed had broke his desire to her of being a servant to Mrs. Betty Pickering, and placed it upon encouragement which he had from some discourse of her ladyship, commending of her virtues to him, which, poor lady, she meant most innocently. She did give him a cold answer, but not so severe as it ought to have been; and, it seems, as the lady since to my Lady confesses, he had wrote a letter to her, which she answered slightly, and was resolved to contemn any motion of his therein. My Lady takes the thing very ill, as it is fit she should; but I advise her to stop all future occasions of the world's taking notice of his coming thither so often, as of late he hath done. But to think that he should have this devilish presumption to aim at a lady so near to my Lord is strange, both for his modesty and discretion. Thence to the Cockepitt, and there walked an hour with my Lord Duke of Albemarle alone in his garden, where he expressed in great words his opinion of me; that I was the right hand of the Navy here, nobody but I taking any care of any thing therein; so that he should not know what could be done without me. At which I was, from him, not a little proud. So by coach with my wife and Mercer to the Park; but the King being there, and I now-a-days being doubtfull of being seen in any pleasure, did part from the tour, and away out of the Park to Knightsbridge, and there eat and drank in the coach, and so home.

25th. This afternoon, W. Pen, lately come from his father in the fleete, did give me an account how the fleete did sail, about 103 in all, besides small catches, they being in sight of six or seven Dutch scouts, and sent ships in chase of them.

26th. Away to White Hall, talking with Povy alone, about my opinion of Creed's indiscretion in looking after Mrs. Pickering, desiring him to make no more a sport of it, but to correct him, if he finds that he continues to own any such thing. This I did by my Lady's desire, and do intend to pursue the stop of it. To my Lady Sandwich's, and with her talking again about Creed's folly; but strange it is that he should dare to propose this business himself of Mrs. Pickering to my Lady, and to tell my Lady that he did it for her virtue sake, not minding her money, for he could have a wife with more, but, for all that, he did intend to depend upon her Ladyship to get as much of her father and mother for her as she could. But I do very much fear that Mrs. Pickering's honour, if the world comes to take notice of it, may be wronged by it.

27th. Creed dined with me; and, after dinner, walked in the garden, he telling me that my Lord Treasurer now begins to be scrupulous, and will know what becomes of the £26,000 saved by my Lord Peterborough, before he parts with any more money, which puts us into new doubts, and me into a great fear, that all my cake will be doe [1] still. This night, William Hewer is returned from Harwich, where he hath been paying off some ships this fortnight, and went to sea a good way with the fleete, which was 96 in company then, men of war, besides some come in, and following them since, which makes now above 100—whom God bless!

28th. Down the River, to visit the victualling-ships, where I find all out of order. And come home to dinner, and then to write a letter to the Duke of Albemarle about them, and carried it myself to the Council-chamber; and, when they rose, my Lord Chancellor, passing by, stroked me on the head, and told me that the Board had read my letter, and taken order for the punishing of the watermen for not appearing on board the ships. And so did the King afterwards, who do now know me so well, that he never sees me but he speaks to me about our Navy business.

29th. Troubled in my mind to hear that Sir W. Batten and

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[1] Dough.

Sir J. Minnes do take notice that I am now-a-days much from the office, upon no office business; but what troubles me more is, that I do omit to write, as I should do, to Mr. Coventry, which I must not do, though this night I minded it so little as to sleep in the middle of my letter to him, and committed forty blotts and blurrs, but of this I hope never more to be guilty.

30th. (Lord's day.) I with great joy find myself to have gained, this month, above £100 clear, and in the whole to be worth £1400. Thus I end this month in great content as to my estate and gettings: in much trouble as to the pains I have taken, and the rubs I expect to meet with, about the business of Tangier. The fleete, with about 106 ships upon the coast of Holland, in sight of the Dutch, within the Texel. Great fears of the sicknesse here in the City, it being said that two or three houses are already shut up. God preserve us all!

May 1st. I met my Lord Brouncker, Sir Robert Murray, Dean Wilkins, and Mr. Hooke, going by coach to Colonel Blunt's[1] to dinner. So they stopped, and took me with them. Landed at the Tower-wharf, and thence by water to Greenwich; and there coaches met us: and to his house, a very stately site for situation and brave plantations; and among others, a vineyard, the first that ever I did see. No extraordinary dinner, nor any other entertainment good; but afterwards to the tryal of some experiments about making of coaches easy. And several we tried; but one did prove mighty easy, not here for me to describe, but the whole body of the coach lies upon one long spring, and we all, one after another, rid in it; and it is very fine and likely to take. Thence to Deptford, and in to Mr. Evelyn's,[2] which is a most beautiful place; but, it being dark, and late, I staid not; but Dean Wilkins, and Mr. Hooke and I, walked to Redriffe; and noble discourse all day long did please me.

3d. To the Inn by Cripplegate, expecting my mother's coming to town, but she is not come this week, the coach being too full. My Lord Chief-Justice Hide did die suddenly this week, a day or two ago, of an apoplexy.

5th. After dinner, to Mr. Evelyn's; he being abroad, we walked in his garden, and a lovely noble ground he hath indeed. And, among other rarities, a hive of bees, so as, being hived in glass, you may see the bees making their honey and combs mighty pleasantly. This day, after I had suffered my own hayre to grow long, in order to wearing it, I find the convenience of perriwiggs is so great, that I have cut off all short again, and will keep to perriwiggs.

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[1] At Wricklesmarsh, in the parish of Charlton, which belonged, in 1617, to Edward Blount, whose family alienated it towards the end of the seventeenth century. The old mansion was pulled down by Sir Gregory Page, Bart., who erected a magnificent stone structure on the site; which, devolving to his great nephew, Sir Gregory Page Turner, shared the same fate as the former house, having been sold in lots in 1784. The site of Colonel Blount's house is now covered with villas, and is called Blackheath Park.

[2] Sayes Court, the well-known residence of John Evelyn.

7th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church with my wife. Yesterday begun my wife to learn to limn of one Browne, which Mr. Hill helps her to, and by her beginning, upon some eyes, I think she will do very fine things, and I shall take great delight in it.

9th. At noon comes Mrs. The. Turner, and dines with us, and my wife's painting-master staid and dined. This day we have news of eight ships being taken by some of ours, going into the Texel—their two men of war, that convoyed, running in. They come from about Ireland, round to the North.

10th. To the Cocke-pitt, where the Duke of Albemarle did give Sir W. Batten and me an account of the late taking of eight ships, and of his intent to come back to the Gunfleete with the fleete presently, which creates us much work and haste therein, against the fleete comes. And thence to the Guard in Southwarke, there to get some soldiers, by the Duke's order, to go keep pressmen on board our ships.

12th. By water to the Exchequer, and strike my tallys[1] for £17,500, which methinks is so great a testimony of the goodness of God to me, that I, from a mean clerk there, should come to strike tallys myself for that sum, and in the authority that I do now, is a very stupendous mercy to me. But to see how every little fellow looks after his fees, and to get what he can for everything, is a strange consideration. The King's fees that he must pay himself for this £17,500 coming to above £100. After dinner comes my cozen, Thomas Pepys, of Hatcham,[1] to receive some money of my Lord Sandwich's, and then I paid him what was due to him, upon my uncle's score, but, contrary to my expectation, did get him to sign and seal to any sale of lands for payment of debts.

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[1] The use of tallies, so frequently alluded to in the *Diary*, having been discontinued, some explanation of the term may not be considered unacceptable. Formerly, accounts were kept, and large sums of money paid and received, by the King's Exchequer, with little other form than the exchange or delivery of tallies, pieces of wood notched or scored, corresponding blocks being kept by the parties to the account: and from this usage one of the head officers of the Exchequer was called the Tallier, or Teller. These tallies were often negotiable. Adam Smith, in his *Wealth of Nations*, book II, ch. xi., says, that "in 1696 *tallies* had been at forty and fifty and sixty per cent. discount, and bank-notes at twenty per cent." The system of tallies was discontinued about 1830; and the destruction, in the night of Oct. 16, 1834, of the old Houses of Parliament, is thought to have been occasioned by the overheating of the flues, when the furnaces were employed to consume the tallies, rendered useless by the alteration in the mode of keeping the Exchequer accounts. In the *Times* newspaper of the 1st November following appeared an article on *Tallies*, which embraces all that can be said on the subject; but although well worthy of being read, it is too long for insertion in these pages. It ends with the words, "Yet one word more—Tally-ho!" It was written by Wm. Hone.

13th. To the 'Change, after office, and received my watch from the watch-maker, and a very fine one it is; given me by Briggs, the scrivener. But, Lord, to see how much of my old folly and childishnesse hangs upon me still, that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand, in the coach, all this afternoon, and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times, and am apt to think with myself, how could I be so long without one; though I remember, since, I had one, and found it a trouble, and resolved to carry one no more about me while I lived. Troubled at a letter from Mr. Cholmly from Tangier, wherein he do advise me how people are at work to overthrow our Victualling business, by which I shall lose £300 per annum. I am much obliged to him for this secret kindness, and look after this.

14th (Lord's day.) To church, it being Whit-Sunday; my wife very fine in a new yellow bird's-eye hood, as the fashion is now; my mother having her new suit brought home, which makes her very fine. My wife and she and Mercer to Thomas Pepys's wife's christening of his first child. I took a coach, and to Wanstead, the house where Sir H. Mildmay died, and now Sir Robert Brookes lives, having bought it of the Duke of York, it being forfeited to him: a fine seat, but an old-fashioned house, and, being not full of people, looks flatly. I all the afternoon in the coach, reading the treasonous book of the Court of King James, printed a great while ago, and worth reading, though ill intended.[2]

15th. After dinner to the King's playhouse, all alone, and saw "Love's Maistresse"—some pretty things, and good variety in it, but no or little fancy. Letters from Sir G. Downing, of four days' date, that the Dutch are come out and joyned, well manned, and resolved to board our best ships, and fight, for certain, they will.

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[1] Thomas Pepys, of Hatcham Barns, Surrey, Master of the Jewel Office to Charles II., and in the next reign.

[2] The work alluded to is Sir Anthony Weldon's.

17th. To Langford's, where I never was since my brother died there. I find my wife and Mercer, having with him agreed upon two rich silk suits for me, which is fit for me to have, but yet the money is too much, I doubt, to lay out altogether; but it is done, and so let it be, it being the expense of the world that I can the best bear with, and the worst spare. The Duchess of York went down yesterday to meet the Duke.

18th. To the Duke of Albemarle, where we did examine Nixon and Stanesby, about their late running from two Dutchmen; for which they were committed to a vessel to carry them to the fleete to be tried. A most fowle unhandsome thing as ever was heard, for plain cowardice on Nixon's part. Thence with the Duke of Albemarle in his coach to my Lord Treasurer, and there was before the King, who ever now calls me by my name, and Lord Chancellor, and many other great Lords, discoursing about insuring some of the King's goods, wherein the King accepted of my motion that we should; and so away, well pleased.

19th. To the Exchequer, and there got my tallys for £17,500, the first payment I ever had out of the Exchequer, and at the Legg spent 14*s*. upon my old acquaintance, some of them the clerks, and away home with my tallys in a coach, fearful every moment of having one of them fall out, or snatched from me. Sir W. Warren did give me several good hints and principles not to do anything suddenly, but consult my pillow upon my Treasurership of Tangier, and every great thing in my life, before I resolve anything in it.

21st. (Lord's day.) This day is brought home one of my new silk suits—the plain one, but very rich camelott and noble. Tried it, and pleases me, but did not wear it, being I would not go out to-day to Church.

22d. To Deptford, it being Trinity-Monday, and so the day of choosing the Master of Trinity House for the next year, where, to my great content, I find that, contrary to the practice and design of Sir W. Batten, to break the rule and custom of the Company in choosing their Masters by succession, he would have brought in Sir W. Rider or Sir W. Pen, over the head of Hurleston, who is a knave, too; besides, I believe, the younger brothers did all oppose it against the elder, and with great heat did carry it for Hurleston, which I know will vex him to the heart. Thence, the election being over, to Church, where an idle sermon from that conceited fellow, Dr. Britton, saving that his advice to unity, and laying aside all envy and enmity among them, was very apposite. To the Trinity House, and a great dinner, as is usual.

23d. Late comes Sir Arthur Ingram [1] to my office, to tell me, that, by letters from Amsterdam, of the 18th of this month, the Dutch fleete, being about 100 men-of-war, besides fire-ships, etc., did set out upon the 13th and 14th inst. Being divided into seven squadrons, viz., 1. General Opdam. 2. Cottenar,[2] of Rotterdam. 3. Trump. 4. Schram, of Horne. 5. Stillingworth, of Freezland. 6. Everson. 7. One other, not named, of Zealand.

24th. To the Coffee-house, where all the news is of the Dutch being gone out, and of the plague growing upon us in this town; and of remedies against it: some saying one thing, and some another.

26th. In the evening by water to the Duke of Albemarle, whom I found mightily off the hooks, that the ships are not gone out of the River; which vexed me to see.

28th. (Lord's day.) I hear that Nixon is condemned to be shot to death, for his cowardice, by a Council of War. To Sir Philip Warwick's to dinner, where abundance of company come in unexpectedly; and here I saw one pretty piece of household stuff, as the company increaseth, to put a larger leaf upon an ovall table. After dinner, much good discourse with Sir Philip, who, I find, I think a most pious good man, and a professor of a philosophicall manner of life, and principles like Epictetus. Thence to my Lady Sandwich's, where, to my shame, I had not been a great while. Here, upon my telling her a story of my Lord Rochester's [3] running away on Friday night last with Mrs. Mallett, the great beauty and fortune of the North,[4] who had supped at White Hall with Mrs. Stewart, and was going home to her lodgings with her grandfather, my Lord Haly,[5] by coach; and was at Charing Cross seized on by both horse and foot-men, and forcibly taken from him, and put into a coach with six horses, and two women provided to receive her, and carried away. Upon immediate pursuit, my

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[1] Sir Arthur Ingram, of Knottingley, Surveyor of the Customs at Hull.

[2] Died of his wounds after the sea-fight in 1665.

[3] John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, notorious for his wit and profligacy. Ob. 1680. He married the lady alluded to, Elizabeth, daughter of John Mallett, of Enmere, co. Somerset.

[4] South.

[5] Mrs. Mallett's mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Hawley, of Buckland House, Somersetshire, created a Baronet 1642, and in 1646 an Irish peer, by the title of Baron Hawley of Donamore; in 1671 he was chosen M.P. for St. Michael's, and in 1673 became a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. Ob. 1684, aged 76.

Lord of Rochester, for whom the King had spoke to the lady often, but with no success, was taken at Uxbridge; but the lady is not yet heard of, and the King mighty angry, and the Lord sent to the Tower. Hereupon my Lady did confess to me, as a great secret, her being concerned in this story; for if this match breaks between my Lord Rochester and her, then, by the consent of all her friends, my Lord Hinchingbroke stands fair, and is invited for her. She is worth, and will be at her mother's death, who keeps but a little from her, £2500 per annum. Pray God give a good success to it! But my poor Lady, who is afraid of the sickness, and resolved to be gone into the country, is forced to stay in town a day or two, or three, about it, to see the event of it. Thence to see my Lady Pen, where my wife and I were shown a fine rarity: of fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever; and finely marked they are, being foreign.[1]

29th. To the Swan, and there drank at Herbert's, and so by coach home—it being kept a great holyday through the city, for the birth and restoration of the King. Home to dinner, and then, with my wife, mother, and Mercer in one boat, and I in another, down to Woolwich. We have everywhere taken some prizes Our merchants had good luck to come home safe—colliers from the North, and some Streights' men, just now. And our Hambrough ships, of whom we were so much afraid, are safe in Hambrough. Our fleete resolve to sail out again from Harwich in a day or two.

30th. To dinner to Sir G. Carteret's. Here a very fine, neat, French dinner, without much cost, we being all alone with my Lady, and one of the house with her: and then, in the evening, by coach, with my wife, and mother, and Mercer, our usual tour by coach, and at the old house at Islington: but, Lord! to see how my mother found herself talk upon every object to think of old stories. Here I met with one that tells me that Jack Cole, my old schoolefellow, is dead and buried lately of a consumption, who was a great chrony of mine.

31st. To the 'Change, where great the noise and trouble of having our Hambrough ships lost; and that very much placed upon Mr. Coventry's forgetting to give notice to them of the going away of our fleete from the coast of Holland. But all without reason, for he did; but the merchants, not being ready, staid longer than the time ordered for the convoy to stay, which was ten days. To Huysman's, the painter, who, I intend, shall draw my wife. He was not within, but I saw several good pictures.

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[1] They were goldfish, brought from China.

June 1st. After dinner, I put on my new camelott suit; the best that ever I wore in my life, the suit costing me above £24. In this I went with Creed to Goldsmiths' Hall, to the burial of Sir Thomas Viner[1]; which Hall, and Haberdashers' also, was so full of people, that we were fain for ease and coolness to go forth to Pater Noster Row, to choose a silk to make me a plain ordinary suit. That done, we walked to Corne-hill, and there, at Mr. Cade's, stood in the balcon, and saw all the funeral, which was with the blue-coat boys and old men, all the Aldermen, and Lord Mayor, &c., and the number of the company very great: the greatest I ever did see for a taverne.

2d. Met an express from Sir W. Batten at Harwich, that the fleete is all sailed from Solebay, having spied the Dutch Fleete at sea, and that, if the calms hinder not, they must needs now be engaged with them. A letter also come to me from Mr. Hater, committed by the Council this afternoon to the Gate House, upon the misfortune of having his name used by one, without his knowledge or privity, for the receiving of some powder that he had bought. Up to Court about these two, and for the former was led up to my Lady Castlemaine's lodgings, where the King, and she, and others were at supper, and there I read the letter and returned: and to Sir G. Carteret about T. Hater, and shall have him released to-morrow, upon my giving bail for his appearance. Sir G. Carteret did go on purpose to the King to ask this, and it is granted.

3d. To White Hall, and, upon entering into recognizances, T. Hater was released. Home, vexed to be kept from the office all the morning, which I had not been in many months before, if not some years. All this day, by all people upon the River, and almost every where else hereabout, were heard the guns, our two fleets for certain being engaged; which was confirmed by letters from Harwich, but nothing particular; and all our hearts full of concernment for the Duke, and I particularly for my Lord Sandwich and Mr. Coventry, after his Royall Highness.

4th. (Lord's day.) News come that our fleete is pursuing the Dutch, who, either by cunning or by being worsted, do give ground, but nothing more for certain.

5th. Great talk of the Dutch being fled, and we in pursuit of them, and that our ship Charity is lost upon our Captain's,

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[1] Sheriff of London, 1648; when Lord Mayor in 1654, he was knighted by Cromwell (Ludlow's *Memoirs*), and made Baronet, 1660. He was a Goldrauth, and dying 11th May, 1665, was buried in St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard Street.

Wilkinson, and Lieutenant's yielding, but of this there is no certainty, save the report of some of the sick men of the Charity, turned adrift in a boat, and taken up and brought on shore yesterday to Sole Bay, and the news hereof brought by Sir Henry Felton.[1] Certain news come that our fleete is in sight of the Dutch ships.

6th. To my Lady Sandwich's; who, poor lady, expects every hour to hear of my Lord; but in the best temper, neither confident nor troubled with fear, that I ever did see in my life. She tells me my Lord Rochester is now declaredly out of hopes of Mrs. Mallett, and now she is to receive notice in a day or two how the King stands inclined to the giving leave for my Lord Hinchingbroke to look after her, and, that being done, to bring it to an end shortly.

7th. This morning my wife and mother rose about two o'clock; and with Mercer, Mary, the boy, and W. Hewer, as they had designed, took boat, and down to refresh themselves on the water to Gravesend. To the Dolphin taverne, where Sir J. Minnes, Lord Brouncker, Sir Thomas Harvy, and myself dined, upon Sir G. Carteret's charge, and very merry we were, Sir Thomas Harvy being a very drolle. To the New Exchange, and there drunk whey, with much entreaty getting it for our money, and they would not be entreated to let us have one glasse more. So took water to Fox-Hall, to the Spring garden, and there walked an hour or two with great pleasure, saving our minds ill at ease concerning the fleete and my Lord Sandwich: but we have no news of them, and ill reports run up and down of his being killed, but without ground. Here staid, pleasantly walking, and spending but 6*d.* till nine at night. The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us!" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw, which took away the apprehension. By water home, where weary with walking, and with the mighty heat of the weather, and for my wife's not coming home, I staying walking in the garden till twelve at night, when it begun to lighten exceedingly, through the greatness of the heat. Then, despairing of her coming home, I to bed.

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[1] Sir Henry Felton, of Playford, Suffolk, Bart., who married Susanne, daughter of Sir Lionel Talmash, of Helmingham, Bart. Their second son, Sir Thomas Felton, married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter and co-heir of James Lord Howard de Walden, and third Earl of Suffolk.

8th. About five o'clock my wife come home, it having lightened all night hard, and one great shower of rain. She come and lay upon the bed: I up, and to the office all the morning. At one at home to dinner—my wife, mother, and Mercer dining at W. Joyce's; I giving her a caution to go round by the Half Moone to his house, because of the plague. I to my Lord Treasurer's by appointment of Sir Thomas Ingram's, to meet the Goldsmiths; where I met with the great news at last newly come, brought by Bab May[1] from the Duke of York, that we have totally routed the Dutch; that the Duke himself, the Prince, my Lord Sandwich, and Mr. Coventry are all well: which did put me into such joy, that I forgot almost all other thoughts. With great joy to the Cocke-pitt; wher the Duke of Albemarle, like a man out of himself with content, new-told me all; and by and by comes a letter from Mr Coventry's own hand to him, which he never opened, whic was a strange thing, but did give it me to open and read, an consider what was fit for our office to do in it, and leave th matter with Sir W. Clerke; which, upon such a time an occasion, was a strange piece of indifference, hardly possibl I copied out the letter, and did also take minutes out of Si W. Clerke's other letters: and the sum of the news is:—

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[1] Although the two Mays are so frequently mentioned in these pages, and by almost every contemporary annalist, no authentic account of their parentage has been traced; nor is it clear whether they were brothers, or in any way related. There is, however, a strong presumption that they sprung from a family of the same name, seated at Rawmere, in Sussex, one of whom, Jeffrey May, acquired property at Sutton Cheynell, in Leicestershire, in 1574, which was sold by the representatives of Baptist May, in 1712, under an Act passed for the payment of his debts. But though Nichols (*Hist. of Leicestershire*, vol. iv., part ii., p. 548) gives a detailed pedigree of the Mays, he could not ascertain whose son Baptist May was, who held the office of Privy Purse to Charles II.; and he does not even allude to Hugh May. It is stated in Collins's *Peerage*, vol. ii., p. 560, edit. 1741, that during their flight after the battle of Worcester James, Duke of York, delivered his George which had been a present from the Queen his mother, to Mr. Hugh May, who preserved it through all difficulties, and afterwards returned it to his Royal Highness in Holland. Soon after 1662, Hugh May was established as an architect, and employed at Windsor, and in erecting stables at Cornbury, and in building Berkeley House, Piccadilly, and Cassiobury (Evelyn's *Diary*). He also held a place under Sir John Denham, the Surveyor of the Works, whom he expected to succeed; but the office becoming vacant, by the knight's death in 1667, was given to Sir Christopher Wren, and May was promised an annuity of £300 out of the Works, to make up for his disappointment. Whatever may have been his professional merits, he is not even named in Horace Walpole's list of Architects; and we know nothing more of his career, except that in 1683, he was busy and building a house at Chiswick, for Sir Stephen Fox. Baptist May's history is soon told:—He was born about 1627, and after the Restoration belonged to the Duke of York's household; but he was promoted by the King to the office of Keeper of the Privy Purse, and became the confidant of Charles's amours. He was also made a Page of the Bedchamber, which place he lost, having contrived to offend his Royal Master. In 1689-90, we find him returned at the general election as Burgess for Windsor, with Sir Christopher Wren: they were, however, both unseated by petition. Baptist died the 2d May, 1693, and lies buried in St. George's Chapel, where the slab inscribed to his memory is still to be seen.

VICTORY OVER THE DUTCH, JUNE 3, 1665.[1]

This day they engaged: the Dutch neglecting greatly the opportunity of the wind they had of us; by which they lost the benefit of their fire-ships. The Earl of Falmouth Muskerry, and Mr. Richard Boyle[2] killed on board the Duke's ship, the Royall Charles, with one shot: their blood and brains flying in the Duke's face; and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the Duke, as some say. Earl of Marlborough Portland,[3] Rear Admirall Sansum,[4] to Prince Rupert, killed and Captain Kirby and Ableson.[5] Sir John Lawson wounded on the knee:[6] hath had some bones taken out, and is likely to be well again. Upon receiving the hurt, he sent to the Duke for another to command the Royall Oake. The Duk ent Jordan[1] out of the St. George, who did brave things in er. Captain Jeremiah Smith, of the Mary, was second to the Duke, and stepped between him and Captain Seaton, of the Urania, 76 guns and 400 men, who had sworn to board the Duke; killed him 200 men, and took the ship; himself losing 9 men, and never an officer saved but himself and lieutenant. His master indeed is saved, with his leg cut off. Admirall Opdam blown up, Trump killed, and said by Holmes; all the est of their admiralls, as they say, but Everson, whom they are not trust for his affection to the Prince of Orange, are illed: we have taken and sunk, as is believed, about twenty-our of their best ships; killed and taken near 8 or 10,000 men, nd lost, we think, not above 700. A greater victory never nown in the world. They are all fled; some 43 got into the Texell, and others elsewhere, and we in pursuit of the rest. Thence, with my heart full of joy, home: then to my Lady Pen's, where they are all joyed, and not a little puffed up at the ood success of their father; and good service indeed is said to ave been done by him. Had a great bonfire at the gate; and I, with my Lady Pen's people and others, to Mrs. Turner's great oom, and there down into the street. I did give the boys 4*s.* mong them, and mighty merry: so home to bed, with my eart at great rest and quiet, saving that the consideration of he victory is too great for me presently too comprehend.

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[1] See Sir John Denham's *Advice to a Painter* concerning the Dutch war in *Poems on State Affairs*, vol. i., p. 24.

[2] Second son to the Earl of Burlington.

[3] Charles Weston, third Earl of Portland.

[4] "Robert Sansum, Commander of y$^{\text{e}}$ Resolution, being Rear Ad$^{\text{l}}$ o y$^{\text{e}}$ White."—Pepys's *Collection of Signs Manual.*

[5] Robert Kirby commanded the Breda, James Abelson, the Guinea.

[6] When Opdam's ship blew up, a shot from it mortally wounded Si John Lawson, which is thus alluded to in the *Poems on State Affairs:*

> "———Destiny allowed
> Him his revenge, to make his death more proud.
> A fatal bullet from his side did range,
> And battered *Lawson*; oh, too dear exchange!
> He led our fleet that day too short a space,
> But lost his knee: since died, in glorious race,
> *Lawson*, whose valour beyond fate did go,
> And still fights *Opdam* in the lake below."

In the same poem, Lord Falmouth's death is thus noticed:—

> "Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
> Some say 'twas to grow Duke, too, by contract:
> An untaught bullet, in its wanton scope,
> Dashes him all to pieces, and his *hope.*
> Such was his rise, such was his fall, upraised;
> A chance-shot sooner took him than chance raised:
> His shattered head the fearless Duke distains,
> And gave the last first proof that he had brains."

9th. To White Hall, and in my way met with Mr. Moore, who eases me in one point wherein I was troubled; which was, hat I heard of nothing said or done by my Lord Sandwich: ut he tells me that Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's ecretary, did hear the King say that my Lord Sandwich had one nobly and worthily.[2] The King, it seems, is much roubled at the fall of my Lord Falmouth; but I do not meet ith any man else that so much as wishes him alive again, the orld conceiving him a man of too much pleasure to do the King any good, or offer any good office to him. But I hear, f all hands, he is confessed to be a man of great honour, that id show it in this his going with the Duke, the most that ever ny man did. Home, where my people busy to make ready a upper against night for some guests, in lieu of my stone-feasts.[3] With my taylor to buy a silk suit, which, though I had one lately, yet I do, for joy of the good news we have lately had of our victory over the Dutch, which makes me willing to spare myself something extraordinary in clothes and, after long resolution of having nothing but black, I did buy a coloured silk ferrandin.

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[1] Afterwards Sir Joseph Jordan, Commander of the Royal Sovereign nd Vice-Admiral of the Red, 1672. He was knighted on the 1st July, 665.

[2] See Charles II.'s letter of thanks to Lord Sandwich, in Ellis's *Letters*, ol. iii., p. 327. First Series.

[3] See *Life*, v. i.

10th. In the evening home to supper; and there, to my great trouble, hear that the plague is come into the City, though it hath, these three or four weeks since its beginning, been wholly out of the City; but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Dr. Burnett, in Fenchurch Street: which, in both points, troubles me mightily.

11th. (Lord's day.) Up, and expected long a new suit; but, coming not, dressed myself in my new black silk camelott suit; and, when fully ready, comes my new one of coloured ferrandin, which my wife puts me out of love with, which vexes me. At noon, by invitation, comes my two cozen Joyces and their wives—my aunt James and he-cozen Harman—his wife being ill. Had a good dinner for them, and as merry as I could be in such company. They being gone, I out of doors a little, to show, forsooth, my new suit. I saw poor Dr. Burnett's door shut; but he hath, I hear, gained great good-will among his neighbours: for he discovered it himself first, and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord: which was very handsome.

12th. Up, and in my yesterday's new suit to the Duke of Albemarle, and thence returned; and, with my taylor, bought some good lace for my sleeve bands in Pater Noster Row. The Duke of York is sent for last night, and expected to be here to-morrow.

13th. At noon with Sir G. Carteret to my Lord Mayor's to dinner, where much company in a little room. His name, Sir John Lawrence. Here were at table three Sir Richard Brownes, viz.: he of the Councill, a clerk, and the Alderman,[1] and his son; and there was a little grandson, also Richard, who will hereafter be Sir Richard Browne. The alderman did here openly tell in boasting how he had, only upon suspicion of disturbances, if there had been any bad news from sea, clapped up several persons that he was afraid of; and that he had several times done the like, and would do, and take no bail where he saw it unsafe for the King. But by and by he said hat he was now sued in the Exchequer for false imprisonment, hat he had, upon the same score, imprisoned while he was Mayor four years ago, and asked advice about it. I told him I believed there was none, and told my story of Field, at which he was troubled, and said that it was then unsafe for any man to serve the King; and, I believed, knew not what to do therein; but that Sir Richard Browne, of the Councill, advised him to speak with my Lord Chancellor about it. My Lord Mayor very respectful to me; and so I after dinner away, and found Sir J. Minnes ready with his coach and four horses at our office gate, for him and me to go out of town to meet the Duke of York coming from Harwich to town, and so as far as Ilford, and there 'light. By and by comes to us Sir John Shaw and Mr. Neale, that married the rich widow Gold, upon the same errand. After eating a dish of creame, we ook coach again, hearing nothing of the Duke, and away home—a most pleasant evening and road.

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[1] Alderman Sir Richard Browne, Bart., was Lord Mayor in 1621, and Major-General of the Trained-bands: see *ante*, Feb. 22, 1659–60. His son was Sir Richard Browne, Knight. Sir Richard Browne, the Clerk of the Council, noticed Jan. 25, 1661–62, was of a different family. The Lord Mayor was seated at Debden Hall in Essex, which he had purchased soon after 1660, and the estate was alienated by his son, the second Baronet.

14th. I met with Mr. Cooling, who observed to me how he inds every body silent in the praise of my Lord Sandwich, to set up the Duke and the Prince; but that the Duke did, both o the King and my Lord Chancellor, write abundantly of my Lord's courage and service. And I this day met with a letter of Captain Ferrers, wherein he tells how my Lord was with his hip in all the heat of the day, and did most worthily. To Westminster: and there saw my Lord Marlborough brought to be buried,[1] several Lords of the Council carrying him, and with he Heralds in some state.

15th. Up, and put on my new stuff suit with close knees which becomes me most nobly, as my wife says. At noon, put on my first laced band, all lace; and to Kate Joyce's to dinner, where my mother, wife, and abundance of their friends, and good usage. At Woolwich, discoursed with Mr. Sheldon about my bringing my wife down for a month or two to his house, which he approves of, and, I think, will be very convenient. This day, the News-book,[2] upon Mr. Moore's showing L'Estrange, Captain Ferrers's letter, did do my Lord Sandwich great right s to the late victory. The Duke of York not yet come to own. The town grows very sickly, and people to be afraid of t: there dying this last week of the plague 112, from 43 the week before; whereof but one in Fenchurch Streete, and one n Broad Streete, by the Treasurer's office.

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[1] He was buried in Westminster Abbey. [2] L'Estrange's *Intelligencer*.

16th. After dinner, and doing some business at the office, I to White Hall, where the Court is full of the Duke and hi courtiers returned from sea. All fat and lusty, and ruddy b being in the sun. I kissed his hands, and we waited all th afternoon. By and by saw Mr. Coventry, which rejoiced m very heart. Anon he and I, from all the rest of the compan walked into the Matted Gallery; where, after many expression of love, we fell to talk of business; among other things, how m Lord Sandwich, both in his councils and personal service, hat done most honourably and serviceably. Sir J. Lawson is come to Greenwich; but his wound in his knee yet very bad. Jonas Poole, in the Vantguard, did basely, so as to be, or will be turned out of his ship. Captain Holmes expecting, upon Sansum's death, to be made Rear-admirall to the Prince—bu Harman[1] is put in—hath delivered up to the Duke his commission, which the Duke took and tore. He, it seems, had bi the Prince, who first told him of Holmes's intention, that he should dissuade him from it; for that he was resolved to take it if he offered it. Yet Holmes would do it, like a rash, proud coxcombe. But he is rich, and hath, it seems, sought an occasion of leaving the service. Several of our captains have done ill. The great ships are the ships do the business, they quite deadening the enemy. They run away upon sight of th Prince. It is strange to see how people do already slight Si William Barkeley,[2] my Lord FitzHarding's [Earl of Falmouth's brother, who, three months since, was the delight of the Court Captain [Jeremiah] Smith, of the Mary, the Duke talks mightil of; and some great thing will be done for him. Strange to hea how the Dutch do relate, as the Duke says, that they are th conquerors; and bonfires are made in Dunkirke in their behalf though a clearer victory can never be expected. Mr. Coventr hinks they cannot have lost less than 6,000 men, and we not dead above 200, and wounded about 400; in all about 600. Captain Grove, the Duke told us this day, hath done the basest hing at Lowestoffe, in hearing of the guns, and could not, as others, be got out, but staid there; for which he will be tried; and is reckoned a prating coxcombe, and of no courage.

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[1] John Harman, afterwards knighted. He had served with great reputation in several naval fights, and was desperately wounded in 1673, whil engaged with a Dutch man-of-war, which he captured. He survived th action some years, but never recovered his health.

[2] Commander of the Swiftsure in this action, and killed in the sea-figh the following year, when Vice-Admiral of the Blue. See June 16, 1666 Sir William Berkeley received the honour of knighthood, Oct. 12, 1664 His behaviour, after the death of his brother, Lord Falmouth, is severel commented on, in *Poems on State Affairs*, vol. i., p. 29:—

"*Berkeley* had heard it soon, and thought not good
To venture more of royal *Harding's* blood;
To be immortal he was not of age,
And did e'en now the *Indian Prize* presage;
And judged it safe and decent, cost what cost,
To lose the day, *since his dear brother's lost.*
With his whole squadron straight away he bore,
And, like good boy, promised to fight no more.

17th. At the office find Sir W. Pen come home, who looks very well; and I am gladder to see him than otherwise I should be because of my hearing so well of him for his serviceableness n this late great action. It struck me very deep this afternoon going with a hackney coach from Lord Treasurer's down Holborne,[1] the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at ast stood still, and come down hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sick, and almost blind—he could not see; so I 'light, and went into another coach, with a sad heart for the poor man and for myself also, lest he should have been struck with the plague. Sir John Lawson, I hear, is worse than yesterday: the King went to see him to-day most kindly. It seems his wound is not very bad; but he hath a ever, a thrush, and a hickup, all three together, which are, it eems, very bad symptoms.

18th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church, where Sir W. Pen was the first time since he come from sea, after the battle. Mr. Mills made a sorry sermon. Sir W. Batten and my Lady are eturned from Harwich. I went to see them, and it is pretty o see how we appear kind one to another, though neither of us care *2d.* for another.

19th. To my little new goldsmith's [Colvill] whose wife, ndeed, is one of the prettiest, modest black women that ever I aw. I paid for a dozen of silver salts £6 14*s.* 6*d.* Thence o see Sir J. Lawson, who is better, but continues ill—his hickup not being yet gone, could have little discourse with him.

20th. Thankes-giving-day for victory over the Dutch. To he Dolphin Taverne, where all we officers of the Navy met with the Commissioners of the Ordnance by agreement, and dined: where good musique at my direction. Our club come o 34*s.* a man, nine of us. By water to Fox-hall, and there walked an hour alone, observing the several humours of the itizens that were there this holiday, pulling of cherries,[2] and God knows what. This day I informed myself that there died our of five at Westminster of the plague, in several houses, upon Sunday last, in Bell Alley, over against the Palace-gate: yet people do think that the number will be fewer in the town than it was the last week. The Dutch are come out again with 20 sail under Bankert: supposed gone to the Northward, to meet their East India fleete.

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[1] Lord Southampton lived on the north side of Bloomsbury Square. His ouse was afterwards Bedford House.

[2] The game of bob-cherry.

21st. I find our talleys will not be money in less than sixteen months, which is a sad thing for the King to pay all that interest for every penny he spends: and, which is strange, the goldsmiths with whom I spoke do declare that they will not be moved to part with money upon the increase of their consideration of ten per cent. which they have. I find all the town almost going out of town, the coaches and waggons being all full of people going into the country.

22d. In great pain whether to send my mother into the country to-day or no; I hearing, by my people, that the poor wretch hath a mind to stay a little longer, and I cannot blame her. At last, I resolved to put it to her, and she agreed to go, because of the sickness in town, and my intentions of removing my wife. She was to the last unwilling to go, but would not say so, but put it off till she lost her place in the coach, and was fain to ride in the waggon part.

23d. To a Committee for Tangier, where, unknown to me, comes my Lord Sandwich, who, it seems, come to town last night. After the Committee was up, my Lord Sandwich did take me aside in the robe-chamber, telling me how much the Duke and Mr. Coventry did, both in the fleete and here, make of him, and that in some opposition to the Prince; and, as a more private passage, he told me that he hath been with them both when they have made sport of the Prince, and laughed at him: yet that all the discourse of the town, and the printed relation, should not give him one word of honour, my Lord thinks very strange; he assuring me, that, though by accident the Prince was in the van in the beginning of the fight for the first pass, yet, all the rest of the day, my Lord was in the van, and continued so. That, notwithstanding all this noise of the Prince, he had hardly a shot in his side, nor a man killed, whereas he [Lord Sandwich] above 30 in her hull, and not one mast whole nor yard; but the most battered ship of the fleet, and lost most men, saving Captain Smith of the Mary. That the most the Duke did was almost out of gun-shot; but that, indeed, the Duke did come up to my Lord's rescue, after he had a great while fought with four of them. How poorly Sir John Lawson performed, notwithstanding all that was said of him; and how his ship turned out of the way, while Sir J

Lawson himself was upon the deck, to the endangering of the whole fleete. It therefore troubles my Lord, that Mr. Coventry hould not mention a word of him in his relation. I did, in nswer, offer that I was sure the relation was not compiled by Mr. Coventry, but by L'Estrange, out of several letters, as I could witness, and that Mr. Coventry's letter that he did give he Duke of Albemarle he as much writ as the Prince; for I myself read it first, and then copied it out, which I promised to how my Lord, with which he was something satisfied. From hat discourse my Lord did begin to tell me how much he was concerned to dispose of his children, and would have my advice nd help; and propounded to match my Lady Jemimah to Sir G. Carteret's eldest son,[1] which I approved of, and did underake the speaking with him about it as from myself, which my Lord liked. To one Mr. Finch,[2] one of the Commissioners of he Excise, to be informed about some things of the Excise, in rder to our settling matters therein better. I find him a very discreet, grave person. Creed and I took boat, and to Fox Hall, where we spent two or three hours talking of several matters very soberly and contentfully to me, which, with the ayre and pleasure of the garden, was a great refreshment to me, nd methinks that which we ought to joy ourselves in. Home, by hackney-coach, which is become a very dangerous passage now-a-days, the sickness encreasing mightily.

24th. (Midsummer-day.) To Dr. Clerke's, and there I, in he best manner I could, broke my errand about a match beween Sir G. Carteret's eldest son and my Lord Sandwich's eldest daughter, which he, as I knew he would, took with great content: and we both agreed that my Lord and he, being both men relating to the sea, under a kind respect of His Majesty, already good friends, and both virtuous and good familys, their alliance might be of good use to us: and he did undertake to ind out Sir George this morning, and put the business in execution. So I to White Hall, where I, with Creed and Povy, ttended my Lord Treasurer, and did prevail with him to let s have an assignment for 15 of £20,000, which, I hope, will do our business for Tangier. To Sir G. Carteret, and, in the best manner I could, moved the business: he received it with reat respect and content, and thanks to me, and promised that e would do what he possibly could for his son, to render him t for my Lord's daughter, and showed great kindness to me, and sense of my kindness to him herein. Sir William Pen told me this day that Mr. Coventry is to be sworn a Privy Counsellor, at which my soul is glad.

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[1] Philip Carteret, afterwards knighted. He perished on board his ather-in-law, Lord Sandwich's flag-ship, at the battle of Solebay.

[2] Daniel Finch.

25th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall, where, after I again visited Sir G. Carteret, and received his and now his Lady's full content in my proposal, my Lord Sandwich did direct me to return to Sir G. Carteret, and give him thanks for his kind acceptation of this offer, and that he would the next day be willing to enter discourse with him about the business. My Lord, I perceive, intends to give £5000 with her, and expects about £800 per annum joynture. To Greenwich, by water, thinking to have visited Sir J. Lawson, where, when I come, I find that he died this morning, at which I was much surprized, and indeed the nation hath a great loss; though I cannot, without dissembling, say that I am sorry for it; for he was a man never kind to me at all. Mr. Coventry, among other talk, entered upon the great question now in the House about the Duke's going to sea again; about which the whole House is divided. He did concur with me that, for the Duke's honour and safety, it were best, after so great a service and victory and danger, not to go again; and, above all, that the life of the Duke cannot but be a security to the Crowne—if he were away, it being more easy to attempt anything upon the King—but how the fleete will be governed without him, the Prince [Rupert] being a man of no government, and severe in council, that no ordinary man can offer any advice against his—saying, truly, that it had been better he had gone to Guinny; and that, were he away, it were easy to see how things might be ordered—my Lord Sandwich being a man of temper and judgment, as much as any man he ever knew, and that upon good observation he said this, and that his temper must correct the Prince's. But I perceive he is much troubled what will be the event of the question.

26th. To the Committee of Tangier, where my Lord Treasurer was, the first and only time he ever was there, and did promise us £15,000 for Tangier, and no more, which will be short. With Creed to the King's Head[1] ordinary, and good sport with one Mr. Nicholls, a prating coxcombe, that would be thought a poet, but would not be got to repeat any of his verses. Home, and there find my wife's brother, and his wife, a pretty little modest woman, where they come to dine with my wife. He did come to desire my assistance for a living, and, upon his good promises of care, and that it should be no burden to me, I did say and promise I would think of finding something for him, and the rather because his wife seems a pretty discreet young thing, and humble, and he, above all things, desirous to do something to maintain her, telling me sad stories of what she endured in Holland; and I hope it will not be burdensome. The plague encreases mightily, I this day seeing a house, at a bitt-maker's, over against St. Clement's Church, in the open street, shut up: which is a sad sight.

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[1] At the corner of Chancery Lane.

28th. I did take my leave of Sir William Coventry, who, it seems, was knighted, and sworn a Privy Counsellor two days since; who with his old kindness treated me, and I believe I shall ever find him a noble friend. Sir G. Carteret tells me how all things proceed between my Lord Sandwich and himself to full content, and both sides depend upon having the match finished presently, and professed great kindness to me, and said that now we were something akin. In my way to Westminster Hall, I observed several plague-houses in King's Street and near the Palace. My Lord Sandwich is gone towards the sea to-day. It being a sudden resolution, I have taken no leave of him.

29th. By water to White Hall, where the Court full of waggons and people ready to go out of town. This end of the town every day grows very bad of the plague. The Mortality Bill is come to 267; which is about ninety more than the last: and of these but four in the City, which is a great blessing to us. Took leave again of Mr. Coventry; though I hope the Duke is not gone to stay, and so do others too. Home; calling at Somerset House, where all were packing up too: the Queen-Mother setting out for France this day, to drink Bourbon waters this year, she being in a consumption; and intends not to come till winter come twelve-months.

30th. To White Hall, to the Duke of Albemarle, who I find at Secretary Bennet's, there being now no other great statesman, I think, but my Lord Chancellor, in town. At night, back by water, and in the dark and against the tide, shot the bridge,[1] groping with their pole for the way, which troubled me before I got through. So home, about one or two o'clock in the morning, my family at a great loss what was become of me. Thus this book of two years ends. Myself and family in good health, consisting of myself and wife, Mercer, her woman, Mary, Alce, and Susan, our maids, and Tom, my boy. In a sickly time of the plague growing on. Having upon my hands the troublesome care of the Treasury of Tangier, with great sums drawn upon me, and nothing to pay them with: also the business of the office great. Considering of removing my wife to Woolwich: she lately busy in learning to paint, with great pleasure and successe. All other things well; especially a new interest I am making, by a match in hand between the eldest son of Sir G. Carteret, and my Lady Jemimah Montagu. The Duke of York gone down to the fleete; but all suppose not with intent to stay there, as it is not fit, all men conceive, he should.

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[1] See note, 8th Aug., 1662.

July 1st. To the Duke of Albemarle's by appointment, to give him an account of some disorder in the Yard at Portsmouth, by workmen's going away of their own accord, for lack of money, to get work of haymaking, or anything else, to earn themselves bread. To Westminster, where, I hear, the sickness encreases greatly. Sad at the news, that seven or eight houses in Burying Hall[1] Street are shut up of the plague.

2d. (Lord's day.) Sir G. Carteret did send me word that the business between my Lord and him is fully agreed on, and is mightily liked of the King and the Duke of York. Sir J. Lawson[2] was buried late last night at St. Dunstan's by us, without any company at all. The condition of his family is but very poor.

3d. The season growing so sickly, that it is much to be feared how a man can escape having a share with others in it, for which the good Lord God bless me! or make me fitted to receive it.

4th. I hear this day the Duke and Prince Rupert are both come back from sea, and neither of them go back again. Bankert is come home with the little fleete he has been abroad with, without doing anything, so that there is nobody of an enemy at sea. We are in great hopes of meeting with the Dutch East India fleet, which is mighty rich, or with De Ruyter, who is so also. Sir Richard Ford told me this day, at table, a fine account, how the Dutch were like to have been mastered by the present Prince of Orange his father to be besieged in Amsterdam[3]—having drawn an army of foot into the town, and horse near to the town by night, within three miles, and they never knew of it; but by chance the Hamburgh post in the night fell among the horse, and heard their design, and knowing the way, it being very dark and rainy, better than they, went from them, and did give notice to the town before the others could reach the town, and so were saved. It seems this De Witt and another family, the Beckarts, were among the chief of the familys that were enemies to the Prince, and were afterwards suppressed by the Prince, and continued so till he was, as they say, poisoned; and then they turned all again, as it was, against the young Prince, and have so carried it to this day, it being about 12 and 14 years, and De Witt in the head of them.

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[1] Probably Basinghall.

[2] In the register of the Old Church at Greenwich, is the following entry:—"Sir John Lawson carried away, June 27, 1665."

[3] *Sic orig.* The period alluded to is 1650, when the States General disbanded part of the forces which the Prince of Orange (William) wishes to retain. The Prince attempted, but unsuccessfully, to possess himself of Amsterdam. In the same year he died at the early age of 24; some say of the small-pox; others, with Sir Richard Ford, say of poison.

5th. Advised about sending my wife's bedding and things to-day to Woolwich, in order to her removal thither. Mr. Coventry tells me how matters are ordered in the fleete: my Lord Sandwich goes Admiral; under him Sir G. Ascue, and Sir T. Teddiman: Vice-Admiral, Sir W. Pen; and under him Sir W. Barkeley, and Sir Jos. Jordan[1]: Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Allen; and under him Sir Christopher Mings,[2] and Captain Harman. Walked round to White Hall, the Park being quite locked up; and I observed a house shut up this day in the Pell Mell, where heretofore, in Cromwell's time, we young men used to keep our weekly clubs. Sir G. Carteret do now take all my Lord Sandwich's business to heart, and makes it the same with his own. He tells me how at Chatham it was proposed to my Lord Sandwich to be joined with the Prince in the command of the fleete, which he was most willing to; but, when it come to the Prince, he was quite against it; saying, there could be no government, but that it would be better to have two fleetes, and neither under the command of the other, which he would not agree to. So the King was not pleased; but, without any unkindness, did order the fleete to be ordered as above, as to the Admirals and commands: so the Prince is come up; and Sir G. Carteret, I remember, had this word thence, that, says he, by this means, though the King told him that it would be but for this expedition, yet I believe we shall keep him out for altogether. He tells me how my Lord was much troubled at Sir W. Pen's being ordered forth, as it seems he is to go to Solebay, and with the best fleete he can, to go forth, and no notice taken of my Lord Sandwich going after him, and having the command over him. By water to Woolwich, where I found my wife come, and her two maids, and very prettily accommodated they will be; and I left them going to supper, grieved in my heart to part with my wife, being worse by much without her, though some trouble there is in having the care of a family at home this plague time.

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[1] Commanded the Royal Sovereign as Vice-Admiral of the Red, in 1672; and distinguished himself in the battle of Solebay, and on other occasions. He had just been knighted.

[2] The son of a shoemaker, bred to the sea-service, and rose to the rank of an Admiral. He was killed in the fight with the Dutch, June, 1666.

6th. Alderman Backewell is ordered abroad upon some private score with a great sum of money; wherein I was instrumental the other day in shipping him away. It seems some of his creditors have taken notice of it, and he was like to be broke yesterday in his absence: Sir G. Carteret telling me that the King and the kingdom must as good as fall with that man at this time; and that he was forced to get £4,000 himself to answer Backewell's people's occasions, or he must have broke; but committed this to me as a great secret. I could not see Lord Brouncker, nor had much mind, one of the two great houses within two doors of him being shut up: and, Lord! the number of houses visited, which this day I observed through the town, quite round in my way, by Long Lane and London Wall. To Sir W. Batten, and spent the evening at supper; and, among other discourse, the rashness of Sir John Lawson, for breeding up his daughter so high and proud, refusing a man of great interest, Sir W. Barkeley, to match her with a melancholy fellow, Colonel Norton's son,[1] of no interest nor good-nature nor generosity at all, giving her £6,000, when the other would have taken her with two—when he himself knew that he was not worth the money himself in all the world, he did give her that portion, and is since dead, and left his wife and two daughters beggars, and the other gone away with £6,000, and no content in it, through the ill qualities of her father-in-law and husband, who, it seems, though a pretty woman, contracted for her as if he had been buying a horse; and, worst of all, is now of no use to serve the mother and two little sisters in any stead at Court, whereas, the other might have done what he would for her: so here is an end of this family's pride, which, with good care, might have been what they would, and done well. Sir W. Pen, it seems, sailed last night from Solebay, with about sixty sail of ships, and my Lord Sandwich in the Prince and some others, it seems, going after them to overtake them.

7th. At this time I have two tierces of claret, two quarter casks of Canary, and a smaller vessel of Sack; a vessel of Tent, another of Malaga, and another of white wine, all in my wine-cellar together; which, I believe, none of my friends of my name now alive ever had of his own at one time.

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[1] Whose death is mentioned, 29th August, 1666.

9th. (Lord's day.) To Sir G. Carteret, and there find my Lady in her chamber, not very well, but looks the worst almost that ever I did see her in my life. It seems her drinking of the water at Tunbridge did almost kill her. Received with most extraordinary kindness by my Lady Carteret and her children, and dined most nobly. I took occasion to have much discourse with Mr. Ph. Carteret, and find him a very modest man; and I think verily of mighty good nature, and pretty understanding. He did give me a good account of the fight with the Dutch. Took boat and home, and there shifted myself into my black silk suit; and, having promised Harman yesterday, I to his house, which I find very mean, and mean company. His wife very ill: I could not see her. Here I, with her father and Kate Joyce, who was also very ill, were godfathers and godmother to his boy, and was christened Will. Mr. Meriton[1] christened him. The most observable thing I found there to my content, was to hear him and his clerk tell me, that in this parish of Michell's Cornhill, one of the middlemost parishes, and a great one of the town, there hath, notwithstanding this sickliness, been buried of any disease, man, woman, or child, not one for thirteen months last past; which is very strange. And the like, in a good degree, in most other parishes, I hear, saving only of the plague in them. Down to my Lady Carteret's. It is mighty pretty to think how my poor Lady Sandwich, between her and me, is doubtfull whether her daughter will like of the match or no, and how troubled she is for fear of it, which I do not fear at all, and desire her not to do it, but her fear is the most discreet and pretty that ever I did see.

10th. Having a coach of Mr. Povy's attending me, by appointment, in order to my coming to dine at his country-house, at Branford, where he and his family is, I went, and Mr. Tasbrough with me therein, it being a pretty chariot, but most inconvenient as to the horses throwing dust and dirt into one's eyes, and upon one's clothes. Creed rode before, and Mr. Povy and I after him in the chariot; and I was set down by him at the Parke pale, where one of his saddle-horses was ready for me, he himself not daring to come into the house or be seen, because that a servant of his, out of his house, happened to be sick, but is not yet dead, but was never suffered to come into his house after he was ill. But this opportunity was taken to injure Povy, and most horribly he is abused by some persons hereupon, and his fortune, I believe, quite broke; but that he hath a good heart to bear, or a cunning one to conceal his evil. It is, I perceive, an unpleasing thing to be at Court, everybody being fearful one of another, and all so sad enquiring after the plague, so that I stole away by my horse to Kingston, and there, with much trouble, was forced to press two sturdy rogues to carry me to London, and met at the water-side with Mr. Charnocke, Sir Philip Warwick's clerk, who had been with company, and was quite foxed.[1] I took him with me in my boat, and so away to Richmond, and there, by night, walked with him to Mortlake, a very pretty walk, and there staid a good while.

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[1] Joseph Meriton, instituted to the rectory of St. Michael, Cornhill, 1663, of which he continued incumbent nearly forty years.

11th. All night down by water, a most pleasant passage, and come thither by two o'clock, and so walked from the Old Swan home, and there to bed to my Will—he lodging at my desire in my house.

12th. After doing what business I could in the morning, it being a solemn fast-day for the plague growing upon us, I took boat, and down to Deptford, where I stood with great pleasure an hour or two by my Lady Sandwich's bedside, talking to her, she lying prettily in bed, of my Lady Jemimah's being from my Lady Pickering's when our letters come to that place; she being at my Lord Montagu's, at Boughton. The truth is, I had received letters of it two days ago, but had dropped them, and was in a very extraordinary strait what to do for them, or what account to give my Lady: but sent to Mortlake, where I had been the night before, and there they were found, which with mighty joy come safe to me; but all ending with satisfaction to my Lady and me, though I find my Lady Carteret not much pleased with this delay, and principally because of the plague, which renders it unsafe to stay long at Deptford. I eat a bit, my Lady Carteret being the most kind Lady in the world, and so took boat, and a fresh boat at the Tower, and so up the river, against tide all the way, I having lost it by staying prating to and with my Lady: and, from before one, made it seven before we got to Hampton-Court; and, when I come there, all business was over, saving my finding Mr. Coventry at his chamber; and so away to my boat, and all night upon the water, and come home by two o'clock, shooting the bridge at that time of night. Heard Mr. Williamson repeat at Hampton-Court, to-day, how the King of France hath lately set out a most high arrest[1] against the Pope, which is reckoned very lofty and high.

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[1] Drunk.

13th. By water, at night late, to Sir G. Carteret's,[2] but, there being no oars to carry me, I was fain to call a skuller that had a gentleman already in it, and he proved a man of love to musique, and he and I sung together the way down with great pleasure. Above 700 died of the plague this week.

14th. I by water to Sir G. Carteret's, and there find my Lady Sandwich buying things for my Lady Jem.'s wedding: and my Lady Jem. is, beyond expectation, come to Dagenhams,[3] where Mr. Carteret is to go to visit her to-morrow; and my proposal of waiting on him, he being to go alone to all persons strangers to him, was well accepted, and so I go with him. But, Lord! to see how kind my Lady Carteret is to her! Sends her most rich jewells, and provides bedding and things of all sorts most richly for her, which makes my Lady and me out of our wits almost to see the kindness she treats us all with, as if they would buy the young lady.

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[1] *Arrêt.* The rupture between Alexander VII. and Louis XIV. was healed in 1664, by the treaty signed at Pisa, on the 12th Feb. On the 9th August, the Pope's nephew, Cardinal Chigi, made his entry in Paris, as Legate, to give the King satisfaction for the insult offered at Rome by the Corsican Guard to the Duc de Créqui, the French Ambassador: see vol. i, p. 330. Cardinal Imperiali, Governor of Rome, asked pardon of the King in person, and all the hard conditions of the treaty were fulfilled. But no *arrêt* against the Pope was set forth in 1665. On the contrary, Alexander, now wishing to please the King, issued a Constitution on the 2d of Feb., 1665, ordering all the Clergy of France, without any exception, to sign a formulary condemning the five propositions extracted from the works of Jansenius; and on the 29th of April, the King in person ordered the Parliament to register the bull. The Jansenist party, of course, demurred to this proceeding: the Bishops of Alais, Angers, Beauvais, and Pamiers, issuing mandates calling upon their clergy to refuse. It was against these mandates, as being contrary to the King's declaration and the Pope's intentions, that the *arrêt* was directed.

[2] At the Treasurer's house at Deptford, Sir G. Carteret's official residence.

[3] Dagenhams, near Romford, the seat of Lady Wright, widow of Sir Henry Wright, and sister of Lady Sandwich (see 27th March, 1660). This estate was devised by Anne, daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Wright, widow first of Sir Robert Pye, of Berkshire, and afterwards of William Rider, Esq., only surviving child of Sir Henry Wright, to her first cousin, Edward Carteret, Postmaster-General, third son of Sir Philip Carteret and Lady Jemimah Montagu; whose daughters, in 1749, sold it to Henry Muilman; in 1772 it was again disposed of to Mr. Neave, grandfather of the present proprietor (Sir Richard Digby Neave, Bart.), who pulled down the old house built by Sir Henry Wright, and erected the present mansion on a different site. See Lysons's *Environs*, vol. iv., p. 191.

15th. Mr. Carteret and I to the ferry-place at Greenwich, and there staid an hour crossing the water to and again to get our coach and horses over; and by and by set out, and so toward Dagenhams. But, Lord! what silly discourse we had as to love-matters, he being the most awkward man ever I met with in my life as to that business. Thither we come, and by that time it began to be dark, and were kindly received by Lady Wright and my Lord Crewe. And to discourse they went, my Lord discoursing with him, asking of him questions of travell, which he answered well enough in a few words; but nothing to the lady from him at all. To supper, and after supper to talk again, he yet taking no notice of the lady. My Lord would have had me have consented to leaving the young people together to-night, to begin their amours, his staying being but to be little. But I advised against it, lest the lady might be too much surprised. So they led him up to his chamber, where I staid a little, to know how he liked the lady, which he told me he did mightily; but, Lord! in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did. So I bid him good night, and down to prayers with my Lord Crewe's family; and, after prayers, my Lord and Lady Wright, and I, to consult what to do; and it was agreed, at last, to have them go to church together as the family used to do, though his lameness was a great objection against it. But, at last, my Lady Jem. sent me word by my Lady Wright, that it would be better to do just as they used to do before his coming; and therefore she desired to go to church, which was yielded to them.

16th. (Lord's day.) I up, having lain with Mr. Moore in the chaplain's chamber. And, having trimmed myself, down to Mr. Carteret; and we walked in the gallery an hour or two, it being a most noble and pretty house that ever, for the bigness, I saw. Here I taught him what to do: to take the lady always by the hand to lead her, and telling him that I would find opportunity to leave them together, he should make these and these compliments, and also take a time to do the like to Lord Crewe and Lady Wright. After I had instructed him, which he thanked me for, owning that he needed my teaching him, my Lord Crewe come down and family, the young lady among the rest; and so by coaches to church four miles off: where a pretty good sermon, and a declaration of penitence of a man that had undergone the Churche's censure for his wicked life. Thence back again by coach, Mr. Carteret having not had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand, coming or going, which I told him of when we come home, and he will hereafter do it. So to dinner. My Lord excellent discourse. Then to walk in the gallery, and to sit down. By and by my Lady Wright and I go out, and then my Lord Crewe, he not by design, and lastly my Lady Crewe come out, and left the young people together. And a little pretty daughter of my Lady Wright's most innocently come out afterwards, and shut the door to, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration: which made us without have good sport to laugh at. They together an hour, and by and by church-time, whither he led her into the coach and into the church, where several handsome ladies. But it was most extraordinary hot that ever I knew it. So home again, and to walk in the gardens, where we left the young couple a second time; and my Lady Wright and I to walk together, who tells me that some new clothes must of necessity be made for Lady Jemimah, which and other things I took care of. Anon to supper, and excellent discourse and dispute between my Lord Crewe and the chaplain, who is a good scholler, but a nonconformist. Here this evening I spoke with Mrs. Carter, my old acquaintance, that hath lived with my Lady these twelve or thirteen years, the sum of all whose discourse and others for her is, that I would get her a good husband; which I have promised, but know not when I shall perform. After Mr. Carteret was carried to his chamber, we to prayers, and then to bed.

17th. Up all of us, and to billiards; my Lady Wright, Mr. Carteret, myself, and every body. By and by, the young couple left together. Anon to dinner; and after dinner Mr. Carteret took my advice about giving to the servants £10 among them, which he did, by leaving it to the chief man-servant, Mr. Medows, to do for him. Before we went, I took my Lady Jem. apart, and would know how she liked this gentleman, and whether she was under any difficulty concerning him. She blushed, and hid her face awhile; but at last I forced her to tell me. She answered, that she could readily obey what her father and mother had done; which was all she could say, or I expect. But, Lord! to see, among other things, how all these great people here are afraid of London, being doubtful of anything that comes from thence, or that hath lately been there, that I was forced to say that I lived wholly at Woolwich. So anon took leave, and for London. In our way, Mr. Carteret did give me mighty thanks for my care and pains for him, and is mightily pleased, though the truth is, my Lady Jem. hath carried herself with mighty discretion and gravity, not being forward at all in any degree, but mighty serious in her answers to him, as, by what he says and I observed, I collect. To Deptford, where mighty welcome, and brought the good news of all being pleased. Mighty mirth at my giving them an account of all; but the young man could not be got to say one word before me or my Lady Sandwich of his adventures; but, by what he afterwards related to his father and mother and sisters, he gives an account that pleases them mightily. Here Sir G. Carteret would have me lie all night, which I did most nobly, better than ever I did in my life; Sir G. Carteret being mighty kind to me, leading me to my chamber; and all their care now is, to have the business ended, and they have reason, because the sickness puts all out of order, and they cannot safely stay where they are.

18th. To the 'Change, where a little business, and a very thin exchange; and so walked through London to the Temple, where I took water for Westminster to the Duke of Albemarle, to wait on him, and so to Westminster Hall, and there paid for my newsbooks, and did give Mrs. Michell, who is going out of town because of the sickness, and her husband, a pint of wine. I was much troubled this day to hear, at Westminster, how the officers do bury the dead in the open Tuttle-fields, pretending want of room elsewhere; whereas the new chapel church-yard was walled-in at the publick charge in the last plague-time, merely for want of room; and now none, but such as are able to pay dear for it, can be buried there.

19th. To Deptford, where I find all[1] full of joy, and preparing to go to Dagenhams to-morrow.

20th. To Deptford, and after dinner saw my Lady Sandwich and Mr. Carteret and his two sisters over the water, going to Dagenhams, and my Lady Carteret toward Cranburne.[2] Walked to Redriffe, where I hear the sickness is, and indeed is scattered almost everywhere, there dying 1089 of the plague this week. My Lady Carteret did this day give me a bottle of plague-water home with me. I received yesterday a letter from my Lord Sandwich, giving me thanks for my care about their marriage business, and desiring it to be dispatched, that no disappointment may happen therein. Lord! to see how the plague spreads! it being now all over King's Streete, at the Axe, and next door to it, and in other places.

21st. To Anthony Joyce's, and there broke to him my desire to have Pall married to Harman, whose wife, poor woman, is lately dead, to my trouble, I loving her very much, and he will consider it. Late in my chamber, setting some papers in order; the plague growing very raging, and my apprehensions of it great.

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[1] The Carterets.

[2] The Royal Lodge of that name in Windsor Forest, occupied by Sir George Carteret, as Vice-Chamberlain to the King.

22d. The Duke of Albemarle being gone to dinner to my Lord of Canterbury's, I thither, and there walked and viewed the new hall, a new old-fashioned hall,[1] as much as possible—begun, and means left for the ending of it, by Bishop Juxon. To Fox-hall, where to the Spring garden; but I do not see one guest there, the town being so empty of any body to come thither. Only, while I was there, a poor woman come to scold with the master of the house that a kinswoman, I think, of her's, that was nearly dead of the plague, might be buried in the church-yard; for, for her part, she should not be buried in the commons, as they said she should. I by coach home, not meeting with but two coaches and but two carts from White Hall to my own house, that I could observe, and the streets mighty thin of people. I met this noon with Dr. Burnett, who told me, and I find in the news-book this week that he posted upon the 'Change, that whoever did spread the report that, instead of dying of the plague, his servant was by him killed, it was forgery, and shewed me the acknowledgment of the Master of the pest-house, that his servant died of a bubo on his right groine, and two spots on his right thigh, which is the plague. All the news is great: that we must of necessity fall out with France, for He will side with the Dutch against us. That Alderman Backewell is gone over, which indeed he is, with money, and that Ostend is in our present possession. But it is strange to see how poor Alderman Backewell is like to be put to it in his absence, Mr. Shaw, his right hand, being ill. And the Alderman's absence gives doubts to people, and I perceive they are in great straits for money, besides what Sir G. Carteret told me about fourteen days ago. Our fleete, under my Lord Sandwich, being about the latitude 55½, which is a great secret, to the Northward of the Texel.

23d. (Lord's day.) Called by Mr. Cutler, by appointment, and with him, in his coach and four horses, over London Bridge to Kingston, a very pleasant journey, and to Hampton Court, where I followed the King to Chapel, and there heard a good sermon; and after sermon with my Lord Arlington, Sir Thomas Ingram, and others, spoke to the Duke about Tangier, but not to much purpose. I was not invited any where to dinner, though a stranger, which did also trouble me; but yet I must remember it is a Court, and indeed where most are strangers: but however,

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[1] The hall here spoken of was converted into the archiepiscopal library by the late Archbishop Howley.

Cutler carried me to Mr. Marriott's, the house-keeper, and there we had a very good dinner and good company, among others Lilly, the painter. Thence to the councill-chamber, but the council begun late to sit; so that when I got free, and come back to look for Cutler, he was gone with his coach, without leaving any word with anybody to tell me so; so that I was forced with great trouble to walk up and down, looking of him, and at last forced to get a boat to carry me to Kingston, and there, after eating a bit at a neat inne, which pleased me well, I took boat, and slept all the way, without intermission, from thence to Queenhithe, where, it being about two o'clock, too late and too soon to go home to bed, I lay and slept till about four.

24th. Up and home, and there dressed myself, and by appointment to Deptford, to Sir G. Carteret's, between six and seven o'clock, where I found him and my Lady almost ready, and by and by went over to the ferry, and took coach and six horses nobly for Dagenhams, himself and lady, and their little daughter Louisonne[1] and myself in the coach, where, when we come, we were bravely entertained, and spent the day most pleasantly with the young ladies, and I so merry as never more. With great content all the day, as I think I ever passed a day in my life, because of the contentfulness of our errand, and the nobleness of the company, and our manner of going. But I find Mr. Carteret as backward almost in his caresses as he was the first day. At night, about seven o'clock, took coach again; but, Lord! to see in what a pleasant humour Sir G. Carteret hath been both coming and going—so light, so fond, so merry, so boyish, so much content he takes in this business—it is one of the greatest wonders I ever saw in my mind. In serious discourse he did say that, if he knew his son to be a debauchee, as many and most are now-a-days about the Court, he would tell it, and my Lady Jem. should not have him; and so enlarged both he and she about the baseness and looseness of the Court, and told several stories of the Duke of Monmouth and Richmond, and some great person, my Lord of Ormond's second son,[2] married to a lady[3] of extraordinary quality, fit, and that might have been made a wife for the King himself, about six months since; and discoursed how much this would oblige the kingdom, if the King would banish some of these great persons publickly from the Court. We set out so late, that it grew dark, so as we doubted the losing of our way: and a long time it was, or seemed, before we could get to the water-side, and that about eleven at night, where, when we come, all merry, we found no ferry-boat was there, nor no oares to carry us to Deptford. However, afterwards oares was called from the other side at Greenwich; but, when it come, a frolick, being mighty merry, took us, and there we would sleep all night in the coach in the Isle of Doggs: so we did, there being now with us my Lady Scott [1]; and with great pleasure drew up the glasses, and slept till daylight, and then some victuals and wine being brought us, we ate a bit, and so up and took boat, merry as might be; and, when come to Sir G. Carteret's, there all to bed.

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[1] Louisa Marguerite Carteret, afterwards married to Sir Robert Atkins, of Seperton, Gloucestershire.

[2] See note, 4th February, 1664–5.

[3] Lady Mary Stuart, only surviving child of James, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, who died in 1655, and heir to her brother Esme, who deceased in 1699. She survived till 1688.

25th. Our good humour in everybody continuing, I slept till seven o'clock. Sad the story of the plague in the City, it growing mightily. This day my Lord Brouncker did give me Grant's book upon the Bills of Mortality, new printed and enlarged.[2] To my office: thence by coach to the Duke of Albemarle's, not meeting one coach, going nor coming. This day come a letter to me from Paris, from my Lord Hinchingbroke, about his coming over; and I have sent this night an order from the Duke of Albemarle for a ship of 36 guns to go to Calais to fetch him.

26th. To Greenwich, to the Park, where I heard the King and Duke are come by water this morn from Hampton Court. They asked me several questions. The King mightily pleased with his new buildings there. I followed them to Castle's ship, in building, and there met Sir W. Batten, and thence to Sir G. Carteret's, where all the morning with them; they not having any but the Duke of Monmouth, and Sir W. Killigrew,[3] and one gentleman, and a page more. Great variety of talk, and was often led to speak to the King and Duke. By and by they to dinner, and all to dinner and sat down to the King, saving myself, which, though I could not in modesty expect, yet, God forgive my pride! I was sorry I was there, that Sir W. Batten should say that he could sit down where I could not. The King having dined, he came down, and I went in the barge with him, I sitting at the door. Down to Woolwich, and there I just saw and kissed my wife, and saw some of her painting, which is very curious; and away again to the King, and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the Duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And, God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though, blessed be God! they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits. The Duke of Monmouth is the most skittish leaping gallant that ever I saw, always in action, vaulting, or leaping, or clambering. Sad news of the death of so many in the parish of the plague, forty last night. The bell always going. To the Exchange, where I went up and sat talking with my beauty, Mrs. Batelier, a great while, who is indeed one of the finest women I ever saw in my life. This day poor Robin Shaw at Backewell's died, and Backewell himself now in Flanders. The King himself asked about Shaw, and being told he was dead, said he was very sorry for it. The sickness is got into our parish this week, and is got, indeed, every where; so that I begin to think of setting things in order, which I pray God enable me to put, both as to soul and body.

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[1] Caroline, second daughter of Sir George Carteret, wife of Sir Thomas Scott, of Scott's Hall, Kent. See *ante*, July 30th, 1663.

[2] See note, p. 235, vol. i.

[3] Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, and elder brother to Tom Killigrew.

27th. With Mr. Gauden to Hampton Court, where I saw the King and Queen set out towards Salisbury, and after them the Duke and Duchess, whose hands I did kiss. And it was the first time I did ever, or did see anybody else, kiss her hand, and it was a most fine white and fat hand. But it was pretty to see the young, pretty ladies dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps with ribbands, and with laced bands, just like men. Only the Duchess herself it did not become. They gone, we, with great content, took coach again; and, hungry, come to Clapham about one o'clock, and Creed there, too, before us, where a good dinner, the house having dined, and so to walk up and down in the gardens, mighty pleasant. By and by comes, by promise to me, Sir G. Carteret, and viewed the house above and below, and sat and drank there, and I had a little opportunity to kiss and spend some time with the ladies above—his[1] daughter, a buxom lass, and his sister Fissant, a serious lady, and a little daughter of hers, that begins to sing prettily. Thence, with mighty pleasure, with Sir G. Carteret by coach, with great discourse of kindness with him to my Lord Sandwich, and to me also; and I every day see more good by the alliance—to Halfway House, and so home, in my way being shown my cozen Patience's house, which seems, at distance, a pretty house. At home met the weekly Bill, where above 100 encreased in the

[1] Mr. Gauden's.

Bill; and of them, in all, about 1700 of the plague, which hath made the officers this day resolve of sitting at Deptford, which puts me to some consideration what to do.

28th. Set out with my Lady Sandwich all alone with her with six horses to Dagenhams; going by water to the Ferry. And a pleasant going, and a good discourse; and, when there, very merry, and the young couple now well acquainted. But, Lord! to see in what fear all the people here do live. How they are afraid of us that come to them, insomuch that I am troubled at it, and wish myself away. But some cause they have; for the chaplain, with whom, but a week or two ago, we were here mighty high disputing, is since fallen into a fever, and dead, being gone hence to a friend's a good way off. A sober and a healthful man. These considerations make us all hasten the marriage, and resolve it upon Monday next, which is three days before we intended it.

29th. Up betimes, and, after viewing some of my wife's pictures, which now she is come to do very finely, to the office. At noon to dinner, where I hear that my Will is come in thither, and laid down upon my bed, ill of the headache, which put me into extraordinary fear; and I studied all I could to get him out of the house, and set my people to work to do it without discouraging him, and myself went forth to the Old Exchange to pay my fair Batelier for some linnen, and took leave of her, they breaking up shop for a while: and so by coach to Kate Joyce's, and there used all the vehemence and rhetorique I could to get her husband to let her go down to Brampton, but I could not prevail with him; he urging some simple reasons, but most that of profit, minding the house, and the distance, if either of them should be ill. However, I did my best, and more than I had a mind to do, but that I saw him so resolved against it, while she was mightily troubled at it. At last, he yielded she should go to Windsor, to some friends there: so I took my leave of them, believing it is great odds that we ever all see one another again; for I dare not go any more to that end of the town. Will is gone to his lodging, and is likely to do well, it being only the headache.

30th. (Lord's day.) Up, and in my night-gown, cap, and neckcloth, undressed, all day long—lost not a minute, but in my chamber, setting my Tangier accounts to rights. Will is very well again. It was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often to-day, either for deaths or burials; I think, five or six times.

31st. Up, and very betimes by six o'clock at Deptford, and there find Sir G. Carteret, and my Lady ready to go: I being in my new-coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine. By water to the Ferry, where, when we come, no coach there; and tide of ebb so far spent as the horse-boat could not get off on the other side the river to bring away the coach. So we were fain to stay there in the unlucky Isle of Doggs, in a chill place, the morning cool, and wind fresh, above two, if not three hours, to our great discontent. Yet, being upon a pleasant errand, and seeing that it could not be helped, we did bear it very patiently; and it was worth my observing to see how, upon these two scores, Sir G. Carteret, the most passionate man in the world, and that was in greatest haste to be gone, did bear with it, and very pleasant all the while, at least, not troubled so much as to fret and storm at it. Anon the coach comes: in the mean time, there coming a News thither with his horse to go over, that told us he did come from Islington this morning; and that Proctor,[1] the vintner, of the Miter, in Wood Street, and his son, are dead this morning there, of the plague: he having laid out abundance of money there, and was the greatest vintner for some time in London for great entertainments. We, fearing the canonicall hour would be past before we got thither, did, with a great deal of unwillingness, send away the licence and wedding-ring. So that when we come, though we drove hard with six horses, yet we found them gone from home; and, going towards the church, met them coming from church, which troubled us. But, however, that trouble was soon over; hearing it was well done: they being both in their old clothes: my Lord Crewe giving her, there being three coachfulls of them. The young lady mighty sad, which troubled me; but yet I think it was only her gravity in a little greater degree than usual. All saluted her, but I did not, till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I had saluted her or no. So to dinner, and very merry we were; but in such a sober way as never almost any thing was in so great families: but it was much better. After dinner company divided, some to cards, others to talk. My Lady Sandwich and I up to settle accounts, and pay her some money. And mighty kind she is to me, and would fain have had me gone down for company with her to Hinchingbroke; but for my life I cannot. At night to supper, and so to talk; and which, methought, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too: and so, after prayers, soberly to bed; only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry, till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtaines drawne with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good night. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial. Whereas, I feared we must have sat up all night, we did here all get good beds, and I lay in the same I did before, with Mr. Brisband, who is a good scholar and sober man; and we lay in bed, getting him to give me an account of Rome, which is the most delightful talk a man can have of any traveller: and so to sleep. Thus, I ended this month with the greatest joy that ever I did any in my life, because I have spent the greatest part of it with abundance of joy, and honour, and pleasant journeys, and brave entertainments, and without cost of money; and at last live to see the business ended with great content on all sides. This evening with Mr. Brisband, speaking of enchantments and spells, I telling him some of my charmes; he told me this, of his own knowledge, at Bourdeaux, in France. The words were these:—

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[1] 1665, August 1. Mr. William Proctor, vintner, at yᵉ Mitre, in Wood Street, with his young son, died at Islington (insolvent). *Ex peste.* Smith's *Obituary*, p. 64.

Voyci un Corps mort,
Royde come un Baston,
Froid comme Marbre,
Leger come un Esprit,
Levons le au nom de Jesus Christ.

He saw four little girls, very young ones—all kneeling, each of them, upon one knee; and one begun the first line, whispering in the eare of the next, and second to the third, and the third to the fourth, and she to the first. Then the first begun the second line, and so round quite through; and, putting each one finger only to a boy that lay flat upon his back on the ground, as if he was dead; at the end of the words, they did with their four fingers raise this boy as high as they could reach; and Mr. Brisband, being there, and wondering at it, as also being afraid to see it, for they would have had him to have bore a part in saying the words, in the room of one of the little girls that was so young that they could hardly make her learn to repeat the words, did, for fear there might be some slight used in it by the boy, or that the boy might be light, call the cook of the house, a very lusty fellow, as Sir G. Carteret's cook, who is very big: and they did raise him just in the same manner.[1] This is one of the strangest things I ever heard, but he tells it me of his own knowledge, and I do heartily believe it to be true. I enquired of him whether they were Protestant or Catholique girles; and he told me they were Protestant, which made it the more strange to me. Thus we end this month, as I said, after the greatest glut of content that ever I had; only under some difficulty because of the plague, which grows mightily upon us, the last week being about 1,700 or 1,800 of the plague. My Lord Sandwich at sea with a fleet of about 100 sail, to the Northward, expecting De Ruyter, or the Dutch

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[1] The secret is now well known, and is described by Sir David Brewster, in his *Natural Magic*, p. 256:—"One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame, is that in which a heavy man is raised up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. This experiment was, I believe, first shown in England a few years ago by Major H., who saw it performed in a large party at Venice, under the direction of an officer of the American navy. As Major H. performed it more than once in my presence, I shall describe as nearly as possible the method which he prescribed. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one, and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg, and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body, as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals, by clapping his hands. At the first signal, he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath; and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. On several occasions, I have observed, that when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left as it were behind. As you have repeatedly seen this experiment, and have performed the part both of the load and of the bearer, you can testify how remarkable the effects appear to all parties, and how complete is the conviction, either that the load has been lightened, or the bearer strengthened, by the prescribed process. At Venice, the experiment was performed in a much more imposing manner. The heaviest man in the party was raised and sustained upon the points of the forefingers of six persons. Major H. declared that the experiment would not succeed, if the person lifted were placed upon a board, and the strength of the individuals applied to the board. He conceived it necessary that the bearers should communicate directly with the body to be raised. I have not had an opportunity of making any experiments relative to these curious facts: but, whether the general effect is an illusion, or the result of known or new principles, the subject merits a careful investigation." I learn, on the authority of Dr. Maitland, that a similar experiment was once tried in Gloucestershire, upon a very stout gentleman; and that the lifters were so astonished at their success, that they permitted him to fall to the ground, to his sore discomfiture. Ex. infor. W. J. Thoms. It would be very serious, if these experiments were frequent, to find oneself the *heaviest* person in a party.

East India fleet. My Lord Hinchingbroke coming over from France and will meet his sister at Scott's-hall. Myself having obliged both these families in this business very much; as both my Lady and Sir G. Carteret and his Lady do confess exceedingly, and the latter do also now call me cozen, which I am glad of. So God preserve us all friends long, and continue health among us!

August 1st. Lay long; then up, and my Lord Crewe and Sir G. Carteret being gone abroad, I first to see the bridegroom and bride, and found them both up, and he gone to dress himself. Thence down, and Mr. Brisband and I to billiards: anon come my Lord and Sir G. Carteret in, who have been looking abroad and visiting some farms that Sir G. Carteret hath thereabouts, and, among other things, report the greatest stories of the bigness of the calfes they find there, ready to sell to the butchers—as big, they say, as little cowes, and that they do give them a piece of chalke to licke, which they hold makes them white in the flesh within. About five o'clock, Sir G. Carteret, and his lady, and I, took coach with the greatest joy: drove hard, and it was night ere we got to Deptford, where, with much kindness from them to me, I left them, and home to the office, where I find all well.

2d. Up, it being a public fast, as being the first Wednesday of the month, for the plague; within doors all day, and upon my monthly accounts late. I did find myself really worth £1,900, for which the great God of Heaven and Earth be praised!

3d. Up, and betimes to Deptford to Sir G. Carteret's, where, not knowing the horse which had been hired by Mr. Unthwayt for me, I did desire Sir G. Carteret to let me ride his new £40 horse; and so to the ferry, where I was forced to stay a great while before I could get my horse brought over, and then mounted, and rode very finely to Dagenhams; all the way, people, citizens, walking to and fro, enquire how the plague is in the City this week by the Bill; which, by chance, at Greenwich, I had heard was 2,020 of the plague, and 3,000 and odd, of all diseases; but methought it was a sad question to be so often asked me. Coming to Dagenhams, I there met our company coming out of the house, having staid as long as they could for me; so I let them go a little way before, and went and took leave of my Lady Sandwich, good woman, who seems very sensible of my service, in this late business, and having her directions in some things—among others, to get Sir G. Carteret and my Lord to settle the portion, and what Sir

G. Carteret is to settle, into land, soon as may be, she not liking it should lie long undone, for fear of death on either side. So took leave of her, and down to the buttery, and eat a piece of cold venison pie, and drank, and took some bread and cheese in my hand; and so mounted after them, Mr. Marr very kindly staying to lead me the way. By and by met my Lord Crewe returning; Mr. Marr telling me, by the way, how a maid-servant of Mr. John Wright's, who lives thereabouts, falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an outhouse, and a nurse appointed to look to her; who, being once absent, the maid got out of the house at the window, and run away. The nurse coming and knocking, and, having no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so; who and his lady were in great straight what to do to get her buried. At last, resolved to go to Burntwood,[1] hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not: so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frightened him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did; and they got one of the pest-coaches, and put her into it, to carry her to a pest-house. And, passing in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Browne,[2] with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother, being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and to look, and there saw somebody looking very ill, and in a silk dress, and stunk mightily; which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they come up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr. Wright's carried away sick of the plague; which put the young gentleman into a fright had almost cost him his life, but is now well again. I, overtaking our young people, 'light, and into the coach to them, where mighty merry all the way; and anon come to the Blockehouse,[3] over against Gravesend, where we staid a great while, in a little drinking-house. Sent back our coaches to Dagenhams. I, by and by, by boat to Gravesend, where no news of Sir G. Carteret come yet: so back again, and fetched them all over, but the two saddle-horses that were to go with us, which could not be brought over in the horse-boat, the wind and tide being against us, without towing; so we had some difference with some watermen, who would not tow them over under *20s.*, whereupon I swore to send one of them to sea, and will do it. Anon some others did it for *10s.* By and by comes Sir G. Carteret, and so we set out for Chatham: in my way overtaking some company, wherein was a lady, very pretty, riding singly, her husband in company with her. We fell into talk, and I read a copy of verses, which her husband showed me, and he discommended; but the lady commended: and I read them, so as to make the husband turn and commend them. By and by he and I fell into acquaintance, having known me formerly at the Exchequer. His name is Nokes, over against Bow Church. He was servant to Alderman Dashwood. We promised to meet, if ever we come both to London again; and, at parting, I had a fair salute on horseback, in Rochester streets, of the lady. My Lady Carteret come to Chatham in a coach, by herself, before us. Great mind they have to buy a little hacquenee that I rode on from Greenwich, for a woman's horse.

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[1] Brentwood.

[2] He commanded a troop of horse in the Train-bands, 1662.

[3] Tilbury Fort.

4th. Up by five o'clock, and by six walked out alone, with my Lady Slaning,[1] to the Docke Yard, where walked up and down, and so to Mr. Pett's, who led us into his garden, and there the lady, the best-humoured woman in the world, and a devout woman, I having spied her on her knees half an hour this morning in her chamber, clambered up to the top of the banquetting-house, to gather nuts; and so to the Hill-house, to breakfast, and mighty merry. Then they took coach, and Sir G. Carteret kissed me himself heartily, and my Lady several times, with great kindness, and then the young ladies, and so, with much joy, bade "God be with you!" and an end, I think, it will be to my mirth for a great while, it having been the passage of my whole life the most pleasing for the time, considering the quality and nature of the business, and my noble usage in the doing of it, and very many fine journeys, entertainments, and great company. So home, and found all things well, and letters that my Lord Hichingbroke is arrived at Dover, and would be at Scott's[2] hall this night, where the whole company will meet. I wish myself wi them.

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[1] Sir George Carteret's eldest daughter Anne, married to Sir Nicholas Slaning, K.B.

[2] Scott's Hall was in the parish of Sneath, near Ashford, in Kent, and long the residence of William Baliol le Scot, a brother of John Baliol, King of Scotland. The property was sold in 1784 to John Honeywood, and afterwards alienated to the late Sir Edward Knatchbull, who pulled down the house. Hasted says it was of the time of Henry VIII.; but from rough sketches of the building, in the possession of one of the Scott family, who lived to be nearly ninety, it was conjectured to have been much more ancient.

5th. In the morning up, and my wife showed me severa things of her doing, especially one fine woman's Persian hea mighty finely done; beyond what I could expect of her: an so away by water, having ordered in the yard six or eig bargemen to be whipped, who had last night stolen some the King's cordage from out of the yard. De Ruyter is con home, with all his fleet, which is very ill news. I am tol of a great ryott upon Thursday last in Cheapeside; Colone Danvers, a delinquent, having been taken, and in his way t the Tower was rescued from the captain of the guard, an carried away; one only of the rescuers being taken.

7th. Talking with Mrs. Pegg Pen, and looking over he pictures, and commended them; but, Lord! so far short of my wife's as no comparison. Comes Rayner, the boat-maker. about some business, and brings a piece of plate with him which I refused. He gone, then comes Luellin, about Mr Deering's business of planke, to have the contract perfected, and offers me twenty pieces in gold, but I refused it.

8th. To my office a little, and then to the Duke of Albemarle's about some business. The streets empty all the way, now, even in London, which is a sad sight. And to Westminster Hall, where talking, hearing very sad stories from Mrs. Mumford; among others, of Mr. Mitchell's son's family. And poor Will., that used to sell us ale at the Hall-door, his wife and three children died, all, I think, in a day. So home, through the City again, wishing I may have taken no ill in going; but I will go, I think, no more thither. The news of De Ruyter's coming home is certain; and told to the great disadvantage o our fleete, and the praise of De Ruyter; but it cannot be helped.

10th. My she-cozen Porter, the turner's wife, to tell me that her husband was carried to the Tower, for buying of some o the King's powder, and would have my help, but I could give her none, not daring to appear in the business. By and by to the office, where we sat all the morning; in great trouble to see the Bill this week rise so high, to above 4,000 in all, and o them above 3,000 of the plague. Home, to draw over anew my will, which I had bound myself by oath to dispatch by to-morrow night; the town growing so unhealthy, that a man cannot depend upon living two days.

11th. To the Exchequer, about striking new tallys, and I find the Exchequer, by proclamation, removing to Nonsuch.[1]

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[1] Nonsuch House, near Epsom.

Setting my house, and all things, in the best order I can, lest it should please God to take me away, or force me to leave my house.

12th. Sent for by Sir G. Carteret, to meet him and my Lord Hinchingbroke at Deptford, but my Lord did not come thither, he having crossed the river at Gravesend to Dagenhams, whither I dare not follow him, they being afraid of me; but Sir G. Carteret says, he is a most sweet youth in every circumstance. Sir G. Carteret being in haste of going to the Duke of Albemarle and the Archbishop, he was pettish. The people die so, that now it seems they are fain to carry the dead to be buried by daylight, the nights not sufficing to do it in. And my Lord Mayor commands people to be within at nine at night all, as they say, that the sick may have liberty to go abroad for ayre. There is one also dead out of one of our ships at Deptford, which troubles us mightily—the Providence, fire-ship, which was just fitted to go to sea; but they tell me, to-day, no more sick on board. And this day W. Bodham tells me that one is dead at Woolwich, not far from the Rope-yard. I am told, too, that a wife of one of the groomes at Court is dead at Salisbury; so that the King and Queen are speedily to be all gone to Wilton.[1] So God preserve us!

13th. (Lord's day.) It being very wet all day, clearing all matters, and giving instructions in writing to my executors, thereby perfecting the whole business of my will, to my very great joy; so that I shall be in much better state of soul, I hope, if it should please the Lord to call me away this sickly time. I find myself worth, besides Brampton estates, the sum of £2,164, for which the Lord be praised!

14th. To Sir G. Carteret; and, among other things, he told me, that he was not for the fanfaroone,[2] to make a show with a great title, as he might have had long since, but the main thing, to get an estate; and another thing, speaking of minding of business—"By G—d," says he, "I will, and have already almost brought it to that pass, that the King shall not be able to whip a cat, but I mean to be at the tayle of it!" meaning, so necessary he is, and the King and my Lord Treasurer all do confess it, which, while I mind my business, is my own case in this office of the Navy. After dinner, beat Captain Cocke at billiards; won about 8*s.* of him and my Lord Brouncker.

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[1] Near Salisbury, then the seat of Philip, fifth Earl of Pembroke, who married Katherine, daughter of Sir Wm. Villiers, of Brookesby, cousin to the Duke of Buckingham.

[2] To make a great flourish or bravado.—*Cotgrave.*

This night I did present my wife with a dyamond ring, awhile since given me by Mr. Vines's brother, for helping him to be a purser, valued at about £10, the first thing of that nature did give her. Great fears we have that the plague will be a great Bill this week.

15th. It was dark before I could get home, and so land a Church-yard stairs, where, to my great trouble, I met a dea corps of the plague, in the narrow alley, just bringing down a little pair of stairs. But I thank God I was not much disturbed at it. However, I shall beware of being late abroad again.

16th. To the Exchange, where I have not been a grea while. But, Lord! how sad a sight it is to see the street empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change! Jealous o every door that one sees shut up, lest it should be the plague and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up. This day, I had the ill news from Dagenhams, that my poo Lord of Hinchingbroke his indisposition is turned to the small pox. Poor gentleman! that he should be come from France so soon to fall sick, and of that disease too, when he should be gone to see a fine lady, his mistress! I am most heartily sorry for it.

18th. To Sheernesse, where we walked up and down, laying out the ground[1] to be taken in for a yard to lay provisions fo cleaning and repairing of ships, and a most proper place it is for the purpose. Late in the dark to Gravesend, where grea is the plague, and I troubled to stay there so long for the tide.

19th. Come letters from the King and Lord Arlington, for the removal of our office to Greenwich. I also wrote letters, and made myself ready to go to Sir G. Carteret, at Windsor and, having borrowed a horse of Mr. Blackbrough, sent him to wait for me at the Duke of Albemarle's door: when, on a sudden, a letter comes to us from the Duke of Albemarle, to tell us that the fleete is all come back to Solebay, and are presently to be dispatched back again. Whereupon I presently by water to the Duke of Albemarle, to know what news; and there I saw a letter from my Lord Sandwich to the Duke of Albemarle, and also from Sir W. Coventry and Captain Teddiman; how my Lord having commanded Teddiman, with twenty-two ships, of which but fifteen could get thither, and of those fifteen but eight or nine could come up to play, to go to Bergen;[1] where, after several messages to and from the Governor of the Castle, urging that Teddiman ought not to come thither with more than five ships, and desiring time to think of it, all the while he suffering the Dutch ships to land their guns to the best advantage, Teddiman, on the second pretence, began to play at the Dutch ships, whereof ten Eas India-men, and in three hours' time, the town and castl without any provocation, playing on our ships, they did cut a our cables, so as the wind being off the land, did force us go out, and rendered our fire-ships useless, without doing anything, but what hurt of course our guns must have done them we having lost five commanders, besides Mr. Edward Montagu and Mr. Windham.[2] Our fleete is come home, to our grea grief, with not above five weeks' dry and six days' wet provisions: however, must go out again; and the Duke hath ordered the Soveraigne,[3] and all other ships ready, to go out t the fleet and strengthen them. This news troubles us all, bu cannot be helped. Having read all this news, and received commands of the Duke with great content, he giving me the word which, to my great joy, he hath several times said to me, tha his greatest reliance is upon me; and my Lord Craven also di come out to talk with me, and told me that I am in mighty esteem with the Duke, for which I bless God. Home; an having given my fellow-officers an account hereof at Chatham and wrote other letters, I by water to Charing-Cross, to th post-house, and there the people tell me they are shut up; an so I went to the new post-house, and there got a guide an horses to Hounslow. So to Staines, and there, by this time, was dark night, and got a guide, who lost his way in the forest till, by help of the moone, which recompences me for all th pains I ever took about studying of her motions, I led my guide into the way back again; and so we made a man ris

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[1] The yard and fortifications of Sheerness were designed and first "staked out" by Sir Bernard de Gomme (see 24th March, 1667). The original plan is in the British Museum.

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[1] A view of this attack on Bergen, "described from the life in Aug., 1661, by C. H.," being a contemporary-coloured drawing, on vellum, showing the range of the ships engaged, is in the British Museum. Sir Gilbert Talbot's narrative of this action, Harleian MS. No. 6859, and Lord Rochester's account of it in a letter to his mother.—Wordsworth's *Eccl. Biog.*, 4th. ed., vol. iv., p. 611. The affair of Bergen did not escape Denham's satiric lash:—

> "——all our navy 'scaped so sound of limb,
> That a short space served to refresh and trim:
> And a tame fleet of theirs * doth convoy want,
> Laden with both the Indies and Levant:
> Paint but this one scene more, the world's our own,
> And Halcyon *Sandwich* doth command alone:
> To *Bergen* we with confidence make haste,
> And secret spoils by hope already taste;
> Tho *Clifford* in the character appear
> Of supra-cargo to our fleet, and there
> Wearing a signet ready to clap on,
> And seize all for his master *Arlington*.
> *Ruyter*, whose little squadron skimmed the seas,
> And wasted our remotest colonies,
> With ships all foul, returned upon our way;
> *Sandwich* would not disperse nor yet delay;
> And therefore like commander grave and wise,
> To 'scape his sight and fight, shut both his eyes;
> And for more state and sureness, *Cuttance*, true,
> The left eye closeth, the right *Montague*;
> And even *Clifford* proffered in his zeal,
> To make all safe, to apply to both his seal.
> Ulysses so, till Syrens he had past,
> Would by his mates be pinioned to the mast.
> Now can our navy view the wished port,
> But there (to see the fortune!) was a fort:
> *Sandwich* would not be beaten, nor yet beat:
> *Fools only fight, the prudent use to treat.*
> His cousin Montague, by court-disaster,
> Dwindled into the wooden-horse's master,
> To speak of peace seemed amongst all most proper,
> Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but copper:
> Or, what are forts when void of ammunition?
> With friends or foes what would we more condition?
> Yet we three days, till the Dutch furnished all,
> Men, powder, money, cannon, treat with wall!
> Then *Tydiman*, finding the Danes would not,
> Sent in six captains bravely to be shot.
> And Montagu, though drest like any bride,
> And aboard him too, yet was reached and died.
> Sad was the chance, and yet a deeper care
> Wrinkled his membranes under forehead fair,
> The Dutch Armado yet had th' impudence
> To put to sea, to waft their merchants thence,
> For, as if all their ships of walnut were,
> The more we beat them, still the more they bear:
> But a good pilot, and a favouring wind,
> Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again did blind."
>
> *Advice to a Painter.*

* The Dutch.

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[1] Mr. Edward Montagu was killed in the action at Bergen, and is much lamented by his friends.—Earl of Arlington's Letters, vol. ii., p. 87.

[2] This Mr. Windham had entered into a formal engagement, with the Earl of Rochester, "not without ceremonies of religion, that if either o them died, he should appear, and give the other notice of the future state if there was any." He was probably one of the brothers of Sir Wm Wyndham, Bart. See Wordsworth, *Ecclesiastical Biography*, 4th edit. vol. iv., p. 615.

[3] This ship was built at Woolwich Dock Yard in 1637. Her tonnag corresponded with the year, and she was the first vessel built with "flush decks," and the largest up to that period belonging to the English navy Her keel measured 187 feet 9 inches; her main breadth 48 feet 4 inches and she had three decks, a poop and top-gallant forecastle. She wa pierced for 126 guns. Her reputation has remained so great, that, in 1853 a fine American clipper, of 2421 tons, built by Mr. McKay, of Boston was named after her. This worthy successor arrived in the Mersey o July 9th, 1853, having made the run from New York in a shorter tim than was ever accomplished by a sailing ship, except by H.M.S Resistance, about eleven or twelve years since. See *Times*, 6th July 1853.

that kept a gate, and so he carried us to Cranborne,[1] where, in the dark, I perceive an old house new building, with a great deal of rubbish, and was fain to go up a ladder to Sir G. Carteret's chamber. And there, in his bed, I sat down, and told him all my bad news, which troubled him mightily; but yet we were very merry, and made the best of it; and being myself weary, did take leave; and, after having spoken with Mr. Fenn[2] in bed, I to bed in my Lady's chamber that she uses to lie in, where the Duchess of York, that now is, was born. So to sleep; being very well, but weary, and the better by having carried with me a bottle of strong water; whereof, now and then, a sip did me good.

20th. (Lord's day.) Sir G. Carteret come and walked by my bedside half an hour, talking, and telling how my Lord is unblameable in all this ill success, he having followed orders; and that all ought to be imputed to the falseness of the King of Denmark, who, he told me as a secret, had promised to deliver up the Dutch ships to us; and we expected no less; and swears it will, and will easily, be the ruin of him and his kingdom, if we fall out with him, as we must in honour do; but that all that can be, must be to get the fleete out again, to intercept De Witt, who certainly will be coming home with the East India fleete, he being gone thither. I up, and to walk forth to see the place; and I find it to be a very noble seat in a noble forest, with the noblest prospect towards Windsor, and round about over many countys, that can be desired; but otherwise a very melancholy place, and little variety, save only trees. So took horse for Stains, and thence to Branford, to Mr. Povy's. Mr. Povy not being at home, I lost my labour—only eat and drank there with his lady, and told my bad news, and hear the plague is round about them there. So away to Branford; and there, at the inn that goes down to the waterside, I 'light and paid off my post-horses, and so slipped on my shoes, and laid my things by, the tide not serving, and to church, where a dull sermon, and many Londoners. After church, to my inn, and eat and drank, and so about seven o'clock by water, and got, between nine and ten, to Queenhive,[3] very dark; and I could not get my waterman to go elsewhere, for fear of the plague. Thence with a lanthorn, in great fear of meeting of dead corpses, carrying to be buried; but, blessed be God! met none, but did see now and then a link, which is the mark of them, at a distance.

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[1] One of the Lodges belonging to the Crown in Windsor Forest. See 20th July, *ante*.

[2] Probably John Fenne of the Navy Office, of whom see more hereafter.

[3] Queenhithe.

21st. Called up, by message from my Lord Brouncker, and the rest of my fellows, that they will meet me at the Duke of Albemarle's this morning: so I up, and weary, however, got thither before them, and spoke with my Lord, and with him, and other gentlemen to walk in the Parke, where, I perceive, he spends much of his time, having no whither else to go: and here I heard him speak of some Presbyter people that he caused to be apprehended yesterday, at a private meeting in Covent Garden, which he would have released upon paying £5 per man for the poor, but it was answered, they would not pay anything: so he ordered them to another prison from the guard. By and by comes my fellow-officers, and the Duke walked in, and to counsel with us; and that being done, we parted, and Sir W. Batten and I to the office, where, after business, I to his house to dinner, whither comes Captain Cocke, for whose epicurism a dish of partridges was sent for. Thence to my Lord Brouncker, at Greenwich, to look after the lodgings appointed for us there for our office, which do by no means please us; they being in the heart of all the labourers and workmen there, which makes it as unsafe as to be, I think, at London. Mr. Hugh May,[1] who is a most ingenuous man, did show us the lodgings, and his acquaintance I am desirous of. Messengers went to get a boat for me, to carry me to Woolwich, but all to no purpose: so I was forced to walk it in the dark, at ten o'clock at night, with Sir J. Minnes's George with me, being mightily troubled for fear of the doggs at Coome farme, and more for fear of rogues by the way, and yet more because of the plague which is there, which is very strange, it being a single house, all alone from the town, but it seems they use to admit beggars, for their own safety, to lie in their barns, and they brought it to them. To my wife, and having first viewed her last piece of drawing since I saw her, which is seven or eight days, which pleases me beyond anything in the world, to bed, with great content, but weary.

22d. Up, and being importuned by my wife and her two maids, which are both good wenches, for me to buy a necklace of pearl for her, and I promising to give her one of £60 in two years at furthest, and less if she pleases me in her painting. I went away, and walked to Greenwich, in my way seeing a coffin with a dead body therein, dead of the plague, lying in an open close belonging to Coome farme, which was carried out

[1] See note to June 8, 1665, *ante*.

last night, and the parish have not appointed any body to bury it; but only set a watch there all day and night, that nobody should go thither or come thence: this disease making us more cruel to one another than we are to dogs. Walked to Redriffe, troubled to go through the little lane where the plague is, but did, and took water and home, where all well.

23d. Busy writing letters, and received a very kind and good one from my Lord Sandwich, of his arrival with the fleete at Solebay, and the joy he had of my late news he met with, of the marriage of my Lady Jemimah; and he tells me more, the good news that all our ships, which were in such danger that nobody would insure upon them, from the Eastland,[1] were all safe arrived.

25th. This day I am told that Dr. Burnett,[2] my physician, is this morning dead of the plague; which is strange, his man dying so long ago, and his house this month open again. Now himself dead. Poor unfortunate man!

26th. With Mr. Andrews and Mr. Yeabsly, talking about their business. We parted at my Lord Brouncker's door, where I went in, having never been there before, and there he made a noble entertainment for Sir J. Minnes, myself, and Captain Cocke, none else, saving some painted lady that dined there: I know not who she is.[3] But very merry we were, and after dinner into the garden, and to see his and her chamber, where some good pictures, and a very handsome young woman for my Lady's woman. By water home, in my way seeing a man taken up dead, out of the hold of a small catch that lay at Deptford. I doubt it might be the plague, which, with the thought of Dr. Burnett, did something disturb me. So home, sooner than ordinary, and, after supper, to read melancholy alone, and then to bed.

28th. To Mr. Colvill, the goldsmith's, having not for some days been in the streets; but now how few people I see, and those looking like people that had taken leave of the world.

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[1] Baltic Sea.

[2] See *ante*, August 24th, 1662. He was reported to have fallen a victim to his zeal. "Dr. Burnett, Dr. Glover, and one or two more of the College of Physicians, with Dr. O'Dowd, which was licensed by my Lord's Grace of Canterbury, some surgeons, apothecaries, and Johnson, the chemist, died all very suddenly. Some say (but God forbid that I should report it for truth) that these, in a consultation together, if not all, yet the greatest part of them, attempted to open a dead corpse which was full of the tokens; and being in hand with the dissected body, some fell down dead immediately, and others did not outlive the next day at noon."—J. Tillison to Dr. Sancroft, 14th Sept., 1665, in 2 Ellis, iv., 37.

[3] Mrs. Williams, frequently mentioned afterwards.

To the Exchange, and there was not fifty people upon it, a but few more like to be, as they told me. I think to ta adieu to-day of the London streets. In much the best posture ever was in, in my life, both as to the quantity and the certain I have of the money I am worth; having most of it in m hand. But then this is a trouble to me what to do with i being myself this day going to be wholly at Woolwich; bu for the present, I am resolved to venture it in an iron chest at least, for a while. Just now comes news that the fleete gone, or going this day, out again, for which God be praised and my Lord Sandwich hath done himself great right in it, i getting so soon out again. I met my wife walking to th water-side, with her painter, Mr. Browne, and her maid There I met Commissioner Pett, and my Lord Brouncker, an the lady at his house had been there to-day, to see her.

29th. To Greenwich, and called at Sir Theophilus Biddulph' a sober, discreet man, to discourse of the preventing of th plague in Greenwich, and Woolwich, and Deptford, where i every place it begins to grow very great.

30th. Abroad, and met with Hadley, our clerke, who, upo my asking how the plague goes, told me it encreases much and much in our parish; for, says he, there died nine th week, though I have returned but six: which is a very i practice, and makes me think it is so in other places; an therefore the plague much greater than people take it to be I went forth, and walked towards Moorefields to see, God fo give my presumption! whether I could see any dead corps going to the grave; but, as God would have it, did not. Bu Lord! how every body's looks, and discourse in the street, i of death, and nothing else; and few people going up an down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken.

31st. Up: and, after putting several things in order to m removal, to Woolwich; the plague having a great encrease th week, beyond all expectation, of almost 2,000, making th general Bill 7,000, odd 100; and the plague above 6,000. Thu this month ends with great sadness upon the publick, throug the greatness of the plague everywhere through the kingdo almost. Every day sadder and sadder news of its encrease In the City died this week 7,496, and of them 6,102 of th plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead th week is near 10,000; partly from the poor that cannot b taken notice of, through the greatness of the number, an partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any be ring for them. Our fleete gone out to find the Dutch, w having about 100 sail in our fleete, and in them the Soveraigne one; so that it is a better fleete than the former with which the Duke was. All our fear is, that the Dutch should be got in before them; which would be a very great sorrow to the publick, and to me particularly, for my Lord Sandwich's sake: a great deal of money being spent, and the kingdom not in a condition to spare, nor a parliament, without much difficulty to meet, to give more. And to that; to have it said, what hath been done by our late fleetes? As to myself, I am very well, only in fear of the plague, and as much of an ague, by being forced to go early and late to Woolwich, and my family to lie there continually. My late gettings have been very great, to my great content, and am likely to have yet a few more profitable jobbs in a little while; for which Tangier and Sir W. Warren I am wholly obliged to.

September 1st. At the Duke of Albemarle's I overheard some examinations of the late plot that is discoursed of, and a great deal of do there is about it. Among other discourses, I heard read an examination and discourse of Sir Philip Howard's,[1] with one of the plotting party. These words being, "Then said Sir P. Howard, 'If you so come over to the King, and be faithful to him, you shall be maintained, and be set up with a horse and armes,'" and I know not what. And then said such a one, "Yes, I will be true to the King." And thus I believe twelve times Sir P. Howard answered him a damn me, which was a fine way of rhetorique to persuade a Quaker or Anabaptist from his persuasion. And this was read in the hearing of Sir P. Howard, before the Duke and twenty more officers, and they made sport of it, only without any reproach, or he being anything ashamed of it. But the plotter did at last bid them remember that he had not told them what King he would be faithful to.

3d. (Lord's day.) Up, and put on my coloured silk suit very fine, and my new periwigg, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwiggs, for nobody will dare to buy any haire, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague. I took my Lady Pen home, and her daughter Pegg; and, after dinner, I made my wife show them her pictures, which did mad Pegg Pen, who learns of the

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[1] Seventh son of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire; the direct ancestor of the present Earl of Suffolk, to whom both the titles descended.

same man.[1] My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I, up
the Vestry at the desire of the Justices of the Peace, in order
the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growin
but, Lord ! to consider the madness of people of the town, wi
will, because they are forbid, come in crowds along with t
dead corpses to see them buried ; but we agreed on some orde
for the prevention thereof. Among other stories, one was ve
passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a m
in the town, for taking a child from London from an infect
house. Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a ve
able citizen in Gracious Street, a saddler, who had buried a
the rest of his children of the plague, and himself and wife n
being shut up in despair of escaping, did desire only to save th
life of this little child ; and so prevailed to have it receive
stark-naked into the arms of a friend, who brought it, havin
put it into new fresh clothes, to Greenwich ; where, upo
hearing the story, we did agree it should be permitted to b
received and kept in the town. By water to Woolwich, in gre
apprehensions of an ague. Here was my Lord Brouncker
lady of pleasure,[2] who, I perceive, goes everywhere with hin
and he, I find, is obliged to carry her, and make all the cour
ship to her that can be.

4th. Walked home, my Lord Brouncker giving me a ve
neat cane to walk with ; but it troubled me to pass b
Coome farme, where about twenty-one people have die
of the plague.

5th. After dinner, comes Colonel Blunt,[3] in his new chario
made with springs ; as that was of wicker, wherein a while sinc
we rode at his house. And he hath rode, he says, now h
journey, many miles in it with one horse, and out-drives an
coach, and out-goes any horse, and so easy, he says. So, fo
curiosity, I went into it to try it, and up the hill[4] to th
heath,[5] and over the cart-ruts, and found it pretty well, but no
so easy as he pretends.

6th. To London, to pack up more things ; and there I sa
fires burning in the street, as it is through the whole City, b
the Lord Mayor's order. Thence by water to the Duke
Albermarle's : all the way fires on each side of the Thames, an
strange to see in broad daylight two or three burials upon th
bankside, one at the very heels of another : doubtless, all of th
plague ; and yet at least forty or fifty people going along wi
every one of them. The Duke mighty pleasant with me ; tellin

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[1] Brown.
[2] Mrs. Williams.
[3] Of Wricklesmarsh.
[4] Shooters' Hill.
[5] Blackheath.

me that he is certainly informed that the Dutch were not come home upon the 1st instant, and so he hopes our fleete may meet with them.

7th. To the Tower, and there sent for the Weekly Bill, and find 8252 dead in all, and of them 6978 of the plague; which is a most dreadful number, and shows reason to fear that the plague hath got that hold that it will yet continue among us. Thence to Branford, reading "The Villaine," a pretty good play, all the way. There a coach of Mr. Povy's[1] stood ready for me, and he at his house ready to come in, and so we together merrily to Swakely,[2] to Sir R. Viner's: a very pleasant place, bought by him of Sir James Harrington's lady. He took us up and down with great respect, and showed us all his house and grounds; and it is a place not very moderne in the garden nor house, but the most uniforme in all that ever I saw; and some things to excess. Pretty to see over the screene of the hall, put up by Sir J. Harrington, a Long Parliament-man, the King's head, and my Lord of Essex[3] on one side, and Fairfax on the other; and, upon the other side of the screene, the parson of the parish, and the lord of the manor and his sisters. The window-cases, door-cases, and chimnys of all the house are marble. He showed me a black boy that he had, that died of a consumption; and, being dead, he caused him to be dried in an oven, and lies there entire in a box. By and by to dinner, where his lady[4] I find yet handsome, but hath been a very handsome woman: now is old. Hath brought him near

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[1] Aug. 6, 1660. Dined with Mr. Povy, and then went with him to see a country-house he had bought near Brentford.—Evelyn's *Diary*.

[2] Swakeley House, in the parish of Ickenham, Middlesex, was built in 1638, by Sir Edmund Wright, whose daughter marrying Sir James Harrington, one of Charles I.'s judges, he became possessed of it, *jure uxoris*. Sir Robert Vyner, Bart., to whom the property was sold in 1665, entertained Charles II. at Guildhall, when Lord Mayor. The house was lately the residence of Thomas Clarke, Esq., whose father, in 1750, bought the estate of Mr. Lethieullier, to whom it had been alienated by the Vyner family.—Lyson's *Environs*. Sir Robert Vyner was ruined by the shutting of the Exchequer. The Crown owed him on 1st January, 1676, no less a sum than £416,724, 13*s.* 1*d.*, to pay which the King granted him £25,000, 9*s.* 4*d.* per annum, out of the duty of Excise. These particulars are stated by Lord Keeper Somers, in his judgment, delivered in the Exchequer Chamber. In the *Spectator* (No. 462) is told the story of Sir Robert's successfully urging the King, at an entertainment given by him, "to return and take t'other bottle." Vyner afterwards erected a statue of the merry Monarch in Stock's Market, and rendered the Crown many great services.

[3] The Parliament General.

[4] Mary, daughter of John Whitchurch, Esq., and widow of Sir Thomas Hyde, Bart., of Albury, Herts.

£100,000, and now he lives, no man in England in grea
plenty, and commands both King and Council with his cr
he gives them. After dinner, Sir Robert led us up to his
gallery, very fine, above stairs, and better, or such, furnitur
never did see. A most pleasant journey we had back. P
tells me, by a letter he showed me, that the King is not,
hath been of late, very well, but quite out of humour; and,
some think, in a consumption, and weary of every thing.
showed me my Lord Arlington's house[1] that he was born in,
a towne called Harlington: and so carried me through a m
pleasant country to Branford, and there put me into my bo
and good night. So I wrapped myself warm, and by water
to Woolwich, about one in the morning.

9th. To my Lord Brouncker's, all of us, to dinner, wher
good venison pasty, and mighty merry. Here was Sir
Doyly,[2] lately come from Ipswich about the sick and wound
and Mr. Evelyn and Captain Cocke. My wife also was sent
by my Lord Brouncker, and was here. After dinner, my L
and his mistress would see her home again, it being a m
rainy afternoon, and I, forced to go to the office on foot,
almost wet to the skin, and spoiled my silk breeches almo
I was forced to get a bed at Captain Cocke's, where I find
W. Doyly, and he, and Evelyn at supper; and I with them
of discourse of the neglect of our masters, the great officers
State, about all business, and especially that of money: havi
now some thousands prisoners, kept to no purpose at a gr
charge, and no money provided almost for the doing of
We fell to talk largely of the want of some persons understar
ing to look after businesses, but all goes to rack. "For," sa
Captain Cocke, "my Lord Treasurer, he minds his ease, a
lets things go how they will: if he can have his £8,000
annum, and a game at l'Ombre, he is well. My Lord Cha
cellor he minds getting of money and nothing else; and
Lord Ashly will rob the Devil and the Altar, but he will
money if it be to be got." But that which puts us into t

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[1] Dawley House, near Hounslow, long the seat of the Bennet fam
Harlington, in which parish it is situated, gave the title of Baron and F
to Sir Henry Bennet; the aspirate being dropped (it may be said "acco
ing to the custom of London"). The mansion was alienated by Ford Gr
Earl of Tankerville, to Viscount Bolingbroke, since which it has of
changed owners.

[2] Sir William Doyly, of Shottisham, Norfolk, knighted 1642, create
Baronet 1663: M.P. for Yarmouth. Ob. 1677. He and Evelyn wer
this time appointed Commissioners for the care of the sick and woun
seamen and prisoners of war.

great melancholy, was news brought to-day, which Captain Cocke reports as a certain truth, that all the Dutch fleete, nen-of-war and merchant East India ships, are got every one in from Bergen the 3d of this month, Sunday last; vhich will make us all ridiculous. Full of these melancholy houghts, to bed; where, though I lay the softest I ever lid in my life, with a down-bed, after the Danish manner, ipon me, yet I slept very ill, chiefly through the thoughts of my Lord Sandwich's concernment in all this ill success it sea.

10th. (Lord's day.) Walked home; being forced thereto by one of my watermen falling sick yesterday, and it was God's great mercy I did not go by water with them yesterday, for he ell sick on Saturday night, and it is to be feared of the plague. So I sent him away to London, with his family; but another boat come to me this morning. My wife, before I come out, elling me the ill news that she hears, that her father is very ll, and then I told her I feared of the plague, for that the iouse is shut up. And so she much troubled, and did desire ne to send them something; and I said I would, and will do o. But, before I come out, there happened news to come to ne by an expresse from Mr. Coventry, telling me the most iappy news of my Lord Sandwich's meeting with part of the Dutch; his taking two of their East India ships, and six or even others, and very good prizes:[1] and that he is in search of the rest of the fleete, which he hopes to find upon the Well-bancke, with the loss only of the Hector, poor Captain Cuttle. To Greenwich, and there sending away Mr. Andrews, I to Captain Cocke's, where I find my Lord Brouncker and his nistress, and Sir J. Minnes, where we supped; there was also Sir W. Doyly and Mr. Evelyn; but the receipt of this news lid put us all into such an extasy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Minns and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all ny life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company his night was. Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptaions of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die lmost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth, and in a thing agreeing vith his own manner of genius, that I never saw any man so out-done in all my life; and Sir J. Minnes's mirth, too, to see imself out-done, was the crown of all our mirth. In this humour we sat till about ten at night, and so my Lord and mistress home, and we to bed.

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[1] These prizes, it will be seen, caused great trouble.

11th. Over to the ferry, where Sir W. Batten's coach ready for us, and to Walthamstow drove merrily, and ther good plain venison dinner. After dinner, to billiards, wher won an angel. Sir W. Hickes[1] was there, and my Lady Bat invited herself to dine with him this week, and she invited all to dine with her there, which we agreed to, only to vex h he being the most niggardly fellow, it seems, in the wo So to Greenwich, where my Lord Rutherford and Cre come from Court, and have brought me several orders money to pay for Tangier; and, among the rest, £7,000, a more, to this Lord, which is an excellent thing to consid that, though they can do nothing else, they can give away t King's money upon their progresse. I did give him the b answer I could to pay him with tallys, and that is all th could get from me.

13th. My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I, took bo and in my Lord's coach to Sir W. Hickes's, whither, by and my Lady Batten and Sir William comes. It is a good se with a fair grove of trees by it, and the remains of a go garden; but so let to run to ruine, both house and every thi in and about it, so ill furnished and miserably looked aft I never did see in all my life. Not so much as a latch to dining-room door; which saved him nothing, for the win blowing into the room for want thereof, flung down a gr bow-pott that stood upon the side-table, and that fell up some Venice glasses, and did him a crown's worth of hurt. did give us the meanest dinner, of beef, shoulder and umb of venison,[2] which he takes away from the keeper of t Forest,[3] and a few pigeons, and all in the meanest manne that ever I did see, to the basest degree. I was only pleas at a very fine picture of the Queen-Mother, when she w young, by Vandike; a very good picture, and a lovely face.

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[1] Sir William Hickes, created a Baronet 1619: ob. 1680, aged 84. country-seat was called Ruckholts, or Rookwood, at Layton, in Ess where he entertained King Charles II. after hunting.

[2] Dr. Johnson was puzzled by the following passage in "The Me Wives of Windsor," act v. sc. 3: "Divide me like a bride-buck, eac haunch. I will keep the sides to myself; *my shoulders for the fellow of t walk.*" If he could have read the account of Sir William Hickes's dinn he would at once have understood the allusion to the keeper's perquisi of the shoulders of all deer killed in his walk. The matter, however rightly explained in the modern editions of Shakespeare.

[3] Epping Forest, of which he was Ranger.

14th. To London, where I have not been now a pretty while. To the Duke of Albemarle, where I find a letter of the 12th, from Solebay, from my Lord Sandwich, of the fleete's meeting with about eighteen more of the Dutch fleete, and his taking of most of them; and the messenger says, they had taken three after the letter was wrote and sealed; which being twenty-one, and the fourteen took the other day, is forty-five[1] sail; some of which are good, and others rich ships. And, having taken a copy of my Lord's letter, I away toward the 'Change, the plague being all thereabouts. Here my news was highly welcome, and I did wonder to see the 'Change so full, I believe 200 people; but not a man or merchant of any fashion, but plain men all. And, Lord! to see how I did endeavour all I could to talk with as few as I could, there being now no observation of shutting up of houses infected, that to be sure we do converse and meet with people that have the plague upon them. I spent some thoughts upon the occurrences of this day, giving matter for as much content on one hand, and melancholy on another, as any day in all my life. For the first; the finding of my money and plate, and all safe at London, and speeding in my business this day. The hearing of this good news to such excess, after so great a despair of my Lord's doing any thing this year; adding to that, the decrease of 500 and more, which is the first decrease we have yet had in the sickness since it begun; and great hopes that the next week it will be greater. Then, on the other side, my finding that though the Bill in general is abated, yet the City, within the walls, is encreased, and likely to continue so, and is close to our house there. My meeting dead corpses of the plague, carried to be buried close to me at noon-day through the City in Fenchurch Street. To see a person sick of the sores carried close by me by Gracechurch in a hackney-coach. My finding the Angel tavern, at the lower end of Tower Hill, shut up; and more than that, the alehouse at the Tower Stairs; and more than that, that the person was then dying of the plague when I was last there, a little while ago, at night. To hear that poor Payne, my waiter, hath buried a child, and is dying himself. To hear that a labourer I sent but the other day to Dagenhams, to know how they did there, is dead of the plague; and that one of my own watermen, that carried me daily, fell sick as soon as he had landed me on Friday morning last, when I had been all night upon the water, and I believe he did get his infection that day at Branford, and is now dead of the plague. To hear that Captain Lambert and Cuttle a killed in the taking these ships ; and that Mr. Sidney Monta is sick of a desperate fever at my Lady Carteret's, at Scott Hall. To hear that Mr. Lewes hath another daughter sic And, lastly, that both my servants, W. Hewer, and Tom Edward have lost their fathers, both in St. Sepulchre's parish, of th plague this week, do put me into great apprehensions melancholy, and with good reason. But I put off my though of sadness as much as I can, and the rather to keep m wife in good heart, and family also.

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[1] Thirty-five?

15th. With Captain Cocke, and there drank a cup of goo drink, which I am fain to allow myself during this plague tim by advice of all, and not contrary to my oath, my physicia being dead, and chyrurgeon out of the way, whose advice I a obliged to take. In much pain to think what I shall do th winter time ; for going every day to Woolwich I cannot, wit out endangering my life ; and staying from my wife at Greenwic is not handsome.

16th. To the office, where I find Sir J. Minnes gone to th fleete, like a doating fool, to do no good, but proclaim himse an asse ; for no service he can do here, nor inform my Lor who is come in thither to the buoy of the Nore, in anythin worth his knowledge. The likelihood of the increase of th plague this week makes us a little sad. To Captain Cocke's meaning to lie there, it being late, and he not being at home, walked to him to my Lord Brouncker's, and there staid while, they being at Tables ;[1] and so by and by parted, an walked to his house ; and, after a mess of good broth, to be in great pleasure, his company being most excellent.

17th. (Lord's day.) To Church, where a company of fin people, and a fine church, and very good sermon, Mr. Plume being a very excellent scholler and preacher. To Gravesend in th Bezan Yacht, and there come to anchor for all night, and suppe and talked, and with much pleasure at last settled ourselves t sleep, having very good lodgings upon cushions in the cabbin

18th. By break of day we come to within sight of the fleet which was a very fine thing to behold, being above 100 ships great and small ; with the flag-ships of each squadron, distin guished by their several flags on their main, fore, or mize masts. Among others, the Soveraigne, Charles, and Prince in the last of which my Lord Sandwich was. And so we com on board, and we find my Lord Sandwich newly up in his nightgown very well. He received us kindly; telling us the state of the fleete, lacking provisions, having no beer at all, nor have had, most of them, these three weeks or month, and but few days' dry provisions. And indeed he tells us that he believes no fleete was ever set to sea in so ill condition of provision, as this was when it went out last. He did inform us, in the business of Bergen, so as to let us see how the judgment of the world is not to be depended on in things they know not; it being a place just wide enough, and not so much hardly, for ships to go through to it, the yard-armes sticking in the very rocks. He do not, upon his best enquiry, find reason to except against any part of the management of the business by Teddiman; he having staid treating no longer than during the night, while he was fitting himself to fight, bringing his ship a-breast, and not a quarter of an hour longer, as it is said; nor could more ships have been brought to play, as is thought. Nor could men be landed, there being 10,000 men effectively always in armes of the Danes; nor, says he, could we expect more from the Danes than he did, it being impossible to set fire on the ships but it must burn the towne. But that wherein the Dane did amisse is, that he did assist them, the Dutch, all the time, while he was treating with us, when he should have been neutrall to us both. But, however, he did demand but the treaty of us; which is, that we should not come with more than five ships. A flag of truce is said, and confessed by my Lord, that he believes it, was hung out; but, while they did hang it out, they did shoot at us; so that it was not seen, or perhaps they would not cease upon sight of it, while they continued actually in action against us. But the main thing my Lord wonders at and condemns the Dane for is, that the blockhead, who is so much in debt to the Hollander, having now a treasure more by much than all his crowne was worth, and that, which would for ever have beggared the Hollander, should not take this time to break with the Hollander, and thereby pay his debt, which must have been forgiven him, and have got the greatest treasure into his hands that ever was together in the world. By and by my Lord took me aside to discourse of his private matters, and was very free with me touching the ill condition of the fleete that it hath been in, and the good fortune that he hath had, and nothing else, that these prizes are to be imputed to. He also talked with me about Mr. Coventry's dealing with him in sending Sir W. Pen away before him, which was not fair nor kind; but that he hath mastered and cajoled

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[1] Tables, better known, at present, by the name of backgammon.

[2] Thomas Plume, D.D., Vicar of Greenwich, 1662, and installe Archdeacon of Rochester, 1679. Ob. 1704.

Sir W. Pen, that he hath been able to do nothing in the fleete but been obedient to him; but withal tells me he is a man that is but of very mean parts, and a fellow not to be lived with, so false and base he is; which I know well enough to be true; and did as I had formerly done, give my Lord my knowledge of him By and by was called a Council of War on board, when comes Sir W. Pen there, and Sir Christopher Mings, Sir Edward Spragg, Sir Joseph Jordan, Sir Thomas Teddiman, and Sir Roger Cuttance. Great spoil, I hear, there hath been of the two East India ships, and that yet they will come into the King very rich: so that I hope this journey will be worth £100 to me. So to our yacht again, having seen many of my friends there, and continued till we come into Chatham river. Among others, I hear that W. Howe will grow very rich by this late business, and grows very proud and insolent by it; but it is what I ever expected. I hear by everybody how much my poor Lord of Sandwich was concerned for me during my silence a while, lest I had been dead of the plague in this sickly time.

19th. To Sir John Minnes's, where I find my Lady Batten come, and she and my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, and the whole house-full there at cards.

20th. Up, and, after being trimmed, the first time I have been touched by a barber these twelve months, I think, and more, by and by Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten met, to go into my Lord Brouncker's coach, and so we four to Lambeth, and thence to the Duke of Albemarle, to inform him what we have done as to the fleete, which is very little, and to receive his direction. But, Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river; and grass grows all up and down White Hall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets! And, which is worst of all, the Duke showed us the number of the plague this week, brought in the last night from the Lord Mayor; that it is encreased about 600 more than the last, which is quite contrary to our hopes and expectations, from the coldness of the late season. For the whole general number is 8297, and of them the plague 7165; which is more in the whole, by above 50, than the biggest Bill yet: which is very grievous to us all. I find Sir W. Batten and his lady gone home to Walthamstow, with some necessity, hearing that a maid-servant of their's is taken ill.

21st. Up between five and six o'clock; and, by the time I was ready, Lord Brouncker's coach comes for me; and, taking Will Hewer with me, who is all in mourning for his father, who is lately dead of the plague, as my boy Tom's is also, I set out, and took about £100 with me to pay the fees at the Exchequer at Nonsuch, and so I rode in some fear of robbing. When I come thither, I find only Mr. Ward, who led me to Burges's bedside, and Spicer's, who, watching of the house, as it is their turns every night, did lie long in bed to-day, and I find nothing at all done in my business, which vexed me. But, not seeing how to help it, I did walk up and down with Mr. Ward to see the House. Walked up and down the house and park; and a fine place it hath heretofore been, and a fine prospect about the house. A great walk of an elme and a walnutt set one after another in order. And all the house on the outside filled with figures of stories, and good painting of Rubens' or Holben's doing. And one great thing is, that most of the house is covered—I mean, the posts and quarters in the walls, with lead, and gilded. I walked, also, into the ruined garden. Strange to see how young W. Bowyer looks at 41 years: one would not take him for 24 or more, and is one of the greatest wonders I ever did see. I got to my Lord Brouncker's before night, and there I sat and supped with him, and his mistress, and Cocke, whose boy is yet ill. Thence, after losing a crowne betting at Tables, we walked home, Cocke seeing me to my new lodging.

22d. At Blackwall. Here is observable what Johnson tells us, that, in digging the late Docke, they did, 12 feet under ground, find perfect trees over-covered with earth. Nut-trees, with the branches and the very nuts upon them; some of whose nuts he showed us. Their shells black with age; and their kernell, upon opening, decayed, but their shell perfectly hard as ever. And a yew-tree, upon which the very ivy was taken up whole about it, which, upon cutting with an addes,[1] we found it to be rather harder than the living tree usually is. The armes, they say, were taken up at first whole, about the body, which is very strange. To Woolwich, and my Lord Sandwich, not being come, we took a boat, and, about a mile off, met him in his Catch, and boarded him, and come up with him; and, after making a little halt at my house, which I ordered, to have my wife see him, we altogether by coach to Mr. Boreman's,[2] where Sir J. Minnes did receive him very handsomely, and there he is to lie; and Sir J. Minnes did give him, on the sudden, a very handsome supper and brave discourse, my Lord Brouncker, and Captain Cocke, and

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[1] Adze.

[2] Afterwards Sir William Boreman, Clerk of the Green Cloth.

Captain Herbert being there, with myself. Here my Lord did witness great respect to me, and very kind expressions, and did take notice how I was overjoyed at first to see the King's letter to his Lordship, and told them how I did kiss it, and that, whatever he was, I did always love the King. Among other discourse concerning long life, Sir J. Minnes saying that his great-grandfather was alive in Edward the Vth's time; my Lord Sandwich did tell us how few there have been of his family since King Harry the VIIIth; that is to say, the then Chiefe Justice,[1] and his son and the Lord Montagu, who was father to Sir Sidney,[2] who was his father. And yet, what is more wonderfull, he did assure us, from the mouth of my Lord Montagu himself, that, in King James's time, when he had a mind to get the King to cut off the entayle of some land which was given in Harry the VIIIth's time to the family, with the remainder in the Crowne; he did answer the King in showing how unlikely it was that ever it could revert to the Crowne, but that it would be a present convenience to him; and did show that, at that time, there were 4000 persons derived from the very body of the Chiefe Justice.[3] It seems the number of daughters in the family having been very great, and they too had, most of them, many children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. This he tells as a most known and certain truth. After supper, my Lord Brouncker took his leave, and I also did mine, taking Captain Herbert home to my lodging to lie with me, who did mighty seriously enquire after who was that in the black dress with my wife yesterday, and would not believe that it was my wife's maid Mercer, but it was she.

[1] Sir Edward Montagu, ob. 1556.

[2] Master of the Requests to Charles I.

[3] Lord Sandwich speaks of five generations, in which the number of descendants might have multiplied *ad infinitum*. "When King James came into England," observed Ward, in his *Diary*, p. 170, "he was ffeasted at Boughton, by Sir Edward Montagu, and his six sonnes brought upp the six first dishes; three of them after were lords, and three more knights—Sir Walter Montagu, Sir Sidney, and Sir Charles, whose daughter Lady Hatton is." Fuller, also, in his *Worthies*, records that "Hester Sandys, the wife of Sir Thomas Temple, of Stowe, Bart., had four sons and nine daughters, which lived to be married, and so exceedingly multiplied, that she saw seven hundred extracted from her body. Besides, there was a new generation of marriageable females just at her death." See Collins's *Peerage*, vol. ii., p. 411. When Charles, thirteenth Duke of Norfolk, had completed his restoration of Arundel Castle, he proposed to entertain all the descendants of his ancestor, Jock of Norfolk, who fell at Bosworth field; but gave up his intention on finding that he should have to invite upwards of six thousand persons.

23d. To my Lord Sandwich, who did advise alone with me how far he might trust Captain Cocke in the business of the prize-goods,[1] my Lord telling me that he hath taken into his hands 2 or £3000 value of them: it being a good way, he says, to get money, and afterwards to get the King's allowance thereof, it being easier, he observes, to keep money when got of the King than to get it when it is too late. I advised him not to trust Cocke too far. Thence to Lambeth—his Lordship, and all our office, and Mr. Evelyn, to the Duke of Albemarle, where we sat down to consult of the disposing and supporting of the fleete with victuals, and money, and for the sick men and prisoners; and I did propose the taking out some goods out of the prizes, to the value of £10,000, which was accorded to; but what inconveniences may arise from it, I do not yet see, but fear there may be many. Here we dined, and I did hear my Lord Craven whisper, as he is mightily possessed with a good opinion of me, much to my advantage, which my good Lord did second, and anon my Lord Craven did speak publickly of me to the Duke, in the hearing of all the rest; and the Duke did say something of the like advantage to me—I believe, not much to the satisfaction of my brethren; but I was mightily joyed at it. Thence took leave, leaving my Lord Sandwich to go visit the Bishop of Canterbury. With Captain Cocke set out in the yacht for the fleete about ten o'clock at night.

24th. (Lord's day.) Waked, and up, and drank; and then, being about Grayes, and a very calm, curious morning, we took our wherry, and to the fishermen, and bought a great deal of fine fish, and to Gravesend to White's, and had part of it dressed; and, in the mean time, we to walk about a mile from the town, and so back again; and there one of our watermen told us he had heard of a bargain of cloves for us, and we went to a blind alehouse at the further end of the town, to a couple of wretched, dirty seamen, who, poor wretches! had got together about 37 lb. of cloves, and 10 lb. of nutmeggs, and we bought them of them—the first at 5*s*. 6*d*. per lb., and the latter at 4*s*., and paid them in gold; but, Lord! to see how silly these men are in the selling of it, and easy to be persuaded almost to anything. But it would never have been allowed by my conscience to have wronged the poor wretches, who told us how dangerously they had got some, and dearly paid for the rest of these goods.[1]

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[1] In the British Museum, *Egerton* MS., 861, is an account showing the value of all prizes taken during the war with the Dutch; distinguishing the vessels, their goods, the ports at which they were condemned, and the parties to whose accounts the amounts were debited.

25th. Found ourselves come to the fleete, and so aboard the Prince: and there, after a good while in discourse, we did agree to a bargain of £5,000 for my Lord Sandwich, for silk, cinnamon, nutmeggs, and indigo. And I was near signing to an undertaking for the payment of the whole sum; but I did by chance escape it; having since, upon second thoughts, great cause to be glad of it, reflecting upon the craft and not good condition, it may be, of Captain Cocke. I could get no trifles for my wife, and so away to the Prince, and presently comes my Lord on board from Greenwich, with whom, after a little discourse about his trusting of Cocke, we parted, and to our yacht; but, it being calm, we, to make haste, took our wherry towards Chatham; but, it growing dark, we were put to great difficultys—our simple, yet confident waterman, not knowing a step of the way; and we found ourselves to go backward and forward, which, in the dark night and a wild place, did vex us mightily. At last, we got a fisher-boy by chance, and took him into the boat, and, being an odd kind of boy, did vex us too; for he would not answer us aloud when we spoke to him, but did carry us safe thither, though with a mistake or two; but I wonder they were not more. In our way, I was astonished, and so were we all, at the strange nature of the sea-water in a dark night, that it seemed like fire upon every stroke of the oare, and, they say, is a sign of winde. We went to the Crowne Inne, at Rochester, and there to supper, and made ourselves merry with the poor fisher-boy, who told us he had not been in bed the whole seven years since he come to 'prentice, and hath two or three more years to serve. We, in our clothes, to bed.

27th. Up, and saw and admired my wife's picture of Our Saviour, now finished, which is very pretty. By water to Greenwich, where to the King's Head, the great musique-house, the first time I was ever there. Much troubled to hear from Creed, that he was told at Salisbury,[2] that I am come to be a great swearer and drunkard; but, Lord! to see how my late little drinking of wine is taken notice of by envious men, to my disadvantage. To Captain Cocke's, and he not yet come from town, to Mr. Evelyn, where much company; and thence in his coach with him to the Duke of Albemarle, by

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[1] Stolen from the prizes.

[2] To which place the Court had retired, on account of the plague. See 20th Aug., *ante*.

Lambeth, who was in a mighty pleasant humour; and tells us that the Dutch do stay abroad, and our fleete must go out again, or be ready to do so. Here we got several things ordered, as we desired, for the relief of the prisoners, and sick and wounded men. Here I saw this week's Bill of Mortality, wherein, blessed be God! there is above 1800 decrease, being the first considerable decrease we have had. Most excellent discourse with Mr. Evelyn touching all manner of learning, wherein I find him a very fine gentleman, and particularly of paynting, in which he tells me the beautifull Mrs. Middleton is rare, and his own wife do brave things. Captain Cocke brought one parcel of our goods by waggons, and I first resolved to have lodged them at our office; but the thoughts of its being the King's house altered our resolution, and so put them at his friend's, Mr. Glanville's, and there they are safe. Would the rest of them were so, too! In discourse, we come to mention my profit, and he offers me £500 clear, and I demand £600. We part to-night, and I lie at Mr. Glanville's house, there being none there but a mayd-servant and a young man, being in some pain, partly from not knowing what to do in this business, having a mind to be at a certainty in my profit, and partly through his having Jacke sick still, and his blackemore now also fallen sick. So he being gone, I to bed.

29th. I had my horse I borrowed of Mr. Gilethropp, Sir W. Batten's clerke, brought to me at Greenwich, and so set out and rode hard, and was at Nonsuch[1] by about eight o'clock, a very fine journey, and a fine day. There I come just about chappell-time, and so I went to chappell with them, and thence to the severall offices about my tallies, which I find done, but strung for sums not to my purpose. But, Lord! what ado I had to persuade the dull fellows to it, especially Mr. Warder, Master of the Pells, and yet without any manner of reason for their scruple. But, at last, I did, and so walked to Ewell, and to horse again, and come to Greenwich before night. Sir Martin Noell is this day dead of the plague, in London, where he hath lain sick of it these eight days.

30th. The great burden we have upon us at this time at the office, is the providing for prisoners and sick men that are recovered, they lying before our office doors all night and all day, poor wretches. Having been on shore, the Captains won't receive them on board, and other ships we have not to put them on, nor money to pay them off, or provide for them. God remove this difficulty! Hither come Luellin to me, and would force me to take Mr. Deering's 20 pieces in gold he di offer me a good while since, which I did, yet really an sincerely against my will and content, being not likely to rea any comfort in having to do with, and be beholden to, a ma that minds more his pleasure and company than his business Was set upon by the poor wretches, whom I did give goo words and some little money to, and the poor people wen away like lambs, and, in good earnest, are not to be censured if their necessities drive them to bad courses. Thence to th office, and then to Captain Cocke's, where I find Mr. Temple the fat blade, Sir Robert Viner's chief man. I do end thi month with the greatest content, and may say that these las three months, for joy, health, and profit, have been much the greatest that ever I received all my life in any twelve months having nothing upon me but the consideration of the sicklines of the season to mortify me.

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[1] Nonsuch House, near Epsom.

October 1st. (Lord's day.) Embarked on board the Bezan and come to the fleete about two of the clock. My Lor received me mighty kindly; and, among other things, to m great joy, he did assure me that he had wrote to the King an Duke about these prize-goods, and told me that they di approve of what he had done, and that he would own what h had done, and would have me tell all the world so, and did under his hand, give Cocke and me his certificate of ou bargains, and giving us full power of disposal of what we hav so bought. This do ease my mind of all my fear. He di discourse to us of the Dutch fleete being abroad, eighty-five o them still. After supper, Captain Cocke and I, and Temple on board the Bezan, and there to cards for a while, and so t sleep. But, Lord! the mirth which it caused to me, to be waked in the night by their snoring round about me: I di laugh till I was ready to burst, and waked one of the tw companions of Temple, who could not a good while tell wher he was, that he heard one laugh so, till he recollected himself and I told him what it was at, and so to sleep again, they stil snoring.

2d. Having sailed all night, and I do wonder how they i the dark could find the way, we got by morning to Gillingham and thence all walked to Chatham; and there, with Commissioner Pett, viewed the Yard; and, among other things, team of four horses come close by us, he being with me drawing a piece of timber, that I am confident one man coul easily have carried upon his back. I made the horses be take away, and a man or two to take the timber away with thei hands. To Rochester, to visit the old Castle ruins, which hath been a noble place; but, Lord! to see what a dreadful thing it is to look upon the precipices, for it did fright me mightily. The place hath been great and strong in former ages. So to walk up and down the Cathedral, and thence to the Crowne, whither Mr. Fowler, the Mayor of the towne, was come in his gowne, and is a very reverend magistrate. Took horses to Gravesend, and there staid not, but got a boat, the sickness being very much in the town still, and so called on board my Lord Brouncker and Sir John Minnes, on board one of the East Indiamen at Erith, and there do find them full of envious complaints for the pillaging of the ships, but I did pacify them.

3d. Sir W. Batten is gone this day to meet to adjourne the Parliament to Oxford. Comes one to tell me my Lord Rutherford is come; so I to the King's Head to him, where I find his lady—a fine young Scotch lady,[1] pretty handsome, and plain. My wife also, and Mercer, by and by comes, Creed bringing them; and so presently to dinner, and very merry. That being done, and some music and other diversions, at last, away goes my Lord and Lady. This night, I hear that, of our two watermen that used to carry our letters, and were well on Saturday last, one is dead, and the other dying sick of the plague; the plague, though decreasing elsewhere, yet being greater about the Tower and thereabouts.

4th. This night comes Sir George Smith[2] to see me at the office, and tells me how the plague is decreased this week 740, for which God be praised! but that it encreases at our end of the town still. All the town is full of Captain Cocke's being in some ill condition about prize-goods, his goods being taken from him, and I know not what. Being come to my wife, at our lodging, I did go to bed, and left my wife with her people, to laugh and dance, and I to sleep.

5th. Among other things, talking of my sister Pall, and my wife of herself is very willing that I should give her £400 to her portion, and would have her married soon as we could; but this great sickness time do make it unfit to send for her up. Read a book of Mr. Evelyn's translating,[3] and sending me as a present, about directions for gathering a library; but the book is above my reach, but his epistle to my Lord Chancellor is a very fine piece. Then to Mr. Evelyn's, to discourse of our confounded business of prisoners, and sick and wounded seamen, wherein he and we are so much put out of order. And here he showed me his gardens, which are, for variety of evergreens, and hedge of holly, the finest things I ever saw in my life. Thence in his coach to Greenwich, and there to my office, all the way having fine discourse of trees and the nature of vegetables. Renewed my promises of observing my vowes as I used to do; for I find that, since I left them off, my mind is run a wool-gathering and my business neglected.

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[1] Christian, daughter of Sir Alexander Urquhart, of Cromarty.

[2] Sir George Smith, of St. Bartholomew, by the Exchange. He married Martha, daughter of John Swift, of London, merchant.

[3] Gabriel Naudé's Instructions concerning the erecting of a Library; translated by Evelyn in 1661. See his *Diary*, Nov. 16, 1661.

7th. Did business, though not much, at the office, because of the horrible crowd and lamentable moan of the poor seamen, that lie starving in the streets for lack of money, which do trouble and perplex me to the heart; and more at noon, when we were to go through them, for then above a whole hundred of them followed us; some cursing, some swearing, and some praying to us. A letter come this afternoon from the Duke of Albemarle, signifying the Dutch to be in sight, with 80 sail, yesterday morning, off Solebay, coming right into the bay. God knows what they will and may do to us, we having no force abroad able to oppose them, but to be sacrificed to them. At night come two waggons from Rochester, with more goods from Captain Cocke; and in housing them come two of the Custom-house, and did seize them: but I showed them my *Transire*. However, after some angry words, we locked them up, and sealed up the key, and did give it to the constable to keep till Monday and so parted. But, Lord! to think how the poor constable come to me in the dark, going home; "Sir," says he, "I have the key, and, if you would have me do any service for you, send for me betimes to-morrow morning, and I will do what you would have me." Whether the fellow do this out of kindness or knavery, I cannot tell; but it is pretty to observe. Talking with him in the high way, come close by the bearers with a dead corpse of the plague; but, Lord! to see what custom is, that I am come almost to think nothing of it.

8th. (Lord's day.) A letter from the Duke of Albemarle to me, to order as many ships forth out of the river as I can presently, to joyne to meet the Dutch; having ordered all the Captains of the ships in the river to come to me, I did some business with them, and so to Captain Cocke's to dinner—he being in the country. But here his brother Solomon was, and, for guests, myself, Sir G. Smith, and a very fine lady, Mrs.

Penington, and two more gentlemen. But, both before and after dinner, most excellent witty discourse with this lady, who is a very fine witty lady, one of the best I ever heard speak, and indifferent handsome. To the office, where ended my business with the Captains; and I think, of twenty-two ships, we shall make shift to get out seven, God help us! men being sick, or provisions lacking. This day, I hear the Pope is dead;[1] and one said, that the news is, that the King of France is stabbed, but that the former is very true, which will do great things sure, as to the troubling of that part of the world, the King of Spain [Philip IV.] being so lately dead. And one thing more—Sir Martin Noell's lady is dead with grief, for the death of her husband; but it seems nobody can make anything of his estate, whether he be dead worth anything or no, he having dealt in so many things, publick and private, as nobody can understand whereabouts his estate is, which is the fate of these great dealers at everything.

9th. Called upon Sir John Shaw, to whom I did give a civil answer about our prize goods, that all his dues, as one of the Farmers of the Customes, are paid, and showed him our *Transire*; with which he was satisfied, and parted. To the Duke of Albemarle, and what should it be, but to tell me, that if my Lord Sandwich do not come to town, he do resolve to go with the fleete to sea himself, the Dutch, as he thinks, being in the Downes, and so desired me to get a pleasure-boat for to take him in to-morrow morning, and do many other things, and with a great liking of me, and my management especially, as that coxcombe Lord Craven do tell me, and I perceive it, and I am sure take pains enough to deserve it.

10th. Up, and receive a stop from the Duke of Albemarle of setting out any more ships, or providing a pleasure-boat for himself, which I am glad of, and do think, what I thought yesterday, that this resolution of his was a sudden one and silly. Sir G. Ascue says, that he did, from the beginning, declare against these [prize] goods, and would not receive his dividend; and that he and Sir W. Pen are at odds about it, and that he fears Mings hath been doing ill offices to my Lord. I did to-night give my Lord an account of all this.

11th. Comes up my landlady, Mrs. Clerke, to make an agreement for the time to come; and I, for the having room enough, and to keep out strangers, and to have a place to retreat to for my wife, if the sicknesse should come to Woolwich, am to pay dear: so, for three rooms, and a dining-room, and for dinner, and bread and beer and butter, at nights and mornings, I am to give her £5 10*s.* per month. To Erith, and there we met Mr. Seymour, one of the Commissioners for Prizes, and a Parliament-man, and he was mighty high, and had now seized our goods on their behalf; and he mighty imperiously would have all forfeited. But I could not but think it odd that a Parliament-man, in a serious discourse before such persons as we and my Lord Brouncker, and Sir John Minnes, should quote "Hudibras," as being the book I doubt he hath read most. To Woolwich, where we had appointed to keep the night merrily; and so, by Captain Cocke's coach, had brought a very pretty child, a daughter of one Mrs. Tooker's, next door to my lodging, and so she, and a daughter and kinsman of Mrs. Pett's, made up a fine company at my lodgings at Woolwich, where my wife, and Mercer, and Mrs. Barbara Sheldon,[1] danced, and mighty merry we were, but especially at Mercer's dancing a jigg, which she does the best I ever did see, having the most natural way of it, and keeps time the most perfectly I ever did see. This night is kept in lieu of yesterday, for my wedding-day[2] of ten years; for which God be praised! being now in an extreme good condition of health and estate and honour, and a way of getting more money, though at this hour under some discomfiture, rather than damage, about some prize-goods that I have bought off the fleete, in partnership with Captain Cocke, and for the discourse about the world concerning my Lord Sandwich, that he hath done a thing so bad; and indeed it must needs have been a very rash act; and the rather because of a Parliament now newly met to give money, and will have some account of what hath already been spent, besides the precedent for a General to take what prizes he pleases, and the giving a pretence to take away much more than he intended, and all will lie upon him; and not giving to all the Commanders, as well as the Flags, he displeases all them, and offends even some of the Flags, thinking others to be better served than themselves; and lastly, puts himself out of a power of begging anything again a great while of the King. Having danced my people as long as I saw fit to sit up, I to bed, and left them to do what they would. I forgot that we had W. Hewer there, and Tom, and Golding, my barber at Greenwich, for our fiddler, to whom I did give 10*s.*

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[1] A false report.

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[1] Daughter of his Woolwich landlord.

[2] The date of the register of Pepys's marriage does not accord with this statement, or with that in the *Diary*, Oct. 10th, 1664.

12th. About the prize-goods, and do find that extreme ill use was made of my Lord Sandwich's order. Having learned as much as I could, which was, that the King and Duke were very severe in this point, whatever order they before had given my Lord in approbation of what he had done, and that all will come out, and the King see, by the entries at the Custome House, what all do amount to that had been taken, and so I took leave. So to Cocke, and he tells me that he hath cajolled with Seymour, who will be our friend; but that, above all, Seymour tells him that my Lord Duke did shew him to-day an order from Court, for having all respect paid to the Earl of Sandwich, and what goods had been delivered by his order. Good news this week that there are about 600 less dead of the plague than the last.

13th. Sir Jeremiah Smith[1] to see me in his way to Court, and a good man he is, and one that I must keep fair with. To the Duke of Albemarle, where I find him with Lord Craven and Lieutenant of the Tower about him—among other things, talking of ships to get of the King to fetch coles for the poor of the city, which is a good work. But, Lord! to hear the silly talk between these three great people! Yet I have no reason to find fault, the Duke and my Lord Craven being my very great friends.

14th. My heart and head to-night is full of the Victualling business, being overjoyed and proud at my success in my proposal about it, it being read before the King, Duke, and the Caball with complete applause and satisfaction; this Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry both writ me. My own proper accounts are in great disorder, having been neglected about a month. This, and the fear of the sickness, and providing for my family, do fill my head very full, besides the infinite business of the office, and nobody here to look after it but myself.

15th. (Lord's day.) Up, and, while I staid for the barber, tried to compose a duo of counter point; and I think it will do very well, it being by Mr. Berkenshaw's rule. Comes Mr. Povy's coach, and, more than I expected, him himself, to fetch me to Branford: so he and I immediately to set out, having drunk a draught of mulled sacke; and so rode most nobly, in his most pretty and best-contrived chariott in the world, with many new conveniences, his never having till now, within a day or two, been yet finished. Anon we come to his house, and so, with fresh horses, his noble, fine horses, the best confessedly in England, the King having none such, he sent me to Si Robert Viner's,[1] whom I met coming just from church; and h and I into his garden to discourse of money, but none i to be had. The Parliament, it seems, have voted the Kin £1,250,000 at £50,000 per month tax for the war; and vote to assist the King against the Dutch, and all that shall adher to them; and thanks to be given him for his care of the Duk of York, which last is a very popular vote on the Duke's behal The taxes of the last assessment, which should have been i good part gathered, are not yet laid, and that even in part o the City of London; and the Chimny-money comes almost t nothing, nor any thing else looked after.

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[1] A distinguished naval officer, made a Commissioner of the Navy, *vice* Sir W. Pen, 1669.

16th. Up about seven o'clock; and, after drinking, and I observing Mr. Povy's being mightily mortified in his eating an drinking, and coaches and horses, he desiring to sell his bes and every thing else, his furniture of his house, he walked wit me to Syon,[2] and there I took water, in our way he discoursing of the wantonness of the Court, and how it minds nothing else Upon the Exchange, which is very empty, God knows! and but mean people there. The news for certain that the Dutch are come with their fleete before Margett, and some men were endeavouring to come on shore when the post come away— perhaps to steal some sheep. I walked to the Tower; but Lord! how empty the streets are, and melancholy, so man poor, sick people in the streets full of sores; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, everybody talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that, in Westminster, there is never a physician and but one apothecary left, all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week: God send it! At the Tower found my Lord Duke [of Albemarle] and Duchess at dinner; so I sat down; and much good cheer, the Lieutenant and his lady, and several officers with the Duke. But, Lord to hear the silly talk was there would make one mad; the Duke having none almost but fools about him. Much talk about the Dutch, in reproach of them, in whose hands the fleete is but, Lord help him! there is something will hinder him and al the world in going to sea, which is want of victuals; for we have not wherewith to answer our service; and how much better it would have been if the Duke's advice had been taken for the fleete to have gone presently out; but, God help the King! while no better counsels are given, and what is given no better taken. I have received letters from my Lord Sandwich to-day, speaking very high about the prize-goods, that he would have us to fear nobody, but be very confident in what we have done, and not to confess any fault or doubt of what he hath done; for the King hath allowed it, and do now confirm it, and do send orders, as he says, for nothing to be disturbed that his Lordship hath ordered therein as to the division of the goods to the fleete; which do comfort us. To the Still Yard,[1] which place, however, is now shut up of the Plague; but I was there, and we now make no bones of it. Much talk there is of the Chancellor's speech and the King's at the Parliament's meeting, which are very well liked; and that we shall certainly, by their speeches, fall out with France at this time, together with the Dutch, which will find us work.

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[1] At Swakeley.

[2] Now the seat of the Duke of Northumberland.

18th. Making up my accounts of Tangier, which I did with great difficulty, and after eating something, to-bed, my mind eased of a great deal of figures and castings.

19th. Come to an agreement yesterday with my landlady for £6 per month, for so many rooms for myself, them, and my wife, and maid, when she shall come, and to pay, besides, for my dyett. To the Duke of Albemarle this evening; and, among other things, spoke to him for my wife's brother Balty to be of his guard, which he kindly answered that he should. My business of the Victualling goes on as I would have it; and now my head is full how to make some profit of it to myself or people. To that end, when I come home, I wrote a letter to Mr. Coventry, offering myself to be the Surveyor-Generall, and am apt to think he will assist me in it, but I do not set my heart much on it, though it would be a good help.

20th. Up, and had my last night's letters brought back to me, which troubles me, because of my accounts, lest they should be asked for before they come, which I abhor, being more ready to give than they can be to demand them: so I sent away an express to Oxford with them, and another to Portsmouth, with a copy of my letter to Mr. Coventry.

22d. (Lord's day.) Met some letters, which made me resolve to go after church to my Lord Duke of Albemarle's: so, after dinner, I took Cocke's chariott, and to Lambeth; but, in going and getting over the water and through White Hall, I spent so much time, the Duke had almost dined. However, fresh meat was brought for me to his table, and there I dined, and full of discourse and very kind. There they are again talking of the prizes, and my Lord Duke did speak very broad that my Lord Sandwich and Pen should do what they would, and answer for themselves. For his part, he would lay all before the King.

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[1] The Still Yard was formerly the resort of the Hans Town merchants. It was destroyed in the Great Fire.

23d. On board the East India ship, where my Lord Brouncker had provided a great dinner. But I am troubled with the much talk and conceitedness of Mrs. Williams, in case she be not married to my Lord. Captain Taylor with me to the office, and there he and I reckoned; and I perceive I shall get £100 profit by my services of late to him, which is a very good thing.

24th. My Lord Sandwich is come to town: so I presently to Boreman's, where he is, and there found him: he mighty kind to me, but no opportunity of discourse private yet, which he tells me he must have with me: only his business is sudden to go to the fleete to get out a few ships to drive away the Dutch. To him again to Captain Cocke's, where he supped, and lies, and never saw him more merry; and here is Charles Harbord, who the King hath lately knighted. My lord, to my great content, did tell me before them, that never anything was read to the King and Council, all the chief Ministers of State being there, as my letter about the victualling was, and no more said upon it than a most thorough consent to every word was said.

25th. My Lord tells me that Mr. Coventry and he are not reconciled, but declared enemies—the only occasion of it being, he tells me, his ill usage from him about the first Fight, wherein he had no right done him, which, methinks, is a poor occasion, for, in my conscience, that was no design of Coventry's. He tells me, as very private, that there are great factions at the Court between the King's party and the Duke of York's, and that the King, which is a strange difficulty, do favour my Lord in opposition to the Duke's party—that my Lord Chancellor, being now, to be sure, the patron of the Duke's, it is a mystery whence it should be that Mr. Coventry is looked upon by him [Clarendon] as an enemy to him [Clarendon]; that if he had a mind himself to be out of this employment, as Mr. Coventry, he believes, wishes, and himself and I do incline to wish it also, in many respects, yet he believes he shall not be able, because of the King, who will keep him in on purpose, in opposition to the other party; that Prince Rupert and he are all possible friends in the world; that Coventry hath aggravated this business of the prizes, though never so great plundering in the world as while the Duke and he were at sea; and in Sir John Lawson's time he could take and pillage, and then sink a whole ship in the Streights, and Coventry say nothing to it; that my Lord Arlington is his fast friend; that the Chancellor is cold to him, and, though I told him that I and the world do take my Lord Chancellor, in his speech the other day, to have said as much as could be wished, yet he thinks he did not. That my Lord Chancellor do from hence begin to be cold to him, because of his seeing him and Arlington so great: that nothing at Court is minded but faction and pleasure, and nothing intended of general good to the Kingdom by anybody heartily; so that he believes with me, that in a little time confusion will certainly come over all the nation. He told me how a design was carried on a while ago, for the Duke of York to raise an army in the North, and to be the Generall of it, and all this without the knowledge or advice of the Duke of Albemarle, which, when he come to know, he was so vexed, they were fain to let it fall to content him: that his matching with the family of Sir G. Carteret do make the difference greater between Coventry and him—they being enemies; that the Chancellor did, as everybody else, speak well of me the other day, but yet was, at the Committee for Tangier, angry that I should offer to suffer a bill of exchange to be protested.

26th. Sir Christopher Mings and I together by water to the Tower; and I find him a very witty, well-spoken fellow, and mighty free to tell his parentage, being a shoemaker's son. I to the 'Change, where I hear how the French have taken two, and sunk one, of our merchant-men in the Streights, and carried the ships to Toulon; so that there is no expectation but we must fall out with them. The 'Change pretty full, and the town begins to be lively again, though the streets very empty, and most shops shut.

27th. To the Duke of Albemarle's, and there much company, but I staid and dined, and he makes mighty much of me; and here he tells us the Dutch are gone, and have lost above 150 cables and anchors, through the late foul weather. He proposed to me from Mr. Coventry that I should be Surveyor-Generall of the Victualling business, which I accepted. But, indeed, the terms in which Mr. Coventry proposes it for me are the most obliging that ever I could expect from any man, and more; he saying that I am the fittest man in England; and that he is sure, if I will undertake, I will perform it; and that it will be also a very desirable thing that I might have this encouragement, my encouragement in the Navy alone being in no wise proportionable to my pains or deserts. This added to the letter I had three days since, from Mr. Southerne,[1] signifying that the Duke of York had, in his master's absence, opened my letters, and commanded him to tell me that he did approve of my being the Surveyor-General, do make me joyful beyond myself that I cannot express it, to see, that as I do take pains, so God blesses me, and hath sent me masters that do observe that I take pains.

28th. Sir W. Clerke tells me the Parliament hath given the Duke of York £120,000,[2] to be paid him after £1,250,000 is gathered upon the tax which they have now given the King; also that the Dutch have lately launched sixteen new ships; all which is great news. The King and Court, they say, have now finally resolved to spend nothing upon clothes, but what is of the growth of England; which, if observed, will be very pleasing to the people, and very good for them.

29th. (Lord's day.) In the street, at Woolwich, did overtake and almost run upon two women crying and carrying a man's coffin between them; I suppose the husband of one of them, which, methinks, is a sad thing.

31st. Meeting yesterday the Searchers, with their rods in their hands, coming from Captain Cocke's house, I did overhear them say that his Black did not die of the Plague. About nine at night I come home, and there find Mrs. Pierce come, and little Frank Tooker, and Mr. Hill, and other people, a great many dancing; and anon comes Mrs. Coleman[3] and her husband, and she sung very finely; though her voice is decayed as to strength, but mighty sweet though soft, and a pleasant, jolly woman, and in mighty good humour. Among other things, Laneare[4] did, at the request of Mr. Hill, bring two or three of the finest prints for my wife to see that ever I did see in all my life. But, for singing, among other things, we got Mrs. Coleman to sing part of the Opera, though she would not own she did get any of it without book in order to the stage; but, above all, her counterfeiting of Captain Cooke's part, in his reproaching his man with cowardice—"Base slave," etc.—she do it most excellently. Thus we end the month merrily; and the more that, after some fears that the plague would have increased again this week, I hear for certain that there is above 400 less; the whole number of deaths being 1388, and of them of the plague 1031. Want of money in the Navy puts every thing out of order. Men grow mutinous; and nobody here to mind the business of the Navy but myself. I in great hopes of my place of Surveyor-General of the Victualling, which will bring me £300 per annum.

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[1] Secretary to Sir W. Coventry.

[2] This sum was granted by the Commons to Charles, with a request that he would bestow it on his brother.

[3] Doubtless the person mentioned in Malone's *Account of the English Stage*. "In 1659 or 60, in imitation of foreign theatres, women were first introduced on the scene. In 1656, indeed, Mrs. Coleman, wife to Mr. Edward Coleman, represented Ianthe in the first part of the siege of Rhodes; but the little she had to say was spoken in recitative." Sir W. Davenant's patent contained a clause permitting all women's parts to be acted by females.

[4] Nicholas Lanier, composer of the Symphonies to several of the Masques written by Ben Jonson, and performed at the Court, had died, æ. 78, Nov. 4th, 1646, and was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.—*Somerset House Gazette*, vol. i., p. 57. The Letters-Patent under which the Society of Musicians were incorporated at the Restoration, mentioned Nicholas Lanier, possibly a son of Nicholas, as first Marshal, and four others of his

November 1st. Lay very long in bed, discoursing with Mr. Hill of most things of a man's life, and how little merit do prevail in the world, but only favour; and that, for myself, chance without merit brought me in; and that diligence only keeps me so, and will, living as I do among so many lazy people that the diligent man becomes necessary, that they cannot do anything without him. My Lord Brouncker with us to Mrs. Williams's lodgings, and Sir W. Batten, Sir Edmund Pooly,[1] and others; and there, it being my Lord's birthday, had every one a green riband tied in our hats very foolishly; and, methinks, mighty disgracefully for my Lord to have his folly so open to all the world with this woman.

4th. I hear that one of the little boys at my lodging is not well; and they suspect, by their sending for plaister and fume, that it may be the plague; so I sent Mr. Hater and W. Hewer to speak with the mother; but they returned to me, satisfied that there is no hurt nor danger, but the boy is well, and offers to be searched. After dinner, to the office, and much troubled to have 100 seamen all the afternoon there, swearing below, and cursing us, and breaking the glasse windows, and swear they will pull the house down on Tuesday next. I sent word of this to Court, but nothing will help it but money and a rope.

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name as Wardens or Assistants of the Company. There is an engraved portrait of him in the British Museum (Addit. MS., 15858, fol. 55), and a letter to his niece, Mrs. Richards, "at her house in the Old Aumery, Westminster."

[1] M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds, and in the list of proposed Knights of the Royal Oak for Suffolk.

5th. (Lord's day.) To the Cocke-pitt, where I heard the Duke of Albemarle's chaplain make a simple sermon: among other things, reproaching the imperfection of humane learning, he cried—"All our physicians cannot tell what an ague is, and all our arithmetique is not able to number the days of a man"—which, God knows, is not the fault of arithmetique, but that our understandings reach not the thing. I hear that the plague increases much at Lambeth, St. Martin's, and Westminster, and fear it will all over the city. By water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in little; in distemper, in Indian incke, water colours: graveing; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzo-tinto,[1] and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardenage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his "Hortus Hyemalis;" leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than an Herball. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own, that were not transcendant, yet one or two very pretty epigrams; among others, of a lady looking in at a grate, and being pecked at by an eagle that was there.

6th. Sir G. Carteret and I did walk an hour in the garden before the house, talking of my Lord Sandwich's business: what enemies he hath, and how they have endeavoured to bespatter him: and particularly about his leaving of 30 ships of the enemy, when Pen would have gone, and my Lord called him back again: which is most false. However, he says it was purposed by some hotheads in the House of Commons, at the same time when they voted a present to the Duke of York, to have voted £10,000 to the Prince, and half-a-crowne to my Lord of Sandwich; but nothing come of it. But, for all this, the King is most firme to my Lord, and so is my Lord Chancellor, and my Lord Arlington. The Prince, in appearance, kind; the Duke of York silent, says no hurt; but admits others to say it in his hearing. Sir W. Pen, the falsest rascal that ever was in the world; and that this afternoon the Duke of Albemarle did tell him that Pen was a very cowardly rogue, and one that hath brought all these rogueish fanatick Captains into the fleete, and swears he should never go out with the fleete again: that Sir W. Coventry is most kind to Pen still; and says nothing, nor do any thing openly, to the prejudice of my Lord. He agrees with me, that it is impossible for the King to set out a fleete again the next year; and that he fears all will come to ruine, there being no money in prospect but these prizes, which will bring, it may be, £20,000, but that will signify nothing in the world for it.

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[1] Not long before invented by Prince Rupert.

7th. To Sir G. Carteret, and I with him by water; and, among other things, Lord! to see how he wondered to see the river so empty of boats—nobody working at the Custom-house keys, and how fearful he is; and vexed that his man, holding a wine-glass in his hand for him to drink out of, did cover his hands, it being a cold, windy, rainy morning, under the waterman's coat, though he brought the waterman from six or seven miles up the river, too. Nay, he carried his glass with him for his man to let him drink out of at the Duke of Albemarle's, where he intended to dine, though this he did to prevent sluttery; for the same reason, he carried a napkin with him to Captain Cocke's, making him believe that he should not eat with foul linnen.

8th. It being a fast-day, all people were at church, and the office quiet: so I did much business, and at noon adventured to my old lodging. By water to Deptford, and, about eight o'clock at night, did take water, being glad I was out of the town; for the plague, it seems, rages there more than ever.

9th. At noon, by water, to the King's Head at Deptford, where Captain Taylor invites Sir W. Batten and Sir John Robinson, who come in with a great deal of company from hunting, and brought in a hare alive, and a great many silly stories they tell of their sport, which pleases them mightily, and me not at all, such is the different sense of pleasure in mankind; and strange to see how a good dinner and feasting reconciles everybody. The Bill of Mortality, to all our griefs, is encreased 399 this week, and the encrease generally through the whole City and suburbs, which makes us all sad.

10th. In the evening, news is brought me my wife is come: so I to her; and she told me, having herself been this day at my house at London, which was boldly done, that a neighbour of our's, Mr. Hollworthy, a very able man, is dead by a fall in the country from his horse—his foot hanging in the stirrup, and his brains beat out.

12th. (Lord's day.) They hope here the plague will be les this week. Reading over part of Mr. Stillingfleet's "Origin Sacræ," wherein many things are very good, and some frivolou

14th. Captain Cocke and I in his coach through Ken Streete, a sad place through the plague, people sitting sick an with plaisters about them in the street begging. To the Duk of Albemarle by water, late, where I find he had remembere that I had appointed to come to him this day about money which I excused not doing sooner; but I see, a dull fellow a he is, he do sometimes remember what another thinks h mindeth not. My business was about getting money of th East India Company; but, Lord! to see how the Duke himsel magnifies himself in that he had done with the Company; and my Lord Craven what the King could have done without my Lord Duke, and a great deal of stir; but most mightily what brave fellow I am. Back by water, it raining hard, and so t the office, and stopped my going, as I intended, to the buoy o the Nore, and great reason I had to rejoice at it, for it prove the night of as great a storm as was almost ever remembered This day I hear that my pretty grocer's wife, Mrs. Beverham over the way there, her husband is lately dead of the plague a Bow, which I am sorry for, for fear of losing her neighbourhood

15th. To the King's Head taverne,[1] where all the Trinity House dined to-day, to choose a new Master in the room o Hurlestone, that is dead, and Captain Crispe is chosen. After dinner, who comes in but my Lady Batten, and a troop of a dozen women almost, and expected, as I found afterwards, to be made mighty much of, but nobody minded them: but the best jest was, that when they saw themselves not regarded, they would go away, and it was horrible foul weather; and my Lady Batten walking through the dirty lane with new spick and span white shoes, she dropped one of her galoshes in the dirt, where it stuck, and she forced to go home without one, at which she was horribly vexed, and I led her; and, vexing her a little more in mirth, I parted, and to Glanville's, where I knew Sir John Robinson, Sir G. Smith, and Captain Cocke were gone, and then, with the company of Mrs. Penington, whose father,[2] I hear, was one of the Court of Justice, and died prisoner, of the stone, in the Tower, I made them, against their resolutions, t stay from hour to hour, till it was almost midnight, and a furious, dark, and rainy, and windy, stormy night, and, which was best, I, with drinking small beer, made them all drunk drinking wine, at which Sir John Robinson made great sport. But, they being gone, the lady and I very civilly sat an hour by the fireside, showing the folly of this Robinson, that makes it his work to praise himself; and all he says and do, like a heavy-headed coxcomb. The plague, blessed be God! is decreased 400; making the whole this week about 1300 and odd: for which the Lord be praised!

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[1] At the corner of Chancery Lane.—*Handbook of London.*

[2] Isaac Pennington, an Alderman of London, convicted as one of th King's Judges. His sentence was probably changed to imprisonment His death, on 17th December, 1661, is recorded in Smyth's *Obituary* p. 55.

16th. To Erith; where, after making a little visit to Madam Williams, she did give me information of W. Howe's having bought eight bags of precious stones taken from about the Dutch Vice-Admirall's neck, of which there were eight diamonds, which cost him £4,000 sterling in India, and hoped to have made £12,000 here for them. And that is told by one hat sold him one of the bags, which hath nothing but rubys in t, which he had for 35*s.*; and that it will be proved he hath made £125 of one stone that he bought. This she desired, and I resolved, I would give my Lord Sandwich notice of. So I on board my Lord Brouncker; and there he and Sir Edmund Pooly carried me down into the hold of the India shipp, and here did show me the greatest wealth lie in confusion that a man can see in the world. Pepper scattered through every hink, you trod upon it; and in cloves and nutmegs I walked above the knees: whole rooms full. And silk in bales, and oxes of copper-plate, one of which I saw opened. Having seen this, which was as noble a sight as ever I saw in my life, I away on board the other ship in despair to get the pleasure-oat of the gentlemen there to carry me to the fleete. They vere Mr. Ashburnham,[1] and Colonell Wyndham;[2] but, pleadng the King's business, they did presently agree I should have t. So I presently on board, and got under sail, and had a good bedd by the shift, of Wyndham's.

17th. Sailed all night, and got down to Quinborough water, vhere all the great ships are now come, and there on board my Lord, and was soon received with great content. An after some little discourse, he and I on board Sir W. Pen; an there held a Council of War about many wants of the fleete and so followed my Lord Sandwich, who was gone a little be fore me on board the Royall James. And there spent an hour my Lord playing upon the gittarr, which he now commen above all musique in the world. As an infinite secret, my Lo tells me the factions are high between the King and the Duk and all the Court are in an uproar with their loose amours; th Duke of York being in love desperately with Mrs. Stewar Nay, that the Duchess herself is fallen in love with her ne Master of the Horse, one Harry Sidney,[1] and another, Har Savill.[2] So that God knows what will be the end of it. An that the Duke is not so obsequious as he used to be, but ver high of late; and would be glad to be in the head of an arm as Generall; and that it is said that he do propose to go an command under the King of Spayne, in Flanders. That hi amours to Mrs. Stewart are told the King; so that all is like t be nought among them. Away to my Bezan[3] again, and ther to read in a pretty French book, "*La Nouvelle Allegorique*, upon the strife between rhetorique and its enemies—very plea ant. So, after supper, to sleep, and sailed all night, and com to Erith before break of day.

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[1] John Ashburnham, a Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., whom e attended during the whole of the Rebellion, afterwards filled the same ost under Charles II. He was in 1661 M.P. for Sussex. Ob. 1671. The ate Earl of Ashburnham, who was lineally descended from him, wrote an xcellent vindication of his ancestor, against the insinuations of Clarendon nd others.

[2] Colonel Francis Wyndham, a distinguished loyalist, Governor of Dun-ter Castle, Somersetshire. He was created a Baronet 18th November, 673.

18th. About nine of the clock, I went on shore, and hire an ill-favoured horse, and away to Greenwich, to my lodging where I hear how rude the soldiers have been in my absenc swearing what they would do with me.

19th. (Lord's day.) Alone by water to Erith. Being com there, on board my Lord Brouncker, I find Captain Cocke an other company, the lady not well, and mighty merry we wer —Sir Edmund Pooly being very merry, and a right Englis gentleman, and one of the discontented cavaliers, that thin their loyalty is not considered. After dinner, all on shore t my Lady Williams, and there drank and talked; but, Lord! th most impertinent bold woman with my Lord that ever I di see.

20th. Up before day, and so took horse for Nonesuch, wit two men with me, and the ways very bad, and the weath worse, for wind and rain. Thither, and I did get my tallys, and thence took horse, but it rained hard and blew, but got home very well. Here I find Mr. Deering come to trouble me about business, which I soon dispatched, he telling me that Luellin hath been dead this fortnight, of the plague, in St. Martin's Lane, which much surprised me.

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[1] Younger son of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, created Earl Romney, 1694. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Master of th Ordnance, and Warden of the Cinque Ports in the reign of King Willia Ob. 1704, unmarried.

[2] Henry Saville, some time one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to th Duke of York.

[3] The yacht.

22d. I was very glad to hear that the plague is come very low; that is, the whole under 1000, and the plague 600 and odd: and great hopes of a further decrease, because of this day's being a very exceeding hard frost, and continues freezing. This day the first of the Oxford Gazettes come out, which is very pretty, full of news, and no folly in it, wrote by Williamson.[1] It pleased me to have it demonstrated, that a Purser without professed cheating is a professed loser, twice as much as he gets.

23d. Up betimes, and so, being trimmed, I to get papers ready against Sir H. Cholmly come to me by appointment, he being newly come over from Tangier. He did by and by come, and we settled all matters about his money, and he is a most satisfied man in me, and do declare his resolution to give me £200 per annum. It continuing to be a great frost, which gives us hopes for a perfect cure of the plague, he and I to walk in the park, and there discoursed with grief of the calamity of the times. I brought him home, and had a good dinner for him. Captain Cuttance tells me how W. Howe is laid by the heels, and confined to the Royall Katharine, and his things all seized: and how, also, for a quarrell, which indeed my Lord the other night told me, Captain Ferrers having cut all over the back of another of my Lord's servants, is parted from my Lord. We in extraordinary lack of money and everything else to go to sea next year. My Lord Sandwich is gone from the fleete yesterday towards Oxford.

24th. To London, and there, in my way, at my old oyster shop in Gracious Streete, brought two barrels of my fine woman of the shop, who is alive after all the plague, which now is the first observation or inquiry we make at London concerning everybody we know. To the 'Change, where very busy with several people, and mightily glad to see the 'Change so full, and hopes of another abatement still the next week. I went home with Sir G. Smith to dinner, sending for one of my barrels of oysters, which were good, though come from Colchester, where the plague hath been so much. Here a very

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[1] No. xxiv. of the *Oxford Gazette* was the first London Gazette. The Williamson who "wrote" it was afterwards Sir Joseph Williamson.

brave dinner, though no invitation; and, Lord! to see how
am treated, that come from so mean a beginning, is matt
of wonder to me. But it is God's mercy to me, and his blessin
upon my taking pains, and being punctual in my dealing
Visited Mr. Evelyn, where most excellent discourse with hi
among other things, he showed me a ledger[1] of a Treasurer
the Navy, his great grandfather, just 100 years old; which
seemed mighty fond of, and he did present me with it, whi
I take as a great rarity; and he hopes to find me more, old
than it. He also showed us several letters of the old Lord
Leicester's,[2] in Queen Elizabeth's time, under the very han
writing of Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary, Queen of Scots
and others, very venerable names. But, Lord! how poorl
methinks, they wrote in those days, and in what plain unc
paper.

26th. (Lord's day.) Up before day to dress myself to g
toward Erith, which I would do by land, it being a horrib
cold frost to go by water: so borrowed two horses of Mr. Howe
and his friend, and with much ado set out, after my hors
being frosted,[3] which I know not what it means to this da
and my boy having lost one of my spurs and stocking
carrying them to the smith's, and I borrowed a stocking, an
so got up, and Mr. Tooker with me, and rode to Erith, an
there on board my Lord Brouncker met with Sir W. Warre
upon his business, among others, and did a great deal; Sir
Minnes, as God would have it, not being there to hinder
with his impertinences. To my wife at Woolwich, where
found, as I had directed, a good dinner to be made agains
to-morrow, and invited guests in the yard, meaning to be merr
in order to her taking leave, for she intends to come in a da
or two to me for altogether. But here, they tell me, one of th
houses behind them is infected, and I was fain to stand ther
a great while, to have their back-doors opened, but they coul
not, having locked them fast, against any passing through, s
was forced to pass by them again, close to their sick bed
which they were removing out of the house, which troubled me
so I made them uninvite their guests, and to resolve of comin
all away to me to-morrow.

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[1] This ledger is now in the British Museum, amongst some of Pepys
Papers, in the Ducket Collection.

[2] Amongst these documents, still in the Pepysian Library—for Evely
complains that he lent them to Pepys, who omitted to return them-
are some letters relating to the death of Amy Robsart, Lady Robe
Dudley.

[3] Frosting means, having the horses shoes turned up by the smith.

27th. To the Duke of Albemarle, who is visited by everybody against his going to Oxford; and mighty kind to me; and upon my desiring his grace to give me his kind word to the Duke of York, if any occasion there were of speaking of me, he told me he had reason to do so; for there had been nothing done in the Navy without me. He is agog to go to sea himself the next year. To dinner, he most exceeding kind to me, to the observation of all that are there. With Sir G. Carteret, who tells me that my Lord hath received still worse and worse usage from some base people about the Court. But the King is very kind, and the Duke do not appear the contrary; and my Lord Chancellor swore to him, "by —— I will not forsake my Lord of Sandwich." I into London, it being dark night, by a hackney-coach; the first I have durst to go in many a day, and with great pain now, for fear. But it being unsafe to go by water in the dark, and frosty cold, and I unable, being weary with my morning walk, to go on foot, this was my only way. Few people yet in the streets, nor shops open, here and there twenty in a place almost; though not above five or six o'clock at night. The Goldsmiths do decry the new Act, for money to be all brought into the Exchequer, and paid out thence, saying they will not advance one farthing upon it; and indeed it is their interest to say and do so. To Sir G. Smith's, it being now night, and there up to his chamber, and sat talking, and I barbing[1] against to-morrow; and anon, at nine at night, comes to us Sir G. Smith and the Lieutenant of the Tower, and there they sat talking and drinking till past midnight, and mighty merry we were—the Lieutenant of the Tower being in a mighty vein of singing, and he hath a very good eare and strong voice, but no manner of skill. Sir G. Smith showed me his lady's closet, which is very fine; and after being very merry, here I lay in a noble chamber, and mighty highly treated, the first night I have lain in London a long time.

28th. Up before day, and Cocke and I took a hackney-coach appointed with four horses to take us up, and so carried us over London Bridge. But there, thinking of some business, I did light at the foot of the bridge, and by help of a candle at a stall, where some pavers were at work, I wrote a letter to Mr. Hater, and never knew so great an instance of the usefulness of carrying pen and ink and wax about one: so we, the way being very bad, to Nonsuch,[2] and thence to Sir Robert

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[1] An old word for shaving.

[2] Nonsuch, afterwards called Worcester Park, co. Surrey. Sir Robert Long was Auditor of the Exchequer, which office was removed from

Long's house—a fine place, and dinner-time ere we got thither but we had breakfasted a little at Mr. Gauden's, he being ou of town though, and there borrowed Dr. [Jeremy] Taylor's sermons, and is a most excellent book, and worth my buying where had a very good dinner, and curiously dressed, and her a couple of ladies, kinswomen of his, not handsome thoug but rich, that knew me by report of The. Turner, and might merry we were. After dinner to talk of our business, and w parted. Captain Cocke and I through Wandsworth. Drun at Sir Allen Broderick's,[1] a great friend and comrade of Cocke's whom he values above the world for a witty companion, and believe he is so. So to Fox-hall, and there took boat, an down to the old Swan, and thence to Lumbard Street—it bein dark night, and thence to the Tower. Took boat, and dow to Greenwich. Cocke home, and I to the office, and then t my lodgings, where my wife is come, and I am well please with it, only much trouble in those lodgings we have, the mistress of the house being so deadly dear in everything we have so that we do resolve to remove home soon as we know ho the plague goes this week, which we hope will be a goo decrease. So to bed.

29th. Home to my house, calling my wife, where the poo wretch is putting things in a way to be ready for our comin home, and so by water together to Greenwich.

30th. At noon comes Sir Thomas Allen, and I made hi dine with me, and very friendly he is, and a good man, I think but one that professes he loves to get and to save. Great jo we have this week in the weekly Bill, it being come to 544 i all, and but 333 of the plague; so that we are encouraged t get to London soon as we can. And my father writes as grea news of joy to them, that he saw York's waggon go again thi week to London, and full of passengers; and tells me that m aunt Bell hath been dead of the plague these seven weeks.

December 1st. All the day long shut up in my little closet at m office. Then home by promise to my wife, to have mirth there So we had our neighbours, little Miss Tooker and Mrs. Daniels, t dance, and after supper I to bed, and left them merry below which they did not part from till two or three in the morning.

Westminster to His Majesty's honour of Nonsuch, 15th August, 1665. O the 22d Sept., 1670, the King demised the Great Park, Great Park Meadow and the mansion house called Worcester Park, to Sir Robert Long, Bart. for ninety-nine years.—Manning and Bray's *Surrey*, vol. ii., p. 606.

[1] Son of Sir Thomas Broderick, of Richmond, Yorkshire, and Wands worth, Surrey, knighted by Charles II., and Surveyor-General in Irelan to that King.

2d. Dined with my wife at noon, and took leave of her, she being to go to London for altogether.

3d. (Lord's day.) It being Lord's day, up and dressed, and to church, thinking to have sat with Sir James Bunce[1] to hear his daughter[2] and her husband sing, that are so much commended, but was prevented by being invited into Colonel Cleggat's pew. However, there I sat, near Mr. Laneare, with whom I spoke, and my fat brown beauty of our Parish, the rich merchant's lady, a very noble woman, and Madame Pierce. A good sermon of Mr. Plume's. To Captain Cocke's, and there dined with him and Colonell Wyndham, a worthy gentleman, whose wife[3] was nurse to the present King, and one that, while she lived, governed him and every thing else, as Cocke says, as a minister of state; the old King putting mighty weight and trust upon her. They talked much of matters of State and persons, and particularly how my Lord Barkeley hath all along been a fortunate, though a passionate, and but weak man as to policy; but as a kinsman, brought in and promoted by my Lord of St. Albans, and one that is the greatest vapourer in the world, this Colonell Wyndham says; and to whom only, with Jacke Ashburnham[4] and Colonel Legg,[5] the King's removal to the Isle of Wight from Hampton Court was communicated; and, though betrayed by their knavery, or at best by their ignorance, insomuch that they have all solemnly charged one another with their failures therein, and have been at daggers drawing, publickly, about it, yet now none greater friends in the world.

4th. Home to my house at the office, where my wife hath got a dinner for me: and it was a joyfull thing for us to meet here, for which God be praised! Here was her brother come to see her, and speak with me about business. It seems that my recommendation of him hath not only obtained his presently being admitted into the Duke of Albemarle's guards, and present pay, but also by the Duke's and Sir Philip Howard's direction, to be put as a right-hand man, and other marks of special respect, at which I am very glad—partly for him, and partly to see that I am reckoned something in my recommendations. Upon the 'Change to-day, Colville tells me, fro Oxford, that the King in person hath justified my Lord San wich to the highest degree; and is right in his favour to th uttermost.

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[1] James Bunce, an Alderman of London, 1660. [2] Mrs. Chamberlain.

[3] Colonel Wyndham's wife was Anne, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Gerard, of Trent, Somersetshire. As to Mrs. Wyndham's influence over Charles II., when Prince of Wales, see Clarendon, vol. v., p. 153, ed. 1826.

[4] See Sir John Ashburnham's *Vindication*, and note to 16th November, *ante*.

[5] William Legge, Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., and father to the first Lord Dartmouth. He was M.P. for Southampton. Ob. 1672.

6th. Up betimes, it being fast-day; and by water to th Duke of Albemarle,[1] who come to town from Oxford last nig He is mighty brisk, and very kind to me, and asks my advi principally in every thing. He surprises me with the news th my Lord Sandwich goes Embassador to Spain speedily; thoug I know not whence this arises, yet I am heartily glad of it. spent the afternoon upon a song of Solyman's words t Roxalana[2] that I have set, and so with my wife walked ar Mercer to Mrs. Pierce's, where Captain Rolt and Mrs. Knipp Mr. Coleman and his wife, and Laneare, Mrs. Worshipp[4] an her singing daughter, met; and by and by, unexpected comes Mr. Pierce from Oxford. Here the best company fo musique I ever was in, in my life, and wish I could live and di in it, both for musique and the face of Mrs. Pierce, and m wife, and Knipp, who is pretty enough; but the most excellen mad-humoured thing, and sings the noblest that ever I hear in my life, and Rolt, with her, some things together, mos excellently. I spent the night in an extasy almost; and, havin invited them to my house a day or two hence, we broke u Pierce having told me how the King hath done my Lor

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[1] At the Cockpit.

[2] These are Solyman's words to Roxalana, *The Siege of Rhodes*, Part ii Act iv., sc. 2 :—

> "Beauty, retire! thou dost my pity move,
> Relieve my pity, and then trust my love. [*Exit* ROXALANA.
> At first I thought her by our Prophet sent,
> As a reward for valour's toils
> More worth than all my father's spoils.
> And now she is become my punishment.
> But thou art just, O, Power Divine!
> With new and painful arts,
> Of studied war, I break the hearts
> Of half the world, and she breaks mine."

[3] Genest, in his *History of the British Stage* (vol. i.), enumerates sixtee characters filled by Mrs. Knipp, at the King's House, between 1664 an 1678, when she disappears from the playbills, in which her name is spe in six different ways. The details in the *Diary* respecting this lively actre and "her brute of a husband," whom Pepys describes as a "horse jockey, are so amusing, that any particulars of their subsequent history would hav been interesting. Those readers who may wish to know what performe spoke or acted in any particular play, prologue, or epilogue, mentioned b Pepys, will find information in Genest's work, above quoted; but it was no thought necessary to transplant all the particulars into these pages.

[4] Sister of Mrs. Clerke, wife of Dr. Clerke. See 13th Feb., 1666-7.

Sandwich all the right imaginable, by showing him his countenance before all the world on every occasion, to remove thoughts of discontent; and he is to go Embassador, and the Duke of York is made Generall of all forces by land and sea, and the Duke of Albemarle Lieutenant-Generall.

8th. To give order to my maid to buy things to send down to Greenwich for supper to-night; and I also to buy other things, as oysters, and lemons, 6*d.* per piece, and oranges, 3*d.* To White Hall, where we found Sir G. Carteret with the Duke, and also Sir G. Downing, whom I have not seen in many years before. He greeted me very kindly, and I him; though methinks I am touched that it should be said that he was my master heretofore, as doubtless he will. Sir G. Carteret tells me that he is glad of my Lord's being made embassador, and that it is the greatest courtesy his enemies could do him; yet I find that he is not heartily merry upon it, and that it is no design of my Lord's friends, but the prevalence of his enemies, and that the Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert are like to go to sea together the next year. I pray God, when my Lord is gone, they do not fall hard upon the Vice-Chamberlain, being alone, and in so envious a place. By water down to Greenwich, and there found all my company come—that is, Mrs. Knipp, and an ill, melancholy, jealous-looking fellow, her husband, that spoke not a word to us all the night, Pierce and his wife, and Rolt, Mrs. Worshipp and her daughter, Coleman and his wife, and Laneare, and, to make us perfectly happy, there comes by chance to town Mr. Hill to see us. Most excellent musique we had in abundance, and a good supper, dancing, and a pleasant scene of Mrs. Knipp's rising sick from table, but whispered me it was for some hard word or other her husband give her just now when she laughed, and was more merry than ordinary. But we got her in humour again, and mighty merry; spending the night, till two in the morning, with most complete content as ever in my life. And we to bed—Mr. Hill and I, whom I love more and more, and he us.

9th. My Lord Brouncker and I dined with the Duke of Albemarle. At table, the Duchess, a very ill-looked woman, complaining of her Lord's going to sea the next year, said these cursed words: "If my Lord had been a coward, he had gone to sea no more: it may be then he might have been excused, and made an Embassador;" meaning my Lord Sandwich. This made me mad, and I believe she perceived my countenance change, and blushed herself very much. I was in hopes others had not minded it, but my Lord Brouncker,

after we were come away, took notice of the words to me wit
displeasure. To Mr. Hill, and sang, among other things, m
song of "Beauty, retire," which he likes, only excepts agains
two notes in the base, but likes the whole very well.

11th. That I may remember it the more particularly,
thought fit to insert this memorandum of Temple's[1] discours
this night with me, which I took in writing from his mouth
Before the Harp and Crosse money was cried down, he an
his fellow goldsmiths did make some particular trials wha
proportion that money bore to the old King's money, and the
found that it generally come to, one with another, about £2
in every £100. Of this money there was, upon th
calling of it in, £650,000 at least brought into the Tower; an
from thence he computes that the whole money of Englan
must be full £16,250,000, but, for all this, believes that ther
is about £30,000,000: he supposing that about the King
coming in, when he begun to observe the quantity of the ne
money, people begun to be fearfull of this money's being crie
down, and so picked it out and set it a-going as fast as the
could to be rid of it; and he thinks £30,000,000 the rather
because, if there were but £16,250,000, the King havin
£2,000,000 every year, would have the whole money of th
Kingdom in his hands in eight years. He tells me, abou
£350,000 sterling was coined out of the French money, th
proceeds of Dunkirke: so that, with what was coined of th
Cross money there is new coined about £1,000,000, besides th
gold, which is guessed at £500,000. He tells me, that, thoug
the King did deposit the French money in pawn all the whil
for the £350,000, he was forced to borrow thereupon till th
tools could be made for the new Minting in the present form
Yet the interest he paid for that time come to £35,000: Vine
having to his knowledge £10,000 for the use of £100,000 of it

13th. Invited by Sheriff Hooker,[2] who keeps the poorest
mean, dirty table in a dirty house that ever I did see an
Sheriff of London; and a plain, ordinary, silly man I think h
is, but rich—only his son, Mr. Lethulier, I like, for a pretty
civil, understanding merchant; and the more by much, becaus
he happens to be husband to our noble, fat, brave lady in ou
parish, that I and my wife admire so.[3] Thence away to th

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[1] John Temple and John Seale were goldsmiths, at the Three Tuns, i
Lombard Street. See "A Collection of the Names of the Merchants livin
in and about the City of London, 1677." 12mo.

[2] Afterwards Sir William Hooker.

[3] Mr. Lethieulier's lady was Anne, daughter of Sir William Hooker
See Oct. 14, 1666.

Pope's Head tavern, and called to see my wife, who is well; though my great trouble is that my poor little parish is the greatest number this week in all the city within the walls, having six, from one the last week, and so by water to Greenwich. To Mr. Pierce's, where he and his wife made me drink some tea. Away to the 'Change, and there hear the ill news, to my great and all our great trouble, that the plague is encreased again this week, notwithstanding there hath been a long day or two great frosts; but we hope it is only the effects of the late close, warm weather, and, if the frost continue the next week, may fall again: but the town do thicken so much with people, that it is much if the plague do not grow again upon us.

15th. Met with Sir James Bunce. "This is the time for you," says he, "that were for Oliver heretofore; you are full of employment, and we, poor Cavaliers, sit still and can get nothing;" which was a pretty reproach, I thought; but answered nothing to it, for fear of making it worse.

16th. News is come to-day of our Sound fleete being come.

17th. (Lord's day.) Word brought me that Cutler's coach is, by appointment, come to the Isle of Doggs for me, and so I over the water; and in his coach to Hackney, a very fine, cold, clear, frosty day. At his house, I find him with a plain little dinner, good wine, and welcome. He is still a prating man; and, the more I know him, the less I find in him. A pretty house he hath here indeed, of his own building. His old mother was an object at dinner that made me not like it; and, after dinner, to visit his sick wife I did not also take much joy in.

18th. To the 'Change, and walked as low as Ducke Lane, and enquired for some Spanish books. Home by water to Greenwich, the river beginning to be very full of ice, so as I was a little frighted, but got home well, it being darke.

20th. Took Sir Ellis Layton to Captain Cocke's, where my Lord Brouncker and Lady Williams dine, and we all mighty merry; but Sir Ellis Layton one of the best companions at a meal in the world.

21st. At noon, all of us dined at Captain Cocke's at a good chine of beef, and other good meat; but, being all frost-bitten, was most of it unroast; but very merry, and a good dish of fowl we dressed ourselves. Mr. Evelyn there, in very good humour.

22d. I to my Lord Brouncker's, and there spent the evening by my desire in seeing his Lordship open to pieces and make up again his watch, thereby being taught what I never knew before; and it is a thing very well worth my having seen, and am mightily pleased and satisfied with it. Somewhat vexed at a snappish answer Madam Williams did give me to herself, upon my speaking a free word to her in mirth, calling her a mad jade. She answered, we were not so well acquainted yet. But I was more at a letter from my Lord Duke Albemarle to-day, pressing us to continue our meetings for all Christmas, which, though everybody intended not to have done, yet I am concluded in it, who intended nothing less. The weather hath been frosty these eight or nine days, and so we hope for an abatement of the plague the next week, or else God have mercy upon us! for the plague will certainly continue the next year, if it do not.

23d. This day one come to me with four great turkies, as a present from Mr. Deane, at Harwich, three of which my wife carried in the evening home with her to London in her coach.

24th. (Sunday.) To dinner, my landlady and her daughters with me, and had mince-pies, and very merry at a mischance her young son had, in the tearing of his new coat quite down the outside of his sleeve in the whole cloth. Then to church, and placed myself in the parson's pew under the pulpit, to hear Mrs. Chamberlain in the next pew sing, who is daughter to Sir James Bunce,[1] of whom I have heard much, and indeed she sings very finely.

25th. (Christmas day.) To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another! and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them. Here I saw again my beauty Lethulier. Home to look over and settle my papers, both of my accounts private, and those of Tangier, which I have let go so long that it were impossible for any soul, had I died, to understand them, or ever come to good end in them. I hope God will never suffer me to come to that disorder again.

26th. To the office, where Sir John Minnes and my Lord Brouncker and I met, to give our directions to the Commanders of all the ships in the river to bring in lists of their ships' companies, where young Seymour, among 20 that stood bare, stood with his hat on—a proud, saucy young man. To Mr. Cuttle's, being invited, and dined nobly and neatly; with a very pretty house and a fine turret at top, with winding stairs, and the first prospect I know about all Greenwich, save the top of the hill. Saw some fine writing-work and flourishing of Mr. Hoare, with one that I knew long ago, an acquaintance of Mr. Thomson's, at Westminster, that is this man's clerk. It is the story of the several Archbishops of Canterbury, engrossed in vellum, to hang up in Canterbury Cathedrall in tables, in lieu of the old ones, which are almost worn out.

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[1] He had married Mary, daughter of Thomas Gipps, or Gibbs, of London.

27th. Home to my wife, and angry about her desiring a maid yet, before the plague is quite over. It seems Mercer is troubled that she hath not one under her, but I will not venture my family by encreasing it, before it is safe.

30th. All the afternoon to my accounts; and there find myself, to my great joy, a great deal worth, above £4000, for which the Lord be praised! and is principally occasioned by my getting £500 of Cocke, for my profit in his bargains of prize goods, and from Mr. Gauden's making me a present of £500 more, when I paid him £800 for Tangier.

31st. (Lord's day.) Thus ends this year, to my great joy, in this manner. I have raised my estate from £1300 in this year to £4400. I have got myself greater interest, I think, by my diligence, and my imployments encreased by that of Treasurer for Tangier, and Surveyor of the Victualls. It is true we have gone through great melancholy because of the great plague, and I put to great charges by it, by keeping my family long at Woolwich; and myself and another part of my family, my clerks, at my charge, at Greenwich, and a maid at London; but I hope the King will give us some satisfaction for that. But now the plague is abated almost to nothing, and I intending to get to London as fast as I can. The Dutch war goes on very ill, by reason of lack of money; having none to hope for, all being put into disorder by a new Act that is made as an experiment to bring credit to the Exchequer, for goods and money to be advanced upon the credit of that Act. The great evil of this year, and the only one indeed, is the fall of my Lord Sandwich, whose mistake about the prizes hath undone him, I believe, as to interest at Court; though sent, for a little palliating it, Embassador into Spain, which he is now fitting himself for. But the Duke of Albemarle goes with the Prince to sea this next year, and my Lord is very meanly spoken of; and, indeed, his miscarriage about the prize-goods is not to be excused, to suffer a company of rogues to go away with ten times as much as himself, and the blame of all to be deservedly laid upon him. My whole family hath been well all this while, and all my friends I know of, saving my aunt Bell, who is dead, and some children of my cozen Sarah's, of the plague. But many of such as I know very well, dead; yet, to our great joy, the town fills apace, and shops begin to be open again. Pray God continue the plague's decrease! for that keeps the Court away from the place of business, and so all goes to rack as to publick matters, they at this distance not thinking of it.

END OF VOL. I

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EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

By ERNEST RHYS

VICTOR HUGO said a Library was "an act of faith," and some unknown essayist spoke of one so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it was smitten with a passion. In that faith the promoters of Everyman's Library planned it out originally on a large scale; and their idea in so doing was to make it conform as far as possible to a perfect scheme. However, perfection is a thing to be aimed at and not to be achieved in this difficult world; and since the first volumes appeared some fifteen years ago, there have been many interruptions. A great war has come and gone; and even the City of Books has felt something like a world commotion. Only in recent years is the series getting back into its old stride and looking forward to complete its original scheme of a Thousand Volumes. One of the practical expedients in that original plan was to divide the volumes into sections, as Biography, Fiction, History, Belles Lettres, Poetry, Romance and so forth; with a compartment for young people, and last, and not least, one of Reference Books. Beside the dictionaries and encyclopædias to be expected in that section, there was a special set of literary and historical atlases. One of these atlases dealing with Europe, we may recall, was directly affected by the disturbance of frontiers during the war; and the maps have been completely revised in consequence, so as to chart the New Europe which we hope will now preserve its peace under the auspices of the League of Nations set up at Geneva.

That is only one small item, however, in a library list which runs to over seven hundred and sixty volumes. The largest slice of this huge provision is, as a matter of course, given to the tyrannous demands of fiction. But in carrying out the scheme, the directors and editors contrived to keep in mind that books, like men and women, have their elective affinities. The present volume, for instance, will be found to have its companion books, both in the same section and even more significantly in other sections. With that idea too, novels like Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *Fortunes of Nigel*, Lytton's *Harold*, and Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* have been used as pioneers of history and treated as a sort of holiday history books. History itself in our day is tending to grow more documentary and less literary; and "the historian who is a stylist," as one of our contributors, the late Thomas Seccombe, said, "will soon be regarded as a kind of Phœnix." But in the history department of Everyman's Library we have been eclectic enough to choose our history men from every school in turn. We have Grote, Gibbon, Finlay, Macaulay, Motley, Prescott; we have among earlier books the Venerable Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and we have just completed a Livy in six volumes in an admirable new translation by Canon Roberts.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

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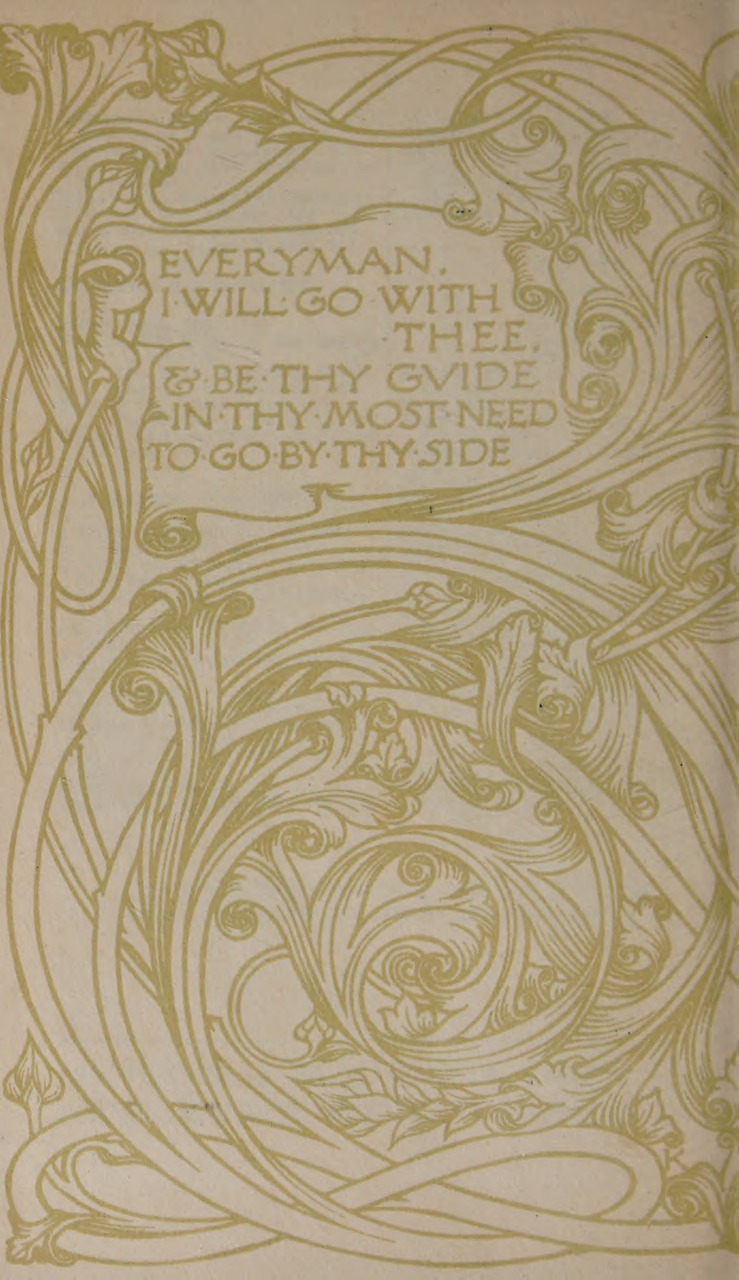

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